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ART. 1. *The Literary Character, illustrated by the History of Men of Genius, drawn from their own feelings and confessions. By the Author of "Curiosities of Literature."* 12mo. pp. 302. New-York. Eastburn. 1813.

“THE chief glory of a nation,” says Johnson, “is its authors,” and though to vulgar minds the profession of that illustrious writer may seem to deduct something from the value of his axiom, we cannot persuade ourselves that a position coming from the author of the *Rambler*—one who occupied so eminent a station among the *literati* of his own times—will be encountered by the opposition of any whose opinion *ought* to be an object of consideration. It is a laudable pride which induces men of every liberal profession—the lawyer, the architect, the physician, the artist, &c.—to panegyrize the particular science or art to the study and practice of which they have devoted themselves; it is a consequence naturally resulting from that exclusiveness of attention they have bestowed upon it, and which has not only rendered it more especially valuable in their eyes from the difficulties and impediments they have struggled with and overcome in its attainment, but has likewise informed them with a larger knowledge and acuter perception of the benefits to mankind generally of which it is susceptible of being made the channel or instrument. The lawyer may be listened to with candour and indulgence while he descants on the splendour and indispensable utility of a science adorned by some of the greatest names on record—and we scarcely feel disposed to smile

at the professional enthusiasm that views the glory encircling the memory of an Ulpian, a Hale, or a Hardwicke, as surpassing that of individuals, equally distinguished, it may be, but moving in departments altogether different:—to the architectural professor, whose whole life is dedicated to the study of a science to which the most illustrious nations of antiquity stand indebted for so large and brilliant a portion of their fame, and which holds out to all polished states some of the surest means of perpetuating their present greatness and renown—to the architect it may be rationally permitted to consider his peculiar sphere of action as the one most intimately allied with the symbols of intellectual and national grandeur:—in such men as Hippocrates, Harvey, Sydenham, Cruikshank, and Rush, the physician contemplates individuals whose illustrious and laborious talents have won from nature the knowledge of her profoundest secrets—the utility of the medical art is daily, hourly, almost momentarily, made apparent to him—and it surely will not be thought marvellous should he assign the highest rank to a profession illustrated by characters so eminent, a profession of whose importance he is a constant and experienced spectator:—and the artist,—a term we could wish to see consecrated to the professors of painting and statuary, to distinguish them from the engravers of

stones, medallions and prints—to the artist, also, let us not be less liberal,—he whose glowing and creative imagination, impregnated with the fire of genius, and richly embued with the unperished and exquisite forms of classic antiquity, imparts life to the inanimate marble, or charms us with the magic of pictorial design, and the fascination of colour—and who—his mind full of the lustre which his art sheds, and will ever shed, round the proudest states, dwells with transport on names and topics connected with his profession—will not, assuredly, fail of our indulgence when, the recollection of the sublime geniuses who have graced it floating across his memory, he launches forth in its commendation, and elevates it above all other pursuits. And thus is it with every one whose avocation relates to the nobler endowments of our nature;—in the tradesman and working mechanic it would, indeed, be not a little absurd to expect such a feeling, inasmuch as the objects occupying their thoughts, *time* we had better said, are of a nature completely distinct from those connected with intellect; but with respect to every pursuit demanding the active co-operation of *mind*, we conceive it will be usually remarked that in the estimation of its cultivators its supereminent value acquires a most implicit faith, and that they are ever ready to speak its praises with an ardour and enthusiasm which, however it may excite the ridicule of the vulgar, will always be met with the utmost candour and indulgence by the more refined and intelligent portions of the community.

And shall not the **MAN OF LETTERS**—he whose occupations more than those perhaps of any other class of society, are largely and intimately linked with those qualities and attributes which give to man his superiority over the brute creation—shall not the man of letters be admitted to the same privilege? Shall a profession so manifold in its departments, and in each so important, be unpermitted the claims to distinction freely granted to the practisers of sciences which, however honourable and deserving they may be of the respect of mankind, are nevertheless incalculably more limited in their range, than the almost boundless field within which the literary character pursues his researches? Granting to the advocate, the architectural and medical professor, the artist, &c. their full title to the admiration of the world, would it be just to refuse our applause to him whose ~~mind~~, frequently at the expense of his

constitution, and by the inflexible rejection of all the pleasures of society, has acquired a strength and subtilty, which elevate him, in the happiest instances of such acquisitions, far beyond the ordinary level of even *cultivated* intellect? He has expatiated over an ampler surface—he has become familiarised with all the remoter springs of whatever is sublime and beautiful—of all that is intellectually grand or splendid—of all, in fine, that approximates the human to a higher order of beings. Of the professional characters we have enumerated, the lawyer may advance high and legitimate pretensions to the esteem of his fellow-citizens;—as a moralist by avocation—for law may be defined as neither more nor less than a system of practical reasoning and morality,—his studies have deeply initiated him in the duties which civilized society imposes on its members—his profession is eminently a public one—he is a conservator of the general weal—and from his perpetual intercourse with various classes of men, he acquires a practical knowledge of the human character in all its shades of good and evil, unattainable by any other process. In one respect, indeed, it has frequently occurred to us that the profession of the lawyer assimilates him with the *confessor* of catholic countries, an order of men who have always been celebrated for their knowledge of the world, which is only another phrase for the virtues and vices of its members. The very nature of his employment renders it necessary for all who seek his assistance to unbosom themselves to him with scarcely more reserve than the Italian or Spaniard uses towards his priest, and though, unlike the monk, the lawyer is not invested with the power of absolution, he will, if he be a moral and conscientious man, not infrequently be enabled to frustrate the machinations of evil minds, and diminish the pressure of unmerited misfortune. The advocate and his client—the confessor and his penitent—stand related to each other, as far as regards the important and main result of such connexion—pretty nearly in the same manner and ratio—with this essential difference, however, that, while the influence of the priest, exercised over the fears of ignorance and superstition, tends to the abasement, and, through the medium of absolution, to the corruption of society, the same knowledge which he attains through terror, and practises for deception, the lawyer acquires by means honourably and indispensably connected with his profession, and uses for purposes

which we would willingly suppose equally redounding to his credit. The architect—the physician—the artist, &c. also occupy eminent and brilliant stations in the intellectual and professional world—let them all receive that legitimate and liberal homage to which talent is entitled, which will always be cheerfully rendered by their enlightened contemporaries, and which in after ages will shed round their name and memory a magnificence surpassing that of kings. Yet let us not in our admiration of talents devoted to the useful or brilliant arts, forget the superior glory poured round the brows of a nation by the genius of its authors, nor be unjust to the merits of men, who in the silence of night, as amid the bustle of the day, rejecting the allurements of pleasure, and scorning every lighter object, are consecrating the whole strength of their matured and vigorous faculties to the building up a monument to their own and country's glory—a monument that shall outlast the splendid but perishable labours of art, and when the dome and the statue have crumbled into dust, and the tints flown from the decaying canvas, shall shed a strong radiance over the sepulchre of national greatness, and present to remotest ages a triumphant and immortal testimony of the power and divinity of genius.

Perhaps some of our more sober readers may conceive us a little enthusiastic in our estimation of the importance and lustre of the literary character, and accuse us of partiality towards a profession of which we are, certainly, proud of being members, however humble. Were it so, we do not think we should be *very* open to censure. To the concessions we would make—which we have made—to others, literary men are assuredly also entitled, and if the fact were otherwise than we have stated, our eulogium would be no unwarrantable stretch of the privilege accorded to science and art, nor would the courtesy of liberal minds feel oppressed by the extent of our demands. But we are bold in affirming that our panegyric is but co-equal with the merits of its objects, and we would appeal in support of our assertion, to the evidence which ages have left us. Time is the grand witness in questions of this nature, and he is on our side. Let us, for a moment, turn our eyes to those nations and periods most distinguished in the page of history—those periods and nations to which the veneration of the modern world, with all its wonderful improvements, is yet fondly attached—and see

what are the foundations on which reposes the structure of their fame, or at least that portion of it which is most illustrious, and which will be as fresh a thousand years hence, when the ruins of Athens, and Syracuse, and Rome, shall be mingled in dust with the ground on which they stand, as now. Is it not to their literature that those renowned states owe the transmission of their glory, and the preservation of those talents and virtues which built up and cemented the fabric of their grandeur and prosperity? Were we deprived of the poems of Homer, and Hesiod, and Pindar, what should we know of the early stages of Hellenic civilization, of that memorable war which mixed in eternal conflict the arms of Greece and Asia, or of institutions which had no trivial share in the formation of the national character of the people among and by whom they were established? It is in the divine strains of those immortal bards that we meet with the living pictures of the manners, improvements, exploits, and domestic sports of their countrymen. Not so much to the exquisite genius of their painters, sculptors, and architects did the ancients trust the immortality of their fame, as to the more lasting labours of their unrivalled writers. The physiognomy of Pericles might be preserved—even for some few centuries—by the pencil of Panænus, or the chisel of Phidias—but the memory of his wisdom, and those profound talents which raised his country to supremacy among her sister states—to carry down to future times the record of his intellectual features—this was the task of Thucydides:—and thus was it with all the great or distinguished characters of antiquity—marble and canvas were not the chief propagators and preservers of their renown—had their trust been in these, slender indeed would be our acquaintance with the heroes and sages of Greece and Rome.—Nothing, in truth, shows more strikingly the comparative inefficacy of the arts to confer immortality on those whose actions they aim at perpetuating, than the fact that almost all our knowledge of their progress and *chefs-d'œuvres*, arises from the interest which literature has taken in their advancement and perfection. This is unquestionably the case inasmuch as it respects the arts of antiquity, for the specimens of Grecian sculpture (of painting there are none) that have survived the ravages of time and barbarism, though they show the perfection to which the art had arrived in the time of the artist, are still too few to give a complete idea of that universal

diffusion throughout Greece, of the taste which is generally spoken of as confined to Athens; and were it not for the pains taken by the Greek and Roman writers to transmit to posterity memorials of their countrymen's excellence in arts, as well as in arms and legislation, we might now have to lament our very imperfect acquaintance with their general and ardent cultivation of them. Literature has always been the firm ally of every thing connected with the glory of the countries in which it has flourished, and has provided for the productions of art, and the discoveries of science, a temple which lightning cannot scathe, nor the thunderbolt level with the dust, nor the earthquake heave from its foundations—and now that the press extends its Briae-an support to the friends of the muses, we have little reason to apprehend the destruction of her treasures from any of the causes which, previously to its invention, had contributed to mutilate or destroy them—and we have reason to suppose that it will eternally continue the proud and noble prerogative of letters, to gather up in their silent but glorious march, the memorials of contemporary genius, and to bear down to future ages the record of all that art and science have accomplished to illustrate the past. Indeed, it will be evident to the least reflective mind, that the productions of the painter and sculptor, depending for their existence on materials subject to all the casualties of nature and accident, would be gradually obliterated from the memory, and abandoned by the admiration of society, were it not for the protecting hand and embalming influence of literature. How strikingly is this evinced by the brightest periods of modern art—the age of the Medici—and that of Louis XIV. To what chances have the *chefs-d'œuvres* of those times, so honourable to the arts, been exposed! And how probable is it that the course of events—which have already and repeatedly placed the capitals of Italy, Germany, and France in the power of exasperated enemies—may, and, perchance, at no very distant period, involve in destruction the works of Michael Angelo, Titian, and Rembrandt; of DAVID, and CANOVA. But their memory will not perish, and it will be the task of the muse and the historian, to inform all ages of the contributions made by the illustrious of their times to the splendour and glory of their country, and to waft down to latest posterity the tidings of their mighty achievements.

We have indulged ourselves to such length upon the train of reflections to which the words of Johnson, and the work before us, gave birth, that we are compelled to deal in rather a summary with the pleasing volume of Mr. D'Israeli. It is an enlarged republication of a tract that we recollect to have perused many years since in England. The motives which induced the ingenious author to bring it again forward, will be best described in his own words:—

“ I published, in 1795, ‘ an Essay on the Literary Character,’ to my own habitual and inherent defects, were superadded those of my youth; the crude production was, however, not ill received, for the edition disappeared; and the subject was found to be more interesting than the writer.

“ During the long interval which has elapsed since the first publication, the little volume was often recalled to my recollection by several, and by some who have since obtained celebrity; they imagined that their attachment to literary pursuits had been strengthened even by so weak an effort. An extraordinary circumstance has concurred with these opinions:—a copy which has accidentally fallen into my hands, formerly belonged to the great poetical genius of our times; and the singular fact that it was twice read by him in two subsequent years, at Athens, in 1810 and 1811, instantly convinced me that the volume deserved my attention. I tell this fact assuredly, not from any little vanity which it may appear to betray, for the truth is, were I not as liberal and as candid in respect to my own productions, as I hope I am to others, I could not have been gratified by the present circumstance; for the marginal notes of the noble writer convey no flattery—but amidst their pungency and sometimes their truth, the circumstance that a man of genius could, and did read, this slight effusion at two different periods of his life, was a sufficient authority, at least, for an author to return it once more to the anvil; more knowledge, and more maturity of thought, I may hope, will now fill up the rude sketch of my youth: its radical defects, those which are inherent in every author, it were unwise for me to hope to remove by suspending the work to a more remote period.

“ It may be thought that men of genius only should write on men of genius; as if it were necessary that the physician should be infected with the disease of his patient. He is only an observer, like Sydenham, who confined himself to vigilant observation, and the continued experience of tracing the progress of actual cases (and in his department, but not in mine) in the operation of actual remedies. He beautifully says—‘ Whoever describes a violet exactly as to its colour, taste, smell, form, and other properties, will find the description agree

in most particulars with all the violets in the universe.'

"Nor do I presume to be any thing more than the historian of genius; whose humble office is only to tell the virtues and the infirmities of his heroes. It is the fashion of the present day to raise up dazzling theories of genius; to reason *a priori*; to promulgate abstract paradoxes; to treat with levity the man of genius, because he is *only* a man of genius. I have sought for facts, and have often drawn results unsuspected by myself. I have looked into literary history for the literary character. I have always had in my mind an observation of Lord Bellingbroke—'Abstract, or general propositions, though never so true, appear obscure or doubtful to us very often till they are explained by examples; when examples are pointed out to us, there is a kind of appeal, with which we are flattered, made to our senses, as well as to our understandings. The instruction comes then from our authority; we yield to fact when we resist speculation.' This will be truth long after the encyclopedic geniuses of the present age, who write on all subjects, and with most spirit on those they know least about, shall have passed away; and Time shall extricate Truth from the deadly embrace of Sophistry."

The following is the manner in which he has divided his subject:—

"1. On Literary Characters.—2. Youth of Genius.—3. The first Studies.—4. The Irritability of Genius.—5. The Spirit of Literature, and the Spirit of Society.—6. Literary Solitude.—7. The Meditations of Genius.—8. The Enthusiasm of Genius.—9. Literary Jealousy.—10. Want of mutual Esteem.—11. Self-praise.—12. The Domestic Life of Genius.—13. The Matrimonial State.—14. Literary Friendships.—15. The Literary and the Personal Character.—16. The Man of Letters.—17. Literary Old Age.—18. Literary Honours.—19. The Influence of Authors."

With the concluding observations of the first chapter we were not a little pleased—and we present them to our readers as worthy of the author and his subject.

"Literary characters now constitute an important body, diffused over enlightened Europe, connected by the secret links of congenial pursuits, and combining often insensibly to themselves in the same common labours. At London, at Paris, and even at Madrid, these men feel the same thirst, which is allayed at the same fountains; the same authors are read, and the same opinions are formed.

"Contemporains de tous les hommes,
Et citoyens de tous les lieux.
—*De Le Mothe.*

"Thus an invisible brotherhood is existing among us, and those who stand connected with it are not always sensible of this kindred alliance. Once the world was made uneasy by rumours of the existence of a society, founded by that extraordinary German Rosicrucius, designed for the search of truth and the reformation of the sciences. Its statutes were yet but partially promulgated; but many a great principle in morals, many a result of science in the concentrated form of an axiom; and every excellent work which suited the views of the author to preserve anonymous, were mysteriously traced to the president of the Rosicrucians, and not only the society became celebrated, but abused. Descartes, when in Germany, gave himself much trouble to track out the society, that he might consult the great searcher after Truth, but in vain! It did not occur to the young reformer of science in this visionary pursuit, that every philosophical inquirer was a brother, and that the extraordinary and mysterious personage, was indeed himself! for a genius of the first order is always the founder of a society, and, wherever he may be, the brotherhood will delight to acknowledge their master.

"These literary characters are partially described by Johnson, not without a melancholy colouring. 'To talk in private, to think in solitude, to inquire or to answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar. He wanders about the world without pomp or terror, and is neither known nor valued, but by men like himself.' But eminent genius accomplishes a more ample design. He belongs to the world as much as to a nation; even the great writer himself, at that moment, was not conscious that he was devoting his days to cast the minds of his own contemporaries, and of the next age, in the mighty mould of his own, for he was of that order of men whose individual genius often becomes that of a people. A prouder conception rose in the majestic mind of Milton, of 'that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise, which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose PUBLISHED LABOURS advance the good of mankind.'

"Literature has, in all ages, encountered adversaries from causes sufficiently obvious; but other pursuits have been rarely liable to discover enemies among their own votaries. Yet many literary men openly, or insidiously, would lower the literary character, are eager to confuse the ranks in the republic of letters, wounding the virtue which knows to pay its tribute to Caesar; while they maliciously confer the character of author on that 'ten thousand,' whose recent list is not so much a muster-roll of heroes, as a table of population.*

"We may allow the political economist to suppose that an author is the manufac-

* " See a recent biographical account of ten thousand authors.

turer of a certain ware for 'a very paltry recompense,' as their seer Adam Smith has calculated. It is useless to talk to people who have nothing but millions in their imagination, and whose choicest works of art are spinning jennies; whose principle of 'labour' would have all men alike die in harness; or, in their carpentry of human nature, would convert them into wheels and screws, to work the perplexed movements of that ideal machinery called 'capital'—these may reasonably doubt of 'the utility' of this 'unproductive' race. Their heated heads and temperate hearts may satisfy themselves that 'that unprosperous race of men, called men of letters,' in a system of political economy, must necessarily occupy their present state in society, much as formerly, when 'a scholar and a beggar seem to have been terms very nearly synonymous.'* But whenever the political economists shall feel,—a calculation of time which who would dare to furnish them with?—that the happiness and prosperity of a people include something more permanent and more evident than 'the wealth of a nation,' they may form another notion of the literary character.

"A more formidable class of ingenious men who derived their reputation and even their fortune in life from their literary character, yet are cold and heartless to the interests of literature—men who have reached their summit and reject the ladder: for those who have once placed themselves high, feel a sudden abhorrence of climbing. These have risen through the gradations of polities into office, and in that busy world view every thing in a cloud of passions and polities:—they who once commanded us by their eloquence would now drive us by the single force of despotism; like Adrian VI. who obtaining the Pontificate as the reward of his studies, yet possessed of the Tiara, persecuted students; he dreaded, say the Italians, lest his brothers might shake the Pontificate itself. It fares worse with authors when minds of this cast become the arbiters of the public opinion; when the literary character is first systematically degraded and then sported with, as elephants are made to dance on hot iron; or the bird plucked of its living feathers is exhibited as a new sort of creature to invite the passengers! whatever such critics may plead to mortify the vanity of authors, at least it requires as much to give effect to their own polished effrontery. Lower the high self-reverence, the lofty conception of genius, and you deprive it of the consciousness of its powers with the delightfulness of its character; in the blow you give the musical instrument, the invisible soul of its tone is for ever lost.

"A lighter class reduce literature to a mere curious amusement; a great work is likened to a skilful game of billiards, or a piece of

music finely executed—and curious researches to charade making and Chinese puzzles. An author with them is an idler who will not be idle, amusing, or fatiguing others, who are completely so. We have been told that a great genius should not, therefore, 'ever allow himself to be sensible to his own celebrity, nor deem his pursuits of much consequence, however important or successful.' Catholic doctrine to mortify an author into a saint; Lent all the year, and self-flagellation every day! This new principle, which no man in his senses would contend with, had been useful to Buffon and Gibbon, to Voltaire and Pope, who assuredly were too 'sensible to their celebrity, and deemed their pursuits of much consequence,' particularly when 'important and successful.' But this point may be adjusted when we come to examine the importance of an author, and the privilege he may possess of a little anticipating the public in his self-praise.

"Such are the domestic treasors of the literary character against literature—'et tu, Brute!'—but a hero of literature falls not though struck at; he outlives his assassins, and might address them in that language of poetry and tenderness with which a Mexican king reproached his traitorous counsellors: 'You were the feathers of my wings, and the eyelids of my eyes.'

"Every class of men in society have their peculiar sorrows and enjoyments, as they have their habits and their characteristics. In the history of men of genius, we may often open the secret story of their minds; they have, above others, the privilege of communicating their own feelings, and it is their talent to interest us, whether with their pen they talk of themselves, or paint others.

"In the history of men of genius let us not neglect those who have devoted themselves to the cultivation of the fine arts; with them genius is alike insulated in their studies; they pass through the same permanent discipline. The histories of literature and art have parallel epochs; and certain artists resemble certain authors. Hence Milton, Michael Angelo, and Handel! One principle unites the intellectual arts, for in one principle they originate, and thus it has happened that the same habits and feelings, and the same fortunes have accompanied men who have sometimes, unhappily, imagined that their pursuits were not analogous. In the 'world of ear and eye,' the poet, the painter, and the musician are kindled by the same inspiration. Thus all is art and all are artists! This approximation of men apparently of opposite pursuits is so natural, that when Gesner, in his inspiring letter on landscape painting, recommends to the young painter a constant study of poetry and literature, the impatient artist is made to exclaim, 'Must we combine with so many other studies those which belong to literary men? Must we read as well as paint?' 'I!

* "Wealth of Nations, vol. i. p. 132.

is useless to reply to this question,' says Gesner, 'for some important truths must be instinctively felt, perhaps the fundamental ones in the arts.' A truly imaginative artist, whose enthusiasm was never absent when he meditated on the art he loved, Barry, thus vehemently broke forth—' Go home from the Academy, light up your lamps, and exercise yourselves in the creative part of your art, with Homer, with Livy; and all the great characters, ancient and modern, for your companions and counsellors.'

" Every life of a man of genius, composed by himself, presents us with the experimental philosophy of the mind. By living with their brothers, and contemplating on their masters, they will judge from consciousness less erroneously than from discussion; and in forming comparative views and parallel situations, they will discover certain habits and feelings, and find these reflected in themselves."

All that he says about youth of genius is very good—and very true—but then it is what we have read a hundred times before. His *catalogue raisonné*, however, is certainly written in a very lively and amusing manner.

" In the old romance of King Arthur, when a cowherd comes to the king to request he would make his son a knight—' It is a great thing thou askest,' said Arthur, who inquired whether this entreaty proceeded from him or his son? The old man's answer is remarkable—' Of my son, not of me; for I have thirteen sons, and all these will fail to that labour I put them; but this child will not labour for me, for any thing that I and my wife will do; but always he will be shooting and casting darts, and glad for to see battles, and to behold knights, and always day and night he desireth of me to be made a knight.' The king commanded the cowherd to fetch all his sons; They were all shapen much like the poor man; but Tor was not like none of them in shape and in countenance, for he was much more than any of them. And so Arthur knighted him. This simple tale is the history of genius—the cowherd's twelve sons were like himself, but the unhappy genius in the family who perplexed and plagued the cowherd and his wife and his twelve brothers, was the youth averse to labour, but active enough in performing knightly exercises; and dreaming on chivalry amidst a herd of cows.

" A man of genius is thus dropt among the people, and has first to encounter the difficulties of ordinary men deprived of that feeble ductility which adapts itself to the common destination. Parents are too often the victims of the decided propensity of a son to a Virgil or an Euclid; and the first step into life of a man of genius is disobedience and grief. Lilly, our famous astrologer, has described the frequent situation of such a youth, like the cowherd's son who

would be a knight. Lilly proposed to his father that he should try his fortune in the metropolis, where he expected that his learning and his talents would prove serviceable to him; the father, quite incapable of discovering the latent genius of his son in his studious dispositions, very willingly consented to get rid of him, for, as Lilly proceeds, ' I could not work, drive the plough, or endure any country labour; my father oft would say I was good for nothing,'—words which the fathers of so many men of genius have repeated.

" In reading the memoirs of a man of genius we often reprobate the domestic persecutions of those who opposed his inclinations. No poet but is moved with indignation at the recollection of the Port Royal Society thrice burning the Romance which Racine at length got by heart; No geometer but bitterly inveighs against the father of Pascal for not suffering him to study Euclid, which he at length understood without studying. The father of Petrarch in a barbarous rage burnt the poetical library of his son amidst the shrieks, the groans, and the tears of the youth. Yet this neither converted Petrarch into a sober lawyer, nor deprived him of the Roman laurel. The uncle of Alfieri for more than twenty years suppressed the poetical character of this noble bard; he was a poet without knowing to write a verse, and nature, like a hard creditor, exacted with redoubled interest, all the genius which the uncle had so long kept from her. Such are the men whose inherent impulse no human opposition, and even no adverse education, can deter from being great men.

" Let us, however, be just to the parents of a man of genius; they have another association of ideas concerning him than we; we see a great man, they a disobedient child; we track him through his glory, they are wearied by the sullen resistance of his character. The career of genius is rarely that of fortune and happiness; and the father, who may himself not be insensible to glory, dreads lest his son be found among that obscure multitude, that populace of mean artists, who must expire at the barriers of mediocrity.

" The contemplative race, even in their first steps towards nature, are receiving that instruction which no master can impart. The boy of genius flies to some favourite haunt to which his fancy has often given a name; he populates his solitude; he takes all shapes in it, he finds all places in it; he converses silently with all about him—he is a hermit, a lover, a hero. The fragrance and blush of the morning; the still hush of the evening; the mountain, the valley, and the stream; all nature opening to him, he sits brooding over his first dim images, in that train of thought we call reverie, with a restlessness of delight, for he is only the being of sensation, and has not yet learnt to think; then comes that tenderness of spirit,

that first shade of thought, colouring every scene, and deepening every feeling; this temperament has been often mistaken for melancholy. One, truly inspired, unfolds the secret story—

‘ Indowèd with all that nature can bestow,
The child of fancy oft in silence bends
O'er the mixt treasures of his pregnant breast
With conscious pride. From them he oft resolves
To frame he knows not what excelling things,
And win he knows not what sublime reward
Of praise and wonder—’

This delight in reverie has been finely described by Boyle: ‘ When the intermission of my studies allowed me leisure for recreation,’ says Boyle, ‘ I would very often steal away from all company, and spend four or five hours alone in the fields, and think at random, making my delighted imagination the busy scene where some romance or other was daily acted.’ This circumstance alarmed his friends, who imagined that he was overcome with melancholy.*

‘ It is remarkable that this love of repose and musing is retained throughout life. A man of fine genius is rarely enamoured of common amusements or of robust exercises; and he is usually unadroit where dexterity of hand or eye, or trivial elegancies, are required. This characteristic of genius was discovered by Horace in that ode which school-boys often versify.* Beattie has expressly told us of his Minstrel—

‘ The exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed
To him nor vanity, nor joy could bring.’

Alfieri said he could never be taught by a French dancing-master, whose art made him at once shudder and laugh. If we reflect that as it is now practised it seems the art of giving affectation to a puppet, and that this puppet is a man we can enter into this mixed sensation of degradation and ridicule. Horace by his own confession, was a very awkward rider; and the poetical rider could

* ‘ An unhappy young man who recently forfeited his life to the laws for forgery, appears to have given promises of genius.—He had thrown himself for two years into the studious retirement of a foreign university. Before his execution he sketched an imperfect auto-biography, and the following passage is descriptive of young genius:

‘ About this time I became uncommonly reserved, withdrawing by degrees from the pastimes of my associates, and was frequently observed to retire to some solitary place alone. Ruined castles, bearing the vestiges of ancient broils, and the impairing hand of time,—cascades thundering through the echoing groves,—rocks and precipices,—the beautiful as well as the sublime traits of nature—formed a spacious field for contemplation many a happy hour. From these inspiring objects, contemplation would lead me to the great Author of nature. Often have I dropped on my knees, and poured out the ecstasies of my soul to the God who inspired them.’

* Hor. Od. Lib. iv. O. 3.

not always secure a seat on his mule; Metastasio humorously complains of his gun; the poetical sportsman could only frighten the hares and partridges; the truth was, as an elder poet sings,

‘ Instead of hounds that make the wooded hills
Talk in a hundred voices to the rills,
I like the pleasing cadence of a line
Struck by the concert of the sacred Nine.’

Browne’s *Brit. Past.* B. ii. Song 4.

And we discover the true ‘ humour of the indolent contemplative race in their great representatives Virgil and Horace. When they accompanied Mecænas into the country, while the minister amused himself at tennis, the two bards reposed on a vernal bank amidst the freshness of the shade. The younger Pliny, who was so perfect a literary character, was charmed by the Roman mode of hunting, or rather fowling by nets, which admitted him to sit a whole day with his tablets and stylus, that, says he, ‘ should I return with empty nets my tablets may at least be full.’ Thomson was the hero of his own *Castle of Indolence*.

‘ The youth of genius will be apt to retire from the active sports of his mates. Beattie paints himself in his own *Minstrel*,

‘ Concourse and noise, and toil he ever fled,
Nor eared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped.’

‘ Bossuet would not join his young companions, and flew to his solitary task, while the classical boys avenged his flight by applying to him from Virgil the *bos suetus arato*, the ox daily toiling in the plough. The young painters, to ridicule the persevering labours of Domenichino in his youth, honoured him by the same title of ‘ the great ox,’ and Passeri, in his delightful biography of his own contemporary artists, has happily expressed the still labours of his concealed genius, *sua taciturna lentezza*, his silent slowness. The learned Huet has given an amusing detail of the inventive persecutions of his schoolmates, to divert him from his obstinate love of study. ‘ At length,’ says he, ‘ in order to indulge my own taste, I would rise with the sun, while they were buried in sleep, and hide myself in the woods that I might read and study in quiet,’ but they beat the bushes and started in his burrow, the future man of erudition. Sir William Jones was rarely a partaker in the active sports of Harrow; it was said of Gray that he was never a boy, and the unhappy Chatterton and Burns were remarkably serious boys. Milton has preserved for us, in solemn numbers, his school-life—

‘ When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good, myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things—’

Par. Reg.

"If the youth of genius is apt to retire from the ordinary sports of his mates, he often substitutes others, the reflections of those favourite studies which are haunting his young imagination; the amusements of such an idler have often been fanciful. Ariosto, while yet a school-boy, composed a sort of tragedy from the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, and had it represented by his brothers and sisters. Pope seems to have indicated his passion for Homer in those rough scenes which he drew up from Ogilby's version; and when Sir William Jones at Harrow divided the fields according to a map of Greece, and portioned out to each school-fellow a dominion, and further, when wanting a copy of the *Tempest* to act from, he supplied it from his memory, we must confess that the boy Jones was reflecting in his amusements the cast of mind he displayed in his after-life, and that felicity of memory and taste so prevalent in his literary character. Florian's earliest years were passed in shooting birds all day, and reading every evening an old translation of the *Iliad*; whenever he got a bird remarkable for its size or its plumage, he personified it by one of the names of his heroes, and raising a funeral pyre consumed the body; collecting the ashes in an urn, he presented them to his grandfather, with a narrative of his Patroclus or Sarpedon. We seem here to detect, reflected in his boyish sports, the pleasing genius of the author of *Numa Pomphilus*, *Gonsalvo of Cordova*, and *William Tell*."

The remarks on "The Spirit of Literature and the Spirit of Society," we think, furnish one of the most favourable instances of his reasoning powers, and are really just, acute, and given with considerable force and animation.

"When a general intercourse in society prevails, the age of great genius has passed; an equality of talents rages among a multitude of authors and artists; they have extended the superficies of genius, but have lost the intensity; the contest is more furious, but victory is more rare. The founders of national literature and art pursued their insulated studies in the full independence of their mind, and the developement of their inventive faculty. The master-spirits who create an epoch, the inventors, lived at periods when they inherited nothing from their predecessors; in seclusion they stood apart, the solitary lights of their age.

"At length, when a people have emerged to glory, and a silent revolution has obtained, by a more uniform light of knowledge coming from all sides, the genius of society becomes greater than the genius of the individual: hence, the character of genius itself becomes subordinate. A conversation age succeeds a studious one, and the family of genius are no longer recluses.

"The man of genius is now trammelled with the artificial and mechanical forms of life; and in too close an intercourse with society, the loneliness and raciness of thinking is modified away in its seductive conventions. An excessive indulgence in the pleasures of social life constitutes the great interests of a luxurious and opulent age.

"It may be a question, whether the literary man and the artist are not immolating their genius to society, when, with the mockery of Proteus, they lose their own by all forms, in the shadowiness of assumed talent. But a path of roses, where all the senses are flattered, is now opened to win an Epictetus from his hut. The morning lounge, the luxurious dinner, and the evening party are the regulated dissipations of hours which true genius knows are always too short for art, and too rare for its inspirations; and hence so many of our contemporaries, whose card-racks are crowded, have produced only flashy fragments—efforts, and not works. It is seduction, and not reward, which mere fashionable society offers the man of true genius, for he must be distinguished from those men of the world, who have assumed the literary character, for purposes very distinct from literary ones. In this society, the man of genius shall cease to interest, whatever be his talent; he will be sought for with enthusiasm, but he cannot escape from his certain fate,—that of becoming tiresome to his pretended admirers. The confidential confession of Racine to his son is remarkable. 'Do not think that I am sought after by the great for my dramas; Corneille composes nobler verses than mine, but no one notices him, and he only pleases by the mouth of the actors. I never allude to my works when with men of the world, but I amuse them about matters they like to hear. My talent with them consists not in making them feel that I have any, but in showing them that they have'—Racine treated the great, like the children of society; Corneille would not compromise for the tribute he exacted; and consoled himself when, at his entrance into the theatre, the audience usually rose to salute him.

"Has not the fate of our reigning literary favourites been uniform? Their mayoralty hardly exceeds the year. They are pushed aside to put in their place another, who in his turn must descend. Such is the history of the literary character encountering the perpetual difficulty of appearing what he really is not, while he sacrifices to a few, in a certain corner of the metropolis, who have long fantastically called themselves 'The World,' that more dignified celebrity which makes an author's name more familiar than his person. To one who appeared astonished at the extensive celebrity of Buffon, the modern Pliny replied, 'I have passed fifty years at my desk.' And has not one, the most sublime of the race, sung—

che seggendo in piuma
 In Fama non si vien, ne sotto coltre;
 Sanza la qual chi sua vita consuma
 Cotal vestigio in terra di se lascia
 Qual fummo in aere, ed in aqua la schiuma.
Dante, Inferno, c. xxiv.^{*}

“Another, who had great experience of the world and of literature,[†] observes, that literary men (and artists) seek an intercourse with the great from a refinement of self-love; they are perpetually wanting a confirmation of their own talents in the opinions of others, (for their rivals are, at all times very cruelly and very adroitly diminishing their reputation;) for this purpose, they require judges sufficiently enlightened to appreciate their talents, but who do not exercise too penetrating a judgment. Now this is exactly the state of the generality of the great, (or persons of fashion,) who cultivate taste and literature; these have only time to acquire that degree of light which is just sufficient to set at ease the fears of these claimants of genius. Their eager vanity is more voracious than delicate, and is willing to accept an incense less durable than ambrosia.

“The habitudes of genius, before it lost its freshness in this society, are the mould in which the character is cast; and these, in spite of all the disguise of the man, hereafter make him a distinct being from the man of society. There is something solitary in deep feelings; and the amusers who can only dazzle and surprise, will never spread that contagious energy only springing from the fullness of the heart. Let the man of genius then dread to level himself to that mediocrity of feeling and talent required in every-day society, lest he become one of themselves. Ridicule is the shadowy scourge of society, and the terror of the man of genius; ridicule surrounds him with her chimeras, like the shadowy monsters which opposed Aeneas, too impalpable to be grasped, while the airy nothings triumph, unwounded by a weapon. Aeneas was told to pass the griming monsters unnoticed, and they would then be as harmless as they were unreal.

“Study, meditation, and enthusiasm,—this is the progress of genius, and these cannot be the habits of him who lingers till he can only live among polished crowds. If he bears about him the consciousness of genius, he will be still acting under their influences. And perhaps there never was one of this class of men who had not either first entirely formed himself in solitude, or amidst society is perpetually breaking out to seek

* “‘Not by reposing on pillows or under canopies, is fame acquired, without which he, who consumes his life, leaves such an unregarded vestige on the earth of his being, as the smoke in the air or the foam on the wave.’

† “‘D’Alementer la Société des Gens de Lettres et des Grands.

for himself. Wilkes, who, when no longer touched by the fervours of literary and patriotic glory, grovelled into a domestic voluptuary, observed with some surprise of the great earl of Chatham, that he sacrificed every pleasure of social life, even in youth, to his great pursuit of eloquence; and the earl himself acknowledged an artifice he practised in his intercourse with society, for he said, when he was young he always came late into company, and left it early. Vittorio Alfieri, and a brother-spirit in our own noble poet, were rarely seen amidst the brilliant circle in which they were born; the workings of their imagination were perpetually emancipating them, and one deep loneliness of feeling proudly insulated them among the unimpassioned triflers of their rank. They preserved unbroken the unity of their character, in constantly escaping from the processional *spectacle* of society, by frequent intervals of retirement.”

We select, and with peculiar satisfaction, some of the observations on “Literary Honours.”

“It is the prerogative of genius to elevate obscure men to the higher class of society: if the influence of wealth in the present day has been justly said to have created a new aristocracy of its own, and where they already begin to be jealous of their ranks, we may assert that genius creates a sort of intellectual nobility, which is conferred on some literary characters by the involuntary feelings of the public; and were men of genius to bear arms, they might consist not of imaginary things, of griffins and chimeras, but of deeds performed and of public works in existence. When Dondi raised the great astronomical clock at the university of Padua, which was long the admiration of Europe, it gave a name and nobility to its maker and all his descendants; there still lives a Marquis Dondi dal’ Horologia. Sir Hugh Middleton, in memory of his vast enterprise, changed his former arms to bear three piles, by which instruments he had strengthened the works he had invented, when his genius poured forth the waters through our metropolis, distinguishing it from all others in the world. Should not Evelyn have inserted an oak-tree in his bearings? for our author’s ‘Sylva’ occasioned the plantation of ‘many millions of timber-trees,’ and the present navy of Great Britain has been constructed with the oaks which the genius of Evelyn planted. If the public have borrowed the names of some lords to grace a Sandwich and a Spencer, we may be allowed to raise into titles of literary nobility those distinctions which the public voice has attached to some authors; *Eschylus Potter*, *Athenian Stuart* and *Anacreon Moore*.

“This intellectual nobility is not chimerical; does it not separate a man from the crowd? Whenever the rightful possessor

appears, will not the eyes of all spectators be fixed on him? I allude to scenes which I have witnessed. Will not even literary honours add a nobility to nobility? and teach the nation to esteem a name which might otherwise be hidden under its rank, and remain unknown? Our illustrious list of literary noblemen is far more glorious than the satirical 'Catalogue of Noble Authors,' drawn up by a polished and heartless cynic, who has pointed his brilliant shafts at all who were chivalrous in spirit, or appertained to the family of genius. One may presume on the existence of this intellectual nobility, from the extraordinary circumstance that the great have actually felt a jealousy of the literary rank. But no rivalry can exist in the solitary honour conferred on an author; an honour not derived from birth, nor creation, but from PUBLIC OPINION; and as inseparable from his name, as an essential quality is from its object; for the diamond will sparkle and the rose will be fragrant, otherwise, it is no diamond nor rose. The great may well condescend to be humble to genius, since genius pays its homage in becoming proud of that humility. Cardinal Richelieu was mortified at the celebrity of the unbending Corneille; several noblemen were, at Pope's indifference to their rank; and Magliabechi, the book-prodigy of his age, whom every literary stranger visited at Florence, assured Lord Rale, that the Duke of Tuscany had become jealous of the attention he was receiving from foreigners, as they usually went first to see Magliabechi before the grand duke. A confession by Montesquieu states, with open candour, a fact in his life, which confirms this jealousy of the great with the literary character. 'On my entering into life, I was spoken of as a man of talents, and people of condition gave me a favourable reception; but when the success of my Persian Letters proved, perhaps, that I was not unworthy of my reputation, and the public began to esteem me, my reception with the great was discouraging, and I experienced innumerable mortifications.' Montesquieu subjoins a reflection sufficiently humiliating for the mere nobleman: 'The great, inwardly wounded with the glory of a celebrated name, seek to humble it. In general, he only can patiently endure the fame of others, who deserves fame himself.' This sort of jealousy unquestionably prevailed in the late Lord Orford; a wit, a man of the world, and a man of rank, but while he considered literature as a mere amusement, he was mortified at not obtaining literary celebrity; he felt his authorial, always beneath his personal character; he broke with every literary man who looked up to him as their friend; and how he has delivered his feelings on Johnson, Goldsmith, and Gray, whom, unfortunately for him, he personally knew, it fell to my lot to discover; I could add, but not dimi-

nish, what has been called the severity of that delineation.*

"Who was the dignified character, Lord Chesterfield or Samuel Johnson, when the great author, proud of his labour, rejected his lordship's sneaking patronage? 'I value myself,' says Swift, 'upon making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry.' Piron would not suffer the literary character to be lowered in his presence. Entering the apartment of a nobleman, who was conducting another peer to the stairs head, the latter stopped to make way for Piron. 'Pass on, my lord,' said the noble master, 'pass, he is only a poet.' Piron replied, 'Since our qualities are declared, I shall take my rank,' and placed himself before the lord. Nor is this pride, the true source of elevated character, refused to the great artist as well as the great author. Michael Angelo, invited by Julius II. to the court of Rome, found that intrigue had indisposed his holiness towards him, and more than once the great artist was suffered to linger in attendance in the anti-chamber. One day the indignant man of genius exclaimed, 'Tell his holiness, if he wants me, he must look for me elsewhere.' He flew back to his beloved Florence, to proceed with that celebrated cartoon, which afterwards became a favourite study with all artists. Thrice the Pope wrote for his return, and at length menaced the little state of Tuscany with war, if Michael Angelo prolonged his absence. He returned. The sublime artist knelt at the feet of the father of the church, turning aside his troubled countenance in silence; an intermeddling bishop offered himself as a mediator, apologising for our artist by observing, that 'of this proud humour are these painters made!' Julius turned to this pitiable mediator, and, as Vasari tells, used a switch on this occasion, observing, 'You speak injuriously of him, while I am silent. It is you who are ignorant.' Raising Michael Angelo, Julius II. embraced the man of genius. 'I can make lords of you every day, but I cannot create a Titian,' said the Emperor Charles V. to his courtiers, who had become jealous of the hours, and the half-hours, which that monarch managed, that he might converse with the man of genius at his work. There is an elevated intercourse between power and genius; and if they are deficient in reciprocal esteem, neither are great. The intellectual nobility seems to have been asserted by De Harlay, a great French statesman, for when the academy was once not received with royal honours, he complained to the French monarch, observing, that when 'a man of letters was presented to Francis I. for the first time, the king always advanced three steps from the throne to receive him.'

"If ever the voice of individuals can recompense a life of literary labour, it is in speaking a foreign accent—it sounds like the distant plaudit of posterity. The distance of space between the literary character and the inquirer, in some respects represents the distance of time which separates the author from the next age. Fontenelle was never more gratified than when a Swede, arriving at the gates of Paris, inquired of the custom-house officers where Fontenelle resided, and expressed his indignation that not one of them had ever heard of his name. Hobbes expressed his proud delight that his portrait was sought after by foreigners, and that the Great Duke of Tuscany made the philosopher the object of his first inquiries. Camden was not insensible to the visits of German noblemen, who were desirous of seeing the British Pliny; and Pocock, while he received no aid from patronage at home for his Oriental studies, never relaxed in those unrequited labours, from the warm personal testimony of learned foreigners, who hastened to see and converse with this prodigy of eastern learning.

"Yes! to the very presence of the man of genius will the world spontaneously pay their tribute of respect, of admiration, or of love; many a pilgrimage has he lived to receive, and many a crowd has followed his footsteps. There are days in the life of genius which repay its sufferings. Demosthenes confessed he was pleased when even a fish-woman of Athens pointed him out. Corneille had his particular seat in the theatre, and the audience would rise to salute him when he entered. At the presence of Raynal in the house of commons, the speaker was requested to suspend the debate till that illustrious foreigner, who had written on the English parliament, was there placed, and distinguished, to his honour. Spinoza, when he gained a humble livelihood by grinding optical glasses, at an obscure village in Holland, was visited by the first general in Europe, who, for the sake of this philosophical conference, suspended his march.

"In all ages, and in all countries, has this feeling been created; nor is it a temporary ebullition, nor an individual honour; it comes out of the heart of man. In Spain, whatever was most beautiful in its kind was described by the name of the great Spanish bard; every thing excellent was called a Lope. Italy would furnish a volume of the public honours decreed to literary men, nor is that spirit extinct, though the national character has fallen by the chance of fortune; and Metastasio and Tiraboschi received what had been accorded to Petrarch and to Poggio. Germany, patriotic to its literary characters, is the land of the enthusiasm of genius. On the borders of the Linnet, in the public walk of Zurich, the monument of Gesner, erected by the votes of his fellow-citizens, attests their sensi-

bility; and a solemn funeral honoured the remains of Klopstock, led by the senate of Hamburg, with fifty thousand votaries, so penetrated by one universal sentiment, that this multitude preserved a mournful silence, and the interference of the police ceased to be necessary through the city at the solemn burial of the man of genius. Has even Holland proved insensible? The statue of Erasmus, in Rotterdam, still animates her young students, and offers a noble example to her neighbours of the influence even of the sight of the statue of a man of genius; nor must it be forgotten, that the senate of Rotterdam declared of the emigrant Bayle, that 'such a man should not be considered as a foreigner.' In France, since Francis I. created genius, and Louis XIV. knew to be liberal to it, the impulse was communicated to the French people. There the statues of their illustrious men spread inspiration on the spots which living they would have haunted—in their theatres, the great dramatists; in their Institute, their illustrious authors; in their public edifices, their other men of genius.* This is worthy of the country which privileged the family of La Fontaine to be for ever exempt from taxes, and decreed that the productions of the mind were not seizable, when the creditors of Crebillon would have attached the produce of his tragedies. These distinctive honours accorded to genius, were in unison with their decree respecting the will of Bayle. It was the subject of a lawsuit between the heir of the will, and the inheritor by blood. The latter contested that this great literary character, being a fugitive for religion, and dying in a prohibited country, was without the power of disposing of his property, and that our author, when he resided in Holland, was civilly dead. In the parliament of Toulouse the judge decided that learned men are free in all countries; that he who had sought in a foreign land an asylum, from his love of letters, was no fugitive; that it was unworthy of France to treat as a stranger a son in whom she gloried: and he protested against the notion of a civil death to such a man as Bayle, whose name was living throughout Europe.

"Even the most common objects are con-

* "We cannot bury the fame of our English worthies—that exists before us, independent of ourselves; but we bury the influence of their inspiring presence in those immortal memorials of genius easy to be read by all men, their statues and their busts, consigning them to spots seldom visited, and often too obscure to be viewed. Count Algarotti has ingeniously said, 'L'argent que nous employons en tabatières et en pompons servoit aux anciens à célébrer la memoire des grands hommes par des monumens dignes de passer à la postérité; et là où l'on brûle des feux de joie pour une victoire remportée, ils élevèrent des arcs de triomphe de porphyre et de marbre.' May we not, for our honour, and for the advantage of our artists, predict better times for ourselves?

revered when associated with the memory of the man of genius. We still seek for his tomb on the spot where it has vanished; the enthusiasts of genius still wander on the hills of Pausilippe, and muse on Virgil to retrace his landscape; or as Sir William Jones ascended Forest-hill, with the *Allegro* in his hand, and step by step, seemed in his fancy to have trodden in the foot-path of Milton; there is a grove at Magdalen College which retains the name of Addison's walk, where still the student will linger; and there is a cave at Macao, which is still visited by the Portuguese from a national feeling, where Camoens is said to have composed his *Lusiad*. When Petrarch was passing by his native town, he was received with the honours of his fame; but when the heads of the town, unawares to Petrarch, conducted him to the house where the poet was born, and informed him that the proprietor had often wished to make alterations, but that the towns-people had risen to insist

that the house which was consecrated by the birth of Petrarch should be preserved unchanged; this was a triumph more affecting to Petrarch than his coronation at Rome. In the village of Certaldo is still shown the house of Boccaccio; and on a turret are seen the arms of the Medici, which they had sculptured there, with an inscription alluding to a small house, and a name which filled the world.

It would be no difficult task to make interesting extracts to a much larger extent, did our limits permit. We may, however, fairly trust this amusing essay of the author of "Curiosities of Literature" to the candour of the public—a public that has long since appreciated his talents, and dropped upon his temples the wreath sacred to merit, and more precious than an Olympic crown.

G.

ART. 2. *Considerations on the Great Western Canal, from the Hudson to Lake Erie: with a View of its Expense, Advantages, and Progress. Re-published by order of the New-York Corresponding Association, for the Promotion of Internal Improvements.* 8vo. pp. 54. Brooklyn. 1813.

THE grand canal of New-York, like the wall of China, will make a visible line on the map of the world, but its chief glory will proceed from a different source—states and perhaps nations will hereafter owe to it their most intimate and beneficial connexions. It is constructed not as a frail barrier between civilization and barbarism, but to promote union, prosperity, and happiness among the enterprising inhabitants of a new world.

To appreciate the benefits unavoidably accruing from one of the greatest undertakings ever attempted in any part of the globe, it is merely necessary to take a deliberate view of a map of the United States, and their vicinage—the vast western regions—the lakes, and immense unknown tracts bordering upon them—the Hudson and Mohawk rolling their accumulated waters through the heart of a country exuberant of the bounties of nature, and advancing with gigantic strides to a state of luxuriant cultivation rivaling the fair and flourishing fields of the most favoured nations of the European continent. These will be sufficient to show to the eye of discernment that the canal, so boldly undertaken, so vigorously pursued, is no idle scheme, and that if ambition has had any share in its promotion, it is an ambition no less honourable to the nation by which

it has been fostered, than to the individuals in whom it has been engendered.

The author of the work before us has given so ample, energetic, and comprehensive a view of the political reasonings that have induced the commencement of the canal, that we feel particular pleasure in making the following quotation from his ingenious work.

"The interest which is excited throughout this country, and in the minds of some of the first statesmen and public characters in Europe, in relation to the great works of inland navigation which are now vigorously prosecuted under the patronage of the New-York state government, renders it necessary to give an occasional exposition of the progress and success of our vast but practicable undertakings.

"Like all great projects, embracing in their scope the prosperity and welfare of states and empires, the grand canal from the Hudson to the lakes has come in for a share of obloquy and reprehension. By the weak and timid it has been viewed as a visionary project of state grandeur; by the base and designing it has been denounced as an attempt at popularity. Experience will detect the error and criminality of both imputations. When the great Colbert, in conjunction with the celebrated engineer, M. Riquet, undertook to connect the Mediterranean sea with the Atlantic ocean, by the canal of Languedoc, to aid in building up the marine of France, and

to fortify an independent commercial system; his plan was viewed by many with astonishment and derision. Yet does this canal stand as the most honourable monument of the illustrious reign of Louis XIV. But few great benefactors of their age have received the immediate tribute of gratitude and applause due to their distinguished services. It is time that consecrates their deeds, as immovable landmarks in the history of civilization.

"Internal navigation will hereafter constitute one of the primary objects of our state and national policy. Many inevitable causes have heretofore detracted from that attention which is at all times due to its magnitude and importance. We are yet an infant nation. When we emerged from the conflicts of the revolution, we had a great national debt to pay, and a new government to organize and sustain. Foreign commerce afforded the natural and ready means to accomplish these ends, and it was pursued with success to the exclusion of any regular system of internal trade. The tremendous commotions of the belligerent world favoured this exclusive policy, until the flagrant depredations of the European powers, and the war which they produced, swept our commerce from the ocean. Our commercial relations are now assuming a more permanent character, and we shall gradually extend them until they grasp the boundaries of the maritime world, by the bold and vigorous application of our internal resources.

"It is unnecessary in this place to dwell with much detail on the vast importance of an extensive and vigorous system of inland trade. Its vital importance is amply elucidated by almost every eminent writer who has taken up his pen to instruct nations in their commercial pursuits. 'The home trade,' says Vattel,* 'is of vast use. It furnishes all the citizens with the means of procuring what they want, as either necessary, useful, or agreeable. It causes a circulation of money, creates industry, animates labour, and by affording subsistence to a great number of subjects, contributes to render the country more populous and flourishing. In fine, this commerce being of advantage to the nation, it is obliged, as a duty to itself, to render it prosperous.' Adam Smith observes, in his *Wealth of Nations*,† 'that good roads and canals and navigable rivers, by diminishing the expense of carriage, put the remote parts of the country more nearly upon a level with those in the neighbourhood of large towns; and on that account they are the greatest of all improvements.' But commercial prosperity is not the only advantage to be derived from such means to promote internal trade—while they lead to national happiness and national strength, they cement together a wide spread com-

munity, not only by the strong ties of interest, but also by every social tie that can bind together an enlightened and powerful people. Who that has glanced his eye over the map of our extensive country? Who that remembers the strong local features that bear the everlasting impress of nature's own hand, but perceives the palpable necessity of such affinities? Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson saw it. The most distinguished statesmen of this and of every other country now see it. Our mountains must be politically annihilated. Our sectional barriers must be swept away by a moral arm, whose power is resistless. Our manners, our habits, our principles, our political maxims and our most pervading sympathies, must wear an aspect that is settled, uniform and consistent. Nothing but this can perpetuate that union that is to guarantee our future national greatness. Nothing but this can preserve those popular institutions which are sealed with our fathers' blood. Nothing but this can carry us along to that height of glory which breaks upon our gaze through the vista of futurity, and beckons us to its cloudless summit. Nay, on this subject, we can almost hear the voice of distant generations speaking in supplications loud as the thunders of a higher world. But let us quote the opinions of men whose names impart a consequence to their sentiments that is worthy to be held in constant remembrance. We shall begin with Albert Gallatin. 'The inconvenience, complaints, and perhaps dangers,' says this able statesman, 'which may result from a vast extent of territory, can no otherwise be radically removed or prevented than by opening speedy and easy communications through all its parts. Good roads and canals will shorten distances, facilitate commercial and personal intercourse, and unite, by a still more intimate community of interests, the remote sections of the United States. No other single operation within the power of government, can more effectually tend to strengthen and perpetuate that union which secures external independence, domestic peace, and internal liberty.'* The next great man we shall quote is Joel Barlow. He observes, that 'public improvements, such as roads and canals, are usually considered only in a commercial and economical point of light; but they ought also to be regarded in a moral and political light. The means to be relied on to hold this benevolent union together, must apply directly to the interest and convenience of the people. They must at the same time enable them to discern that interest, and be sensible of that convenience. The people must become habituated to enjoy a visible, palpable, and incontestable good; greater good than they could promise themselves by any change. They must have information enough to perceive it, to reason upon it,

* "Vide p. 69, *Laws Nations*.

† "Vol. i. p. 229.

* "Report on Public Roads and Canals, 1802.

to know why they enjoy it, from whence it flows, how it was attained, how it is to be preserved, and how it may be lost.* The immortal Fulton, the second Franklin of his age, has remarked with his usual discrimination and intelligence, ' That when the United States shall be bound together by canals, by cheap and easy access to market in all directions, by a sense of mutual interests, arising from mutual intercourse and mingled commerce, it will be no more possible to split them into independent and separate governments, obliging each to line its own frontiers with troops, to shackle its own exports and imports to and from the neighbouring states, than it is possible now for the government of England to divide and form again into seven kingdoms. Here is a certain method of securing the Union of the States, and of rendering it as the continent we inhabit.' With these preliminary remarks and illustrations, we shall proceed to notice the state of our inland navigation.

"No one need inquire what are the advantages of the state of New-York for internal commerce. The map of our state will answer the question, and put curiosity at rest: Neither do we want ability to improve these advantages which Providence has planted around us. A state which rests her borders upon the ocean on one side, and on the other repose upon the greatest chain of internal seas upon the face of the globe, diversified by interior lakes and tributary streams, with a river whose tides and facilities for navigation can scarcely find a comparison; a state that contains a more extensive soil than Portugal, the United Netherlands, or England and Wales put together; a state that stands in the heart of the union, and could now sustain the whole population of the American empire, and can yearly pay ten or twelve millions of dollars into the treasury of the nation, without inconvenience; whose splendid commercial emporium, catches the gaze of the foreigner as though it were gilded with the decorations of enchantment, and even now has a tonnage that no city in the world can equal but London itself; finally, a state that presents a million and a half of wealthy, intelligent, enterprising, and high minded republicans, attached to the union, the government and the laws. We say, that such a state, does present no common spectacle. We are proud in its contemplation—we execrate the wretch who is not so. We are proud too, at the great and salutary end to which these resources are bent.

"The people of this state early perceived the benefits of internal trade, and previous to the late war with England, the grand canal from the Hudson to Lake Erie was contemplated. Such an undertaking was alone

suitable to a state of peace. It was accordingly postponed to that period, when more favourable auspices should await its prosecution. That period arrived, when De Witt Clinton was unanimously called to the chief magistracy of the state. The eyes of the people were fixed upon him, with an expectation that the Great Western Canal would be vigorously prosecuted to its final completion. The work will be prosecuted and triumphantly finished.

"As we are presenting to the American people, some view of our internal improvements, it may be well to show *something of the original calculations of the commissioners, concerning the Grand Canal; to take a slight view of its advantages; and give a correct detail of its state and progress the present season.*

"The length of the canal, from the Hudson to the Lakes, is calculated at three hundred and fifty-three miles, according to the report of the commissioners appointed by the New-York Legislature on the 17th April, 1816. They observed, that in their opinion, ' the dimensions of the Western or Erie Canal and Locks, should be as follows, viz. width on the water surface, forty feet; at the bottom, twenty-eight feet, and depth of water, four feet; the length of a lock ninety feet, and its width, twelve feet in the clear. Vessels carrying one hundred tons may navigate a canal of this size—and all the lumber produced in the country, and required for the market, may be transported upon it.' The aggregate rise and fall is in feet 661 35, and the elevation of Lake Erie above the Hudson, is calculated to be in feet 554 85. The number of locks will be seventy-seven. The canal has been divided into three great sections. The western section reaches from Lake Erie to Seneca River; the middle section leads from Seneca River to Rome; and the eastern, from Rome to the Hudson.

"The average expense of the canal per mile, is estimated at \$13,800; being twelve hundred dollars per mile less than Mr. Fulton and Mr. Gallatin assigned, as an average expense for each mile of American canal.* The whole expense of the great western canal is calculated at \$4,881,738. Should it, however, proceed in a route south of what is called the mountain ridge, west of the Genesee River, then there will be a deduction in the expenditures, which leave the whole estimated cost, as made by the commissioners, at \$4,571,813 00.

"These statements are taken from the report of the canal commissioners, made to the New-York Legislature, February 15, 1817. They have antecedently been laid before the public in various shapes; but we again submit them, after they have been partially tested. The last report which has been made by the commissioners, was submitted to the legislature on the 31st of Janu-

* "Address to the Citizens of Washington City, 1809.

† "Letter to Mr. Gallatin, Dec. 13, 1807.

* "Vide Report on Canals, 1807

ary, 1818, and to which we shall more particularly refer in the course of our remarks. This report only confirms the correctness of all those which preceded it, and only proves that the estimates were rather too high than too low. Sufficient it will be here to remark, that from experience and subsequent observation, the grand canal will even cost less than the commissioners and the state government have calculated. This we shall prove and illustrate.

"We will now advert to some of the great advantages which must result to the state of New-York, to the western country, and to the nation at large from the grand western canal.

"We have before taken a view of the principal advantages that must result to our union, and to our republican institutions, by attaching the various sections of the country more immediately together, by means of internal communication. Our great canal, in this respect, will produce a train of exclusive and permanent benefits, which could not, from local causes, pertain to any similar undertakings within the scope of ourselves or of the nation. When you connect the Hudson with the Lakes, by such a communication, you virtually place the Atlantic seaboard and the great western interior by the side of each other. From the ocean, you can pass through this whole chain of inland seas, navigable to vessels of the largest burden. Nor should we stop here—New-York and New-Orleans could be brought, in point of intercourse, near each other. At trifling expense, and with no great effort of labour, you could open a communication by water, through which a vast commerce could be carried on from lake Michigan to the Illinois river, which empties into the Mississippi above St. Louis, and traverses nearly the whole extent of that rising and fertile territory, which will soon be admitted as a state among the other sisters of the union.* Even in high waters, there is now a navigation for small craft, between the waters of the Illinois and the southern extremity of lake Michigan through Chicago creek.

"The Miami of lake Erie, and the tributary streams of lake Michigan, near the head waters of the Illinois, could easily be united, and a direct channel from lake Erie into the Mississippi thus be opened. It may also be observed, that the sources of the Miami of lake Erie, and the head waters of the Wabash, have about the same level, are near each other, and could easily be united without encountering the least obstruction. By this means, a communication could be opened with the Mississippi, through one of the most charming and fertile countries that the eye of man has ever visited, or his hands ever improved. Another pas-

sage from the lakes to the Mississippi could be effected, by uniting the waters of the Miami of lake Erie and the Miami of the Ohio, whose waters, at the sources, are nearly on the same level. That some of these channels will shortly be opened, no rational man can doubt, who recollects the character of that population who inhabit the country they will enrich. Three other great canals could easily unite the Hudson and the Ohio, by means of lake Erie. Firstly—by means of the Sandusky and Sciota rivers. The former which empties into the lake, and the latter into the Ohio, have their waters from the same swamp. Their junction would hardly cost an effort. The second would be by uniting the Muskingum and the Cayuga rivers. The former empties into the Ohio, one hundred and seventy miles below Pittsburgh, and the latter turns its waters into lake Erie. Six miles of canal would unite them, and we believe that a company now actually exists to execute this purpose. The third communication would be between lake Erie and the Alleghany branch of the Ohio. There are two ways by which this object could be effected—the first by joining their waters through French creek, which would want about sixteen miles of canal—the other through lake Chetouge to the Alleghany. A considerable navigation is now carried on through this lake. The people on the borders of French creek are very ardent in the project of a canal, that would unite the waters of the lakes with the Ohio at Pittsburgh, and are themselves capable of doing it, in a single season, if they are endowed with that noble enterprise, which so generally distinguishes their western brethren. What systems of internal trade and navigation may yet spring from the completion of our great undertaking, even after we pass the shores of Michigan, is left for future enterprise and future events to determine. The mighty waters beyond this lake are yet to be brought into requisition, for the great purposes of national grandeur and individual convenience.*

"Pause for a moment, and consider the mighty population which will yet cluster on the shores of this chain of lakes, and the unnumbered streams which roll their tributary bounties into their bosoms! The great western world which repose upon their wide-stretched shores, needs no description of ours to enhance its value in the estimation of the American people. It will yet contain a population unequalled by any in the world for industry, enterprise, and independence; a population bound together by those ties of union and interest, created and fortified by a grand system of internal improvements, of which the great western

* " Illinois is already admitted by act of congress, but having only 40,000 people, she cannot immediately become a state.

* " On the ease and practicability of uniting the lakes with the western waters, see Mr. Galatin's Report, and Beaujour's Travels in the United States.

canal will be the bulwark. In the animating spectacle here presented in perspective, we see a great republican community, cemented by the strongest considerations that ever influenced a political body—assimilated in manners, laws, sentiments and maxims, with their eyes fixed on their connexion with the seaboard, as the life and support of their prosperity and happiness.—Yes, in this noble race of citizens, we see the cradle of liberty, laws, and the arts; we see the hallowed light of our liberal institutions beaming in its native purity, blended with the mild lustre of virtue, magnanimity and intelligence."

The eloquent author having thus taken a survey from the present day, through the long perspective of succeeding ages, (in doing which it must be allowed that he has indulged somewhat in the hyperbole, a venial offence in so animating a subject,) proceeds to show what in *his* opinion will be the problematical consequences of the canal as respects the diversion of trade from the Canadas to the United States—his positions are clear, ingeniously arranged, and highly flattering to the national feeling; but we would ask him one simple question—would not much of his argument fail if the British government should cut a canal from lake Erie to lake Ontario, and thus avoid the Niagara falls?—Independently, however, of the diversion of foreign trade, the New-York canal passes through so fine a section of the country, and connects immense regions now so effectually separated to almost all commercial purposes, by mere *distance*, that we think this part of the book almost a work of supererogation.

Viewed as a great work of scientific art correcting the irregularities of nature, the local circumstances of the canal present themselves in a point of view extraordinary as respects the facility of execution,—the formation of canals in England (the country where they have hitherto been carried to the greatest extent) is attended with expenses and practical difficulties, infinitely surpassing those presented in the line between the Hudson and lake Erie—the principal are the purchase of lands, compensations to owners of mills and other property—and the *obtaining a supply of water*: neither of these considerations impede the New-York canal—but, as in future periods, when the clearing of lands in the unsettled parts of the country (and this clearing will be greatly promoted by the canal itself) shall expose every contributing stream to the rapid evaporation of a fervid sun, and thus diminish the supply of the all-important

element at the very time when, from the increase of traffic, it will necessarily be in greatest demand, it may not be irrelevant to investigate a portion of the subject of such vital consequence, premising that the writer of this article draws his positions, not from the vague suggestions of imagination, but from the more certain sources of practical information and experience.

A navigable canal being once filled with water, would remain full but for losses proceeding from the following causes, viz.

Evaporation,
Soakage,
Leakage, and
Lockage.

The proportion of waste from each of these causes depends

On the extent of the canal,
On the lift and capacity of the locks,
On the number of falls, and
On the extent of the trade.

The loss by evaporation is occasioned by the action of the atmosphere on the surface of the water, and therefore takes place *uniformly* over the whole extent of the canal.

The loss by soakage is occasioned by the absorption of the banks and bottom of the canal, and therefore takes place *uniformly* throughout the whole extent of the canal.

The loss by leakage arises from the impossibility of making the locks watertight; it must however be computed as at one lock only on each flight, because the leakage at the highest lock, supplies the leakage of all succeeding locks on the same flight. This loss, therefore, takes place *entirely at the upper level*, the last water being received and retained by the lower level, except the canal communicate with a river or another descending canal.

The loss from lockage results from the necessity of filling the locks from a higher, and emptying them into a lower level, wherein vessels pass either way through them.* The loss of lockage water must

* This loss is increased with respect to an ascending, and diminished with respect to a descending vessel, by a quantity of water equal to the exact weight of the vessel and cargo; because an ascending vessel displaces in the lower level a quantity of water equal to its own gravity; which, when the vessel has left the lock, is replaced from the upper level; while a descending vessel displaces a quantity of water in the upper level equal to its own gravity; which, when the vessel has left the lock, is replaced

be taken as at one lock only upon each flight, because the lockage at the upper lock supplies the lockage at every succeeding lock; the loss therefore takes place *entirely at the upper level*; the lost water being received and retained by the lower level, except the canal communicate with a river, or another descending canal; but the *amount* of loss depends entirely on the capacity of the locks, the height of the lift, and the number of vessels passed.

Now, in order to attain some idea of the various quantities of water necessary to supply each of the foregoing losses, let us suppose three canals, the first being fifty miles in length, forty-five feet in breadth, having two flights of locks, and a trade of twenty-four vessels per day;

the second twenty miles in length, forty-five feet broad, and having two flights of locks, and a trade of forty vessels per day; the third eight miles in length, forty-five feet in breadth, having one flight of locks, and a trade of eighty vessels per day: the locks in all cases being eighty-six feet long, fourteen feet six inches wide, and seven feet fall.*

Take the loss by evaporation (according to Mr. Smeaton) at one-tenth of an inch in depth per diem, in a hot summer's day, in England.

Take the loss by soakage at three-fourths of the evaporation.

Take the leakage at two locks per diem on each flight—the account will then stand thus:

	1st Canal, 50 miles long, 45 feet broad, two flights of locks 86 by 14.6, fall 7 feet, trade 24 vessels per day.	2d Canal, 20 miles long, 45 feet broad, two flights of locks 86 by 14.6, fall 7 feet, trade 40 vessels per day.	3d Canal, 8 miles long, 45 feet broad, two flights of locks 86 by 14.6, fall 7 feet, trade 80 vessels per day.
Evaporation at 1-10th of an inch per day, - - -	99,000 feet.	39,600 feet.	15,340 feet.
Soakage at 3-4ths of evaporation, - - - -	74,250	29,700	11,330
Leakage, at two locks per day on each flight, - -	34,916	34,916	17,453
Trade as above, - - -	418,992	698,320	698,320
Total	627,153	802,536	743,498

From this statement it appears that in the first canal the loss by evaporation is less than one-sixth; the loss by soakage less than one-eighth; the loss by leakage less than one-eighteenth; and the loss by lockage two-thirds of the total loss.

In the second canal the loss by evaporation is less than one-twentieth; the loss by soakage one-twenty-seventh; the loss by leakage one-twenty-third; and the loss by lockage six-sevenths of the total loss.

In the third canal the loss by evaporation is about one-forty-seventh; the loss by soakage about one-sixty-second; the loss by leakage about one forty-second; and the loss by lockage rather more than fifteen-sixteenths of the total loss. The loss of lockage water will be somewhat effected by the *direction* of the trade; for example, if the trade be ascending only, say in 35 ton cargoes, the first canal will sustain an additional daily loss of 30,240 cubic

feet; *i. e.* 24 vessels of 35 tons each, at 36 feet per ton; the second canal 50,400, *i. e.* 40 vessels of 35 tons burthen, at 36 feet per ton; and the third canal 50,400, *i. e.* 40 barges of 31 tons, at 36 feet per ton. If the trade be wholly *descending* the loss will be *diminished* by the above quantities; and if the trade be neither wholly ascending, nor wholly descending, then the waste will be regulated by the *balance* only, being increased if the balance be in favour of the ascending; and diminished if it be in favour of the descending trade.

The waste of lockage water may be considerably increased or diminished by making the locks of great or small lifts, but experience seems to have proved that locks with greater or smaller lifts than from six to eight feet are inconvenient; the first requiring an excessive waste of water, the second occasioning a great impediment to the trade by increasing the number of locks to be passed.

From this explanation it appears that

from the lower level; the average loss however, of an equal ascending and descending trade, notwithstanding these circumstances, still remains the same.

* These are the exact dimensions of the locks on the Grand Junction, England.

even in a canal of very considerable extent, and carrying but a moderate trade, the loss of lockage water is greater by far than that from any other cause; in a canal of moderate extent it bears a still greater proportion to the whole waste; while in a canal of short length, and carrying a considerable traffic, the waste from every other cause is of trifling account, compared to the immense loss from lockage.

It is true indeed that in different canals the circumstances affecting the quantum of waste from each of the four causes first mentioned, are liable to so many fluctuations as to render it impossible to determine a maximum or minimum; but the proportions may always be found upon the principles just explained, and it will almost uniformly appear that in a canal, the trade of which is sufficient to render it an object of importance, the loss of lockage water is by far the most considerable of its losses.

Having thus briefly pointed out the causes which produce the waste of water in canals, we offer a few observations on the supply.

The loss by evaporation and soakage, as has been explained, takes place over the whole surface of the canal; the supply necessary on that account may therefore be made at each level respectively, or at the summit level, from whence it may be allowed to descend to the other levels; or some of the levels may be supplied from an upper level, while the remainder receive separate supplies, as may be most convenient.

The loss from leakage must be supplied entirely at the *summit*, because the leakage at the upper lock supplies the leakage of every succeeding lock on the same flight.

The loss from lockage must also be supplied at the summit, because the lockage of the upper lock supplies the lockage of every succeeding lock on the same flight.

Hence it appears that the *least important* losses take place in situations that must easily admit a supply, because the higher levels lose no more from evaporation and soakage than the proportion which their surfaces bear to that of the whole canal, while the losses from leakage and lockage on the whole canal, are sustained *entirely at the summit level*; so that not only is the loss of lockage water by far the most considerable of its losses (the leakage being of minor importance), but it takes place, and therefore must be re-supplied, at that part of

the canal (the summit level) where there is the least facility to obtain a supply.

The difficulty of procuring water in elevated situations is in England too well known to require illustration; it rarely happens, however, but that *some* may be procured, though not sufficient to supply at the summit levels the consumption of a flourishing canal—at the lower levels indeed water is often found in abundance, but in those situations is of little use, except steam engines be employed to raise it to the summit, because the great supply is not required in any other situation. If, however, some convenient means were devised to enable vessels to pass with a small expenditure of water (a grand desideratum in canals) the locks situated between the summit, and that level where water can be readily obtained, a comparatively diminutive supply at the summit would be sufficient to support a very extensive trade. The same means, if adopted throughout, might indeed supersede the necessity of extensive artificial reservoirs: but as a canal descends, the expense of obtaining water is small, and therefore in such situations the present system may be persevered in with advantage.

It also frequently happens that some particular part of a canal has a much greater trade than another. In such case that *part* may not improperly, with respect to that superior traffic, be considered as a *separate canal*, of which the losses of water by evaporation, soakage, and leakage, are already supplied, but, nevertheless, having to seek a compensation for the extra loss of lockage, consequent to that superior trade. In such case the preservation of lockage water is of singular importance, because in all probability every ordinary mode of supply has already been anticipated.

Sometimes also the water of mills, or streams, are intercepted to supply canals; the proprietors of the canals so supplied being compelled to return the water by steam engines, at a great expense. In such cases, to preserve the lockage water would be of great advantage, as it might frequently supersede the necessity of an immense annual charge, besides preventing, in a great degree, the frequent litigations unavoidably ensuing from complicated and opposing interests.

To point out the numerous other instances in which it may be important to preserve lockage water, and to enter into the reasonings connected with every case, would surpass the moderate bounds prescribed in this instance. We shall there-

fore leave the further consideration of the subject to the suggestions of those whose interests are more deeply connected with this important subject.

These remarks, we admit, can never apply to the *western* section of the New-York canal, supplied as it will be from an exhaustless source; but having descended into the valley of Seneca river, its course eastward lies over an elevation from whence it can only receive the superfluous waters of creeks or rivulets, which in *future times* may be less abundant than at present.

The progress already made in the works is such as must be peculiarly gratifying to those who take an honourable pleasure in their prosecution, and the author of the work before us has, we believe, derived the following information from authentic sources.

" In undertaking to open three or four hundred miles of canal, much previous preparation was necessary. The New-York Legislature made the first appropriation for this object, on the 15th April, 1817. The first contract was dated on the 27th June, 1817, although no labour was done until the following 4th of July. Even after the contracts were made, as the contractors found their own implements and tools, some time was requisite for proper arrangements. Owing therefore to the lateness of the season, and the great rains which inundated the country embracing that part of the canal route for which the contracts were made, the progress of the works were much retarded at the beginning. Fifteen miles of the distance were, however, finished the last season, and many new contracts made for the present year. Considerable sums of money were advanced to the contractors during the last winter, that they might be better enabled to purchase provisions, and prepare for the commencement of operations at the opening of the spring. Although the progress of the works last season was not astonishingly great, yet it should not escape reflection, that much important information was obtained by the engineers and commissioners. Some considerable saving in expense was also made. In the articles including tools and implements, in the canal estimates, there was a saving of \$75,000. It was found that bridges could be erected for \$350, instead of \$500 each, which was the sum originally fixed upon in the calculations; and that grubbing and clearing uncleared land, could be done for \$1200, instead of \$1500 per mile. These deductions in the whole length of the canal, would create no inconsiderable deduction in the aggregate expenditures; and should the estimates hereafter be exceeded in other respects, here will be a counterbalance.

" The canal works were resumed early

the present season, and have been prosecuted with an energy and success that have transcended the highest expectations. Even the most ardent and sanguine have been disappointed. Every circumstance and result coincides with the former views and conclusions of the engineers and commissioners, excepting an unexpected ease and facility in advancing the stupendous design. The commissioners, very properly, have first undertaken the completion of the middle section; because the completion of this line, which communicates with the Mohawk, will afford immediate advantages on its being finished, and, of itself, would stand the greatest work of the kind in the new world, and rival the canal of Languedoc. More than two thousand men, with five hundred horses and cattle, are now vigorously employed on this part of the route. We feel warranted in asserting that the whole distance between Utica and Seneca river, making not far from ninety miles, will be completed the present season. We believe, that the 10th of December next, the period at which the present contracts are to be performed, will show to the world two hundred and thirty miles of navigation into the heart of our state, by means of this middle section and the Mohawk river; a channel of commercial intercourse that traverses one of the noblest countries on the face of the globe, cultivated by a people unsurpassed for enterprise, industry, and intelligence. This channel, too, will soon be crowded with merchandize, yield an annual revenue to the state, that will aid us in completing the remaining portion of the canal, and impart life and vigour to commerce, agriculture, and manufactures. Then will the people begin to feel the effects of our policy. Then will they see the giant efforts of a single season, animating every species of labour, bringing the energies of the community into more active operation, and greatly enhancing the value of real estate. Another season will give the people an earnest of that unparalleled prosperity that awaits them.

" The season, thus far, has been peculiarly favourable, and every opportunity is embraced to improve it. Experience now fully proves, that the magnitude of the distance over which the canal must pass, no longer presents any discouragement. Such is the favourable nature and quality of the soil, that on the middle section, for sixty miles, between Utica and Salina, not more than one half mile will want puddling; and even that this half mile will want it, is problematical. When we consider the expense of puddling in England and elsewhere, there is much cause to congratulate ourselves on this important fact. It has also been ascertained, by one or more of the engineers, that so few rocks and stones are found on the whole extent of the summit level, that \$500 will be sufficient to remove every obstacle of the kind.

"A fact worthy of much consideration has also been considered, respecting the ice in the canal, at the opening of the spring. That part of the western canal which was finished last year, was found to be free of ice some two or three weeks sooner than the waters of the Mohawk river, or those of lakes Oneida and Ontario. As this excited some degree of surprise, inquiries were made, touching the same fact as pertaining to other canals, and it was found to be generally, or perhaps universally the case. The Middlesex canal is found to be clear of ice ten days or two weeks sooner than rivers and large bodies of water in the vicinity. From the most accurate observations, made by one of the engineers, upon the general breaking up of the waters in the neighbourhood of the canal; he came to the conclusion, that we might uniformly expect that it would open every season, two or three weeks sooner than the contiguous bodies of water. This is owing to the numerous small springs which ooze through the sides of the canal, as well as to the warmth of the soil acting upon an extended and narrow surface of ice.

"Another circumstance is worthy of observation. Those people who have made contracts and performed them, are generally anxious to enter into new ones. The commissioners state, in their report to the last session of the legislature, that many applications had been rejected on account of the great number received. One of the engineers has stated, that when a section is laid off and subject to contract, that the engineers are thronged with applications. In the village of Eldridge, where a distance of 15 miles was to be let out on contract, there were no less than 15 applicants for the job, each anxious to complete it. What could more satisfactorily prove, that while the expenses of the canal keep within the estimates of the commissioners, the people themselves grow rich by performing the labour? Every dollar paid out by the commissioners, goes into the pockets of the people, and is retained among ourselves. It is not paid to the European or to the East Indian manufacturer, to swell the history of our luxuries; but it is merely a circulation of capital in our own community, that enriches individuals, and, through their enterprise, increases the wealth of the state.

"It may afford satisfaction to observe, that the work thus far, has been faithfully performed under the immediate eye of the engineers. No contracts are paid until the works are carefully inspected, and found unexceptionable in point of execution. Some one of the engineers travels the line under contract, from one extremity to the other, giving advice and correcting errors. Great credit is due to them for their fidelity, their talents, and their unwearied application.

"Ten years were first allotted as the period necessary for connecting the Hudson

with the Lakes. Less than eighteen months from the commencement of the works, will show us more than one-fourth of the whole western canal in a finished state, if the present season continues favourable. Mr. Briggs has already, we are informed, begun to lay off the eastern section, including the line from Albany to the middle section; and no doubt remains, but that long before the time shall have expired, which by many was once deemed necessary to complete the middle section alone, our hardy yeomanry will have finished both the eastern and middle sections, and show us their excavations and embankments beyond the waters of the Genesee, and thus finishing the last link in this mighty chain of inland navigation."

In conclusion the author (who we understand is Mr. Haine) gives a pleasing epitome of the history of canaling, from the earliest periods of history to the present day, and, by plausible comparisons, infers the illustrious success of the project in hand.

It remains for us to say, that in our judgment, the author has displayed his subject in a style equally creditable to his talents as a man of literary attainments and political abilities; and if in some instances his *zeal in the cause* has led him (as it undoubtedly has) beyond the sober deductions of authorized reasonings, still must we view his efforts with peculiar satisfaction, and take pleasure in recommending the perusal of the work, not only to the inhabitants of this particular state, but the nation at large.

C. A. B.

The following are a series of questions put, on a particular occasion, by the Reviewer, to the engineer of the Grand Junction Canal, England, about four years since, with his answers; they are subjoined, not as having any immediate connexion with Mr. Haines' work, but merely as illustrative of some circumstances relating to canals, the knowledge of which may be both interesting and useful.

1st. What is the greatest rise in the course of one night that has been known to occur in any level of the Grand Junction Canal, and from what cause? Answer. 10 or 12 inches, and from rain.

2d. What is the greatest difference in rise, in the course of 12 hours, that has been known to occur between two contiguous levels of the same canal? To explain what is meant by *difference of rise*, suppose one of two contiguous levels rise 10 inches, while the other rises only 7 inches, then 3 inches would be the dif-

ference in rise. Answer. Greatest difference from rain only, 10 or 12 inches, but in short pounds the difference may be (from cross lockages) 24 inches, the upper level being drawn down 12 inches, and the lower raised 12 inches.

3d. Whenever a considerable difference of rise takes place in a short time between two contiguous levels of the canal, is it not always in that place where a long level joins a short one, and that the short level has risen more than the long one? Answer. Yes—and the short levels vary most.

4th. Are there not waste weirs to prevent the accumulation of water above certain levels? Answer. Certainly there are.

5th. Would not the canal be always full to the level of the waste weirs, were it not for losses by lockage, leakage, soakage, evaporation, and the occasional supply of mills? Answer. Certainly, excepting accidents to the banks, &c.

6th. Whenever the waters of the canal are at any considerable distance below the level of the waste weirs, has not the depression proceeded principally from lockage? Answer. From lockage, and common practical imperfections of the locks.

7th. Whenever it happens that a mill is supplied from the canal, is not the supply always drawn from the longest level possible? Answered in the next.

8th. Does it ever happen that a mill, or any works of that nature, are supplied from a very short level of the canal? Answer. The existence of mills supplied from canals, being always antecedent to that of the canals themselves, the supply must be taken from that level best suited to the mill-head, without reference to the extent of the level.

9th. If it were possible to prevent the loss of 7-8ths of the water now lost in lockage, would the levels ever be drawn near so low beneath the waste weirs as they now unavoidably are? And, under those circumstances, would not the fluctuations of the levels be very considerably reduced? Answer. The levels would certainly not be drawn so low by lockage, and the fluctuations would in course be reduced, so far as lockage was concerned.

10th. Are not the rises of the water often rapid, and what rise in 12 hours is considered rapid? Answer. Yes—sometimes 10 or 12 inches in 12 hours, but most frequently 6 or 7 inches.

11th. Are not the depressions of the waters of the canal always gradual? And in how long a time would the water fall 6 inches in a dry season? Answer. Yes—more gradual than the rise—but the time is very various.

12th. Has a boisterous wind, independent of rain, any considerable effect upon the water of a long level? What inclination will it produce in a given line, and in what time? Answer. The inclination has been known to be 1 1-2 inches in a mile, but that was an extreme case, and the wind long continued.

13th. If the *inclination* be 6 inches, or any other given measure, will it not be divided between a rise of 3 inches at one extremity, and a 3 inches fall at the other extremity? Answer. Yes—except such variation as may be produced by the shelving obliquity of the banks.

14th. Does a violent wind produce any sensible inclination of the surface of a short level? Answer. Has not been observed.

ART. 3. *Samor, Lord of the Bright City. An Heroic Poem. By the Rev. H. H. Milman, Fellow of Brazenose College, Oxford, and Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading. 18mo. New-York. C. Wiley & Co.* 1818.

THE time is fast coming on, we think, when the genius of poetry will again come forth to the eyes of his worshippers arrayed in his native beauty and grandeur, such as he shone in the days of Spencer, Milton, and Dryden—not trailing his wing on the earth in the vain endeavour to bear up to a higher region the dull and heavy efforts of the feeble votaries that approached his shrine after the nobler spirits—among whom we should assuredly reckon Pope—had departed; nor forced away from his lofty and mag-

nificent course by the extravagant ambition of his more recent adorers.—We do not mean to say that the period which elapsed between the decease of Pope and the rising of Moore, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, &c. was wholly unillumined by rays of poetic light, or that the talents of those eminent and enchanting writers are not of an order to move and take captive the minds and hearts of all who have intellect to be kindled, or affections to be awakened. The effusions of Goldsmith, and the productions of that astonishing youth

Chatterton, shed a permanent and beautiful lustre on a period otherwise deficient in the sublime and exquisite—at least, so far as poetry is concerned in the question—while the last twenty years have seen the budding forth and rich blossoming of talents unquestionably more abundant, if not in some respects of a higher order, with the exception of two or three illustrious names, than those which adorned the brightest periods of English poetry preceding their appearance. The delicious softness and melody of Moore—the vivid and romantic genius of Scott—the contemplative muse of Wordsworth—the fine blending of the sweetest and softest poetry with the spirit of philosophical musing and analyzation which characterises that wild but most attractive composition—the Childe Harold—have diffused over our own times a brilliancy varied and enchanting as that of the rainbow, nor would we wish to exclude even the apostate laureate from his share, dimmed though it be by the vapours of a night blacker than that of Erebus, of the glory which plays around the brows of that illustrious brotherhood—nor should we be doing justice to the feelings of his admirers or our own, were we not to mention, in terms of high honour and respect, the exalted and exquisitely-cultivated genius to whom we owe the Pleasures of Hope, and that delightful poetical romance, Gertrude of Wyoming,—besides these more eminent names, we might bring forth a crowd of minor writers, whose abilities, in a less prolific age, would have shone with no contemptible lustre, and whose productions, even now, may be mentioned with commendation, as contributing to that mass of radiance which lights up and fills the poetical horizon of the nineteenth century, and from the centre of which the more splendid and majestic orbs send forth their unwavering and enduring beams.—Yet, ready as we are to allow that the poetry of the times in which we live evinces powers of a very striking and captivating kind, and are forward to acknowledge that over the lyrics of Moore, the border tales of Scott, the haughty verse of Byron, the mild magnificence of Wordsworth, the wonders of Thalaba, and the supernatural prodigies of Kehama, the visions—alas, that they should be only visions!—of Hope, and the domestic blessedness of Wyoming, we have spent many a long and delightful night—and felt the witchery of the genius that engendered those beautiful compositions

steal through our hearts, and transport us with the intensity of their spells into realms where the soft and the lovely, the grand and the terrific, exercise their sovereign sway,—we are, nevertheless, by no means insensible to the defects that stain the works of our most eminent modern poets,—and cannot refrain from expressing our regret that talents of such magnitude and lustre should have been drawn aside from their high and proper course by temptations of so loose and paltry a nature as those to which they have occasionally yielded.—In one we not infrequently find the grossest maxims of epicurean morality, veiled in the dangerous because seducing garb of the softest and most polished verse, and sentiments of the most revolting description wrapt up in language that steals irresistibly into the soul, and deposits the poison of vice in the hearts of the inexperienced and unsuspecting, before they are aware of the contagion—in another we too frequently behold the voluntary driveling of a first-rate but self-abasing genius—a third devotes himself too entirely to the portraiture of the darker features of humanity, and seems to dwell with a sort of misanthropical extacy upon the moral deformities of his fellow beings,—while the substance and construction of the works of each are open to objections neither few nor slender.—It is not to be doubted that the whole mass of modern poetry abounds in small conceits and affected prettinesses that would have been disdained by the sane and masculine genius of our forefathers, nor is it less true that the rage for simplicity and ambition of effect—of making what the French call a *sensation*,—has been carried to an extent that has made sad inroads upon the grammatical forms and purity of our language. Nothing, we suppose, could be much easier than to adduce some few hundred examples of the strained, unnatural, and obscure phraseology to which the talents of our most eminent modern poets have given their sanction, but at present we have a more inviting theme on which to solicit the attention of our readers, and shall conclude these general observations by remarking, that though the last twenty years have been wonderfully prolific in poetical talents of the first order, their possessors would appear to have been too hasty in displaying them to the public gaze, as well as too ambitious of discovering new roads to fame, to allow them to attain their full and unstinted growth, and to come forth in the ripened beauty of their perfection.

The production now before our tribunal, and whose extraordinary merits have given occasion to the remarks with which we have thought proper to commence this article, is the work of a gentleman whose compositions, though we believe they have not yet reached this country, had previously procured him a high rank among the poets of England. The first of these, in point of time, was the "JUDICIUM REGALE," an effusion intended to celebrate the success of the allied armies in 1814, and though with the political opinions there developed we might have good reason to quarrel, we should be acting with palpable injustice to the author were we to withhold our praise from the many finely conceived and energetic passages with which it abounds. The subject, to be sure, is curious, and contrasting the *reality* with the *fiction*, it—yes, it actually is a little difficult to refrain from smiling. Napoleon deserted by the generals to whom he confided the defence of his metropolis, and the allies at Paris, it struck Mr. Milman that it would be a very fine thing to represent the allied monarchs as sitting in judgment on their late potent but now unfortunate brother of France.—So to work he goes, and having settled with himself that it was not possible to represent the rulers of Russia, Austria, &c. &c. as too good, gracious, and philanthropic, or that any colours his imagination could supply would be too dark and atrocious for the character of the emperor, he assembles in high conclave all the *royal "virtues"* of Europe—"thrones, dominations, princedoms, and powers"—we forget whether that pattern for princes, Ferdinand of Spain, is included, and cannot be positive as to that ton of king, Louis, any more than we are certain as to the presence of his *classical* majesty of Naples*—but then there is that genteel and smooth-lipped gentleman, Alexander of Russia, and that second Aurelius, the philosophical emperor of Austria, and that modern Cato, the king of Prussia, and the royal stoic of the "Netherlands," as it has pleased the deliverers to denominate Holland and Bel-

gium, with some few more worthies of equal merit. To the bar of this sage and virtuous synod, is Napoleon, through the ministration of Mr. Milman, led to answer before "*the sceptred of the world*" the accusations preferred against him, through the same organ, by the nations of Europe. That Mr. Milman has managed his subject with considerable ability and effect, it is by no means our intention to deny, and viewing it solely as the effort of imagination, we do not scruple to say that, though it is not wholly free from blemishes, it evinces a strength of talent and vividness of conception that promised those richer fruits which have at length appeared in the work now under consideration. The pause immediately ensuing the assembling of the tribunal, and the congregation of the European people, is marked by features of a grand and striking description.

"Abroad were sounds as of a storm gone past,
Or midnight on a dismal battle-field;
Aye some drear trumpet spake its lonely blast,
Aye in deep distance sad artillery pealed,
Booming *their* sullen thunders—then ensued
The majesty of silence—on her throne
Of plain, or mountain, listening sate, and lone,
Each nation to those crowned peers' decree,
And this wide world of restless beings rude,
Lay mute and breathless as a summer's sea."

There is also in the character of Napoleon, such as it has pleased the author to pourtray it, a power and liveliness of painting that we could have wished to have seen displayed with some greater regard to the truth of circumstances. Viewed as a delineation of the imperial exile, we do not hesitate to pronounce it a libel—as a portrait evidently drawn with the spirit and zeal of a partisan, and failing in every resemblance of the original. Napoleon had faults—great faults—but a want of fortitude, and self-abandonment of that regal and overawing demeanour which subdued the minds of his enemies, after his sword had vanquished their armies, were not among them—and while we wish to do justice to the poetical talents of Mr. Milman, and are willing to accord his description of the ex-emperor every praise but that of verity, we are at the same time compelled to say that it is somewhat ridiculous to exhibit the Victor of Lodi—Marengo—Austerlitz—and Jena—as trembling in the presence of individuals whom so short a period before that in which the present scene is supposed to have taken place, he had beheld striving to excel each other in the base work of flattery to him who had shaken the very thrones on

* This personage, in the beginning of the French Revolution, was conversing one day with a gentleman of his court, and expressing his fears for the safety of Louis XVI. The courtier reminded his majesty of the decapitation of Charles the first of England—when the king observed that "he must be mistaken—that the English were too good and loyal a people to send their sovereign to the scaffold, and that it was altogether a tale trumped up by the jacobins at Paris to serve their wicked purposes."

which they sate, and whose highest ambition seemed then to consist in being the first in his roll of royal dependants. Having thus premised, we give Mr. Milman's lines.

" Then at some viewless summoner's stern call
Uprose in place the imperial criminal.
In that wan face nor ancient majesty
Left withered splendour dim, nor old renown
Lofty disdain in that sad sunken eye;
No giant ruin e'en in wreck elate
Frowning dominion o'er imperious fate,
But one to native lowliness cast down.
A sullen, careless desperation gave
The hollow semblance of intrepid grief;
Not that heroic patience nobly brave,
That e'en from misery wrings a proud relief,
Nor the dark pride of haughty spirits of ill,
That from the towering grandeur of their sin,
Wear on the brow triumphant gladness still,
Heedless of racking agony within;
Nor penitence was there, nor pale remorse,
Nor memory of his fall from kingly state
And warrior glory in his sun-like course,
Fortune his slave, and victory his mate!
'Twere doubt if that dark form could truly feel,
Or were indeed a shape and soul of steel."

The verses commemorating the queen of Prussia, are written with great sweetness and feeling; but here again we have occasion to notice the wilful misrepresentation of facts that mark the whole of this performance. The circumstance on which Mr. Milman has lavished the tears of poesy, is thus related by persons whose station gave them opportunity of becoming acquainted with the truth, and whose respectability guarantees their testimony. When Napoleon was setting out for the campaign of Jena, he was informed that the queen of Prussia was with the army, and that she was ambitious of meeting him in the field at the head of the Prussian troops—on hearing this the emperor, turning to some of his officers, said with more than usual vivacity—"We must be quick, and not keep the lady waiting"—and against this harmless sentence have the following verses been indited, to hand down to future times the atrocious outrage committed by Napoleon on the delicacy and gentleness of a royal female:

" Then blanch'd the soldier's bronzed and furrowed cheek,
While of coarse taunting outrage he 'gan speak
To her the beautiful the delicate,
The queenly, but too gentle for a queen,—
But in sweet pride upon that insult keen
She smiled, then drooping, mute though broken-hearted,
To the cold comfort of the grave departed."

Then appear in succession the different nations whose sovereigns had experienced the vengeance and clemency of Napoleon,

and even England is introduced as preferring her accusations against a monarch who in his most ambitious designs can only be charged with following the *glorious* example set by herself in Hindustān. Writing for Englishmen, and in praise of England, Mr. Milman is of course very patriotic—it was his first attempt at laudatory strains on his own country, and as they contain very little more than what might be, and is, produced many times annually at London anniversary dinners, may be dismissed as unworthy a place among the passages we would select as indicative of the eminence which the author has attained by the publication of Samor. The following lines, however, in which vent is given to the imaginary grief and resentment of the assembled nations, are (with the exception of the concluding vulgarity in italics) finely descriptive of the thirst of revenge which the emancipated and triumphant victims of a tyrant may be supposed to feel in the moment of victory:

" Then all at once did from all earth arise
Fierce imprecations on that man of sin,
And all the loaded winds came heavy in
With exultations and with agonies.
From the lone coldness of the widow's bed,
The feverish pillow of the orphan's head,
From dying men earth's woful valleys heaping,
From mouldering cities in their ashes sleeping;
Like the hoarse trembling of a torrent flood
Mingled the dismal concord, 'Blood for blood!'"

It is now time to say something of Fazio, a composition certainly not a little extravagant in its plot, but in which the play of the finest affections of the human heart is delineated with heart-touching eloquence.

In his youth, Fazio, a native of Florence, and of respectable family but of reduced fortunes, suffers himself, as many other silly young men have done, to become in love with a beautiful coquette—the gaze of all the men, and the envy of all the women of his native city. For a while, as is the custom with young ladies of the class to which Aldabella belongs, she suffers him to dangle in her train, write love-sick sonnets (whether to her lips or eyebrows, Mr. Milman has not condescended to inform us) and then gives him a cool intimation that he has amused her sufficiently, and that the cessation of his attentions would be a desirable close to the farce. Poor Fazio departs—wounded to the soul, and retaining, like a barbed arrow in the breast of a deer, his love for Aldabella—distracted, he turns for relief to the attractions of chemical science, involves himself in the

vapours of laboratories, and the fumes of crucibles. Convinced by sad experience, that wealth, not merit, is the idol to which the world bends its knee, and persuaded that Aldabella's rejection has been caused by his pecuniary deficiencies, he gives himself up to the pursuit of the philosopher's stone, in the hope of realizing a fortune that shall restore him to her smiles. During his studies, however, he becomes acquainted with and marries Bianca, a lady in *all* respects superior to the fair and false one whose beauty dazzled his youth, and for some time their mutual felicity is perfect and uninterrupted. At length accident, not without crime on his part, invests him with the wealth which had so long been the object of his ardent but chimerical pursuit. Bartolo, an old and miserly individual, attacked by robbers, takes shelter in the dwelling of Fazio, where he dies of his wounds. Seduced by the temptation thus held out to him, the husband of Bianca interrs the corpse, and proceeding to the house of the deceased, plunders the accumulated treasures of Bartolo, and comes forth in the second act in all the splendour that riches can bestow. With the change of his fortune Aldabella's love revives—she contrives an interview with the deluded Fazio, and the infatuated *inamorato* once more yields to the allurements of the wanton, and abandons his home, his wife, and his children, to revel in the loose embraces of the depraved and heartless Aldabella. Bianca pines in wretchedness. In the meantime, she hears that the extraordinary disappearance of the body of Bartolo has been agitated by the Duke and Senate, and that the emptiness of his coffers has given birth to various and strange conjectures. Influenced by the hope of breaking off Fazio's connexion with Aldabella, she flies to the council, and accuses her husband of having murdered Bartolo and plundered his riches. Fazio is dragged before the tribunal,—stunned by the suddenness of his seizure, and the appearance of his wife as his accuser, he makes no defence—and receives sentence of death.—The two last acts are occupied with the fruitless attempts of Bianca to obtain pardon for her husband, her exposure of Aldabella, and her own death.

Now, certainly, the plot of Fazio has but slender pretensions either to originality or even probability. Its elements exist in a hundred dramas—in *George Barnwell*—*Measure for Measure*, &c. Nor can we say much more in favour of the characters, Bianca excepted. For

Aldabella we only experience sentiments of the deepest disgust, and the voluntary turpitude of the beautiful sinner, the readiness with which she courts the illicit love of Fazio, is so complete a violation of the modesty and chasteness of the female character, that we are a good deal surprised Mr. Milman should have ventured upon such a portrait. With respect to Fazio, nothing can be more contemptible than the figure he makes through half the play. At first a dupe to the artifices of Aldabella—then engaged in the ridiculous search after the philosopher's stone—then a robber—and, finally, false to the sweet and lovely being who clung, and to the last clings, to him as the sustenance of her life. Misfortune renders him somewhat more respectable, and the conclusion of the piece, in which the *criminal* Fazio, stript of his ill-acquired riches, deserted by his mistress, and about to be for ever separated from his wife and children by a dreadful and ignominious fate, yet bearing up against his calamities with a serene and uncomplaining fortitude, cheering his fond and faithful consort, and pouring into her bosom words of consolation and tender advice, is a far more respectable person than the wealthy and vicious *lord* Fazio, revelling in opulence attained by the most degrading means, surrounded by flatterers whom he despises, neglecting his wife, and wantoning with the fallen object of his former affections. The character of Bianca is exquisite—her love—her devotedness to her husband—are painted in the most enchanting colours—and if in Aldabella the author has shown that the corruption of the softer sex is, if possible, more disgusting than the excesses of our own, he has also in Bianca given us the counterpart of the picture, and exhibited the chaste and tender virtues of woman in a manner the most masterly and fascinating. In truth, *Bianca* is the prominent personage in Fazio, and in her concentrates the chief interest of the play.

We now proceed to give a few specimens of the dramatic excellencies of the author of Samor. In the following conversation between Fazio and one of the lackeys of his prosperity, there are touches which would not disgrace the pen of Massinger:

“I, my good lord am one
Have such keen insight for my neighbour's vir-
tues,
And such a doting love for excellence,
That when I see a wise man or a noble,
Or wealthy, as I ever hold it pity
Man should be blind to his own merits; words

Slide from my lips, and I do mirror him
In the clear glass of my poor eloquence.

FAZIO.

In coarse and honest phraseology,
A flatterer.

FALSETTO.

Flatterer. Nay, the word's grown gross.
An apt discoverer upon things of honour—
Wealth is the robe and outward garb of man,
The setting to the rarer jewelry,
The soul's unseen and hidden qualities.
And then, my lord, philosophy—'tis that,
The stamp and impress of our divine nature,
By which we know that we are gods, and are so.
But wealth and wisdom in one spacious breast!—
Who would not hymn so rare and rich a wedding?
Who would not serve within the gorgeous palace
Glorified by such strange and admired inmates?

FAZIO (*aside.*)

Now the poor honest Fazio had disdained
Such scurvy fellowship—howbeit lord Fazio
Must lackey his new state with these base jack-
als."

This is a fine and admirable description of a parasite, and the effect is greatly increased by making him his own draughtsman. Its merit, indeed, is of a rare kind, for not only is the baseness of the flatterer brought out in the clearest manner, but the effect of his glozing adulation upon Fazio, who is represented as fully conscious of the hollowness of his professions, is so managed as to show the influence of panegyric upon human nature in general, notwithstanding the person flattered is fully aware of the vileness of its source. "Howbeit lord Fazio *must* lackey his new state with these base jackals."

His address to Bianca, after the discovery of his guilt, is written with considerable feeling and pathos.

"Mine own Bianca—I shall need much mercy,
Or ere to-morrow, to be merciless.
It was not well, Bianca, in my guilt
To cut me off—thus early—thus unripe:
It will be bitter, when the axe falls on me,
To think whose voice did summon it to its office.
No more—no more of that—we all must die.
Bianca, thou wilt love me when I'm dead;
I wrong'd thee, but thou'llt love me."

The last interview between Fazio and Bianca is conceived with no inconsiderable tenderness of sentiment. A beautiful contrast is afforded in the wild and tender despair of Bianca, and the tranquil endurance of misfortune in her husband.

"Fazio, set me loose!
Thou clasp'st thy murderer!"

FAZIO.

No, it is my love,
My wife, my children's mother.—Pardon me
Bianca, but thy children,—I'll not see them;

For on the wax of a soft infant's memory
Things horrible sink deep and sternly settle,
I would not have them in their better days
Cherish the image of their wretched father
In the cold darkness of the prison house.
Oh, if they ask thee of their father, tell them
That he is dead, but say not how.

BIANCA.

No, no—
Not tell them that their mother murdered him.

FAZIO.
But are they well, my love?

BIANCA.
What had I freed them
From this drear villain earth, sent them before
us
Lest we should miss them in another world,
And so be fettered by a cold regret
Of this sad sunshine?

FAZIO.
Oh, thou hast not been
So wild a rebel to the will of God!
If that thou hast, 'twill make my passionate arms
That ring thee round so fondly drop from off thee
Like sere, and withered ivy; make my farewell
Spoken in such suffocate and distempered tone,
'Twill sound more like—

BIANCA.
They live, thank God, they live:
I should not rack thee with such fantasies.
But there have been such hideous things around
me,
Some whispering me, some dragging me," &c.

There is a soliloquy of Bianca possessing merit of a very sweet and impressive description. The night is supposed to have passed over the lonely and sleepless pillow of the injured and suffering wife—morning comes, but Fazio comes not with the morning—and the tender and disconsolate Bianca wastes the hours in mournful and heart-touching reflections and complaints. The speech in which these are embodied, we do not hesitate to pronounce one of the finest representations we have ever met with of a heart wounded in its most secret places, and giving vent in words to the sorrows that consume it.

"Not all the night, not all the long, long night
Not come to me—not send to me—not think on
me!

Like an unrighteous and unburied ghost
I wander up and down these long arcades,
Oh in our old poor narrow home, if haply
He lingered late abroad, domestic things
Close and familiar crowded all around me!
The ticking of the clock, the flapping motion
Of the green lattice, the gray curtain's folds,
The hangings of the bed myself had wrought;
Yea, even his black and iron crucibles
Were to me as my friends. But here, oh here
Where all is coldly, comfortlessly costly,
All strange, all new, in uncouth gorgeousness,
Lofty and long,—a wider space for misery—
E'en my own footsteps on these marble floors
Are unaccustomed, unfamiliar sounds—

Oh, I am here so wearily miserable
That I should welcome my apostate Fazio
Though he were fresh from Aldabella's arms.
Her arms—her viper coil! I had forsworn
That thought lest he should come, and find me
mad,
And so go back again, and I not know it.
Oh, that I were a child, to play with toys,
Fix my whole soul upon a cup and ball;
Oh, any wild pitiful poor subterfuge,
A moment to distract my busy spirit
From its dark *dalliance* with that cursed image.
I have tried all—all vainly;—now—but now
I went in to my children. The first sound
They murmur'd in their evil-dreaming sleep
Was a faint mimicry of the name of father.
I could not kiss them—my lips were so hot.
The very household slaves are leagued against
me,
And do beset me with their wicked floutings—
‘Comes my lord home to-night?’—and when I
say
‘I know not,’—their coarse pity makes my heart-
strings
Throb with the agony.”

How true all this is to nature, it surely is not necessary for us to explain or insist upon. How admirably, and in a manner that comes home most dearly to the heart, has the author painted the feelings of the *woman* and the *wife*—the inextinguishable love—the tender jealousy that will not suffer the object of its affection to bestow a glance on another's loveliness—avaricious of his every look, smile, and word—yet still so deeply devoted to the beloved apostate, that though he were to come

“*fresh from ALDABELLA's arms,*”

she would welcome him with transport, and endeavours to banish from her remembrance the maddening thought of her husband's infatuated and unholy intercourse with that unchaste and fallen beauty—

“*I had forsworn
That thought, lest he should come, and find me mad,
And so go back again, and I not know it.*”

Immediately after the soliloquy, a domestic returns with intelligence concerning her Fazio that confirms all the sad forebodings of Bianca. Lost to all the pure and honourable endearments of home—and sacrificing on the shrine of wantonness every conjugal duty, he has passed in the society of Aldabella those hours on which Bianca had so sacred a claim. The exquisite beauty and wild tenderness of the speech in which she gives utterance to her feelings on this accomplishment of her fears, will, we think, be felt by every one.

“ Oh, Fazio,
Oh, Fazio—is her smile more sweet than mine,

Or her soul fonder? Fazio, my lord Fazio,
Before the face of man mine own, mine only,
Before the face of heaven *Bianca's* Fazio,
Not *Aldabella's*—Ah, that I should live
To question it.—Now henceforth all our joys
Our delicate endearments, all are poisoned.
*Aye—if he speak my name with his fond voice,
It will be with the same tone that to her
He murmured hers—it will be or 'twill seem so.
If he embrace me, 'twill be with those arms
In which he folded her; and if he kiss me
He'll pause and think—which of the two is sweeter.*”

There are few passages, in the whole range of dramatic poetry, that are finer than this—Beaumont and Fletcher have nothing more affecting, nor Shakespeare any thing more natural. It is the sweet and bitterly-delicious effusion of a soul overflowing with the mingled emotions of tenderness and fond resentment, and may be justly classed among those felicitous copies of nature that only genius of the highest order is capable of producing.

We must now conclude our observations upon Fazio. We have, it is true, gone a little out of our usual way in bringing it before our readers at all; but of so beautiful a composition we could not resist giving our readers an outline, and by the extracts we have made, affording them a *taste* of a production, whose extraordinary merits gave rich promise of loftier achievement,—a satisfactory earnest of those more splendid labours of the author, which have resulted in “SAMOR”—and which ought, we think, to have long since secured the publication of Fazio on this side of the Atlantic. The play has been before the British public above two years—and as yet there is no American edition!

So frequent of late years, have been the attempts and failures in the province of heroic song, that we had almost reconciled ourselves to the probability of an age or two passing away without leaving any of those grander memorials of poetic genius, that subsist through all times as the proud and lasting monuments of its might and majesty. Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Camoens, and Milton, occupied in high and secluded state, the royal eminences of Parnassus, and swayed in august fraternity over its most elevated regions—but no kindred genius was fired with the glorious ambition of emulating their exploits and rivaling their renown. Like gods, they dwelt in light unapproached and unapproachable by feebler spirits, and the radiance that invested their immortal forms at once dazzled and deterred the weaker worshippers of the muses. It seemed, too, as if

they had monopolized to themselves the events most favourable for epic display, and the subjects of their works were, all of them, of a kind for which the habits of our youth have imbrued us with a special reverence and predilection, and which are so intimately connected with our civil or religious education, and so thoroughly mixed up with all our earliest ideas of a pleasing or impressive description, that it is with difficulty we can lend our sympathy to a poem bearing the title of epic, or carrying in its form and character pretensions to the same class of productions with those which we have so long been accustomed to consider as works which it is impossible should be equalled by succeeding writers, and which our prejudices would almost induce us to wish should remain unrivalled. A general notion had become prevalent that it would be an act of hopeless presumption in any modern poet to attempt heights so long held sacred to an illustrious few, and though there were not wanting those who endeavoured to vindicate their claim to equal eminence with those mighty bards, the rashness of their ambition was proved in its failure, and the crowd of bastard epics with which the last hundred years have teemed, seemed to justify the opinion that all the great masters of heroic song had already appeared—and that to no future minstrel would be accorded the sceptre they swayed or the laurels they wore. From Blackmore to Southey extends the list of the “mighty mad,” and Joan of Arc has long taken her station by the side of Prince Arthur. During the latter part of this period, however, the human genius was silently ripening, and preparing for efforts not altogether unworthy of being compared with its achievements in the days of old. A Poet* has appeared to whose principal production we may justly grant the praise of being a worthy supplement to the great work of Milton, and in the poem before us, the earlier events in the history of our ancestors have been clothed with all the interest, majesty and magnificence characteristic of the epic.

Our readers must now be not a little anxious to become acquainted with “SAMOR”—and it is with the most heartfelt pleasure, and, let us add, not without feelings of exultation in the genius that has so nobly contributed his share to the li-

terary glory of our times, that we proceed to its examination.

A short preface is given, which we extract as explanatory of circumstances with which some of our readers may, possibly, not be sufficiently acquainted.

“The historians* of the empire near the period of time at which this poem commences, make mention of Constantine, who assumed the purple of the western empire, gained possession of Gaul and Spain, but was defeated and slain at the battle of Arles. He had a son named Constans, who became a monk, and was put to death at Vienna.

“About the same time a Constantine appears in the relations of the old British Chronicles and Romances. He was brother of the king of Armorica, and became himself king, or rather an elected sovereign of the petty kings of Britain,† who continued their succession under the Roman dominion. He was called Vendigard‡ and Waredur, the Defender and Deliverer. He had three sons, Constans, who became a hermit, and was murdered, either (for the traditions vary) by the Picts, by Vortigern, or by the Saxons; Emrys, called by the Latin writers Aurelius Ambrosius; and Uther Pendragon, the father of Arthur. These two Constantines are here identified, and Vortigern supposed to have been named king of Britain, as the person of greatest authority and conduct in the wreck of the British army, defeated at Arles. Many, however, of the chiefs in the island advancing the hereditary right, before formally settled on the sons of Constantine, Vortigern, mistrusting the Britons, and prest by invasions of the Caledonians, introduced the Saxons to check the barbarians and strengthen his own sovereignty.

“The hero of the poem is an historical character, as far as such legends can be called history. He appears in most of the chronicles as Edol, or Eldol, but the fullest account of his exploits is in Dugdale's Baronage, under his title of earl of Gloucester. William Harrison, however, in the Description of Britain prefixed to Holinshed, calls him Eldulph de Samor. But all concur in ascribing to him the acts which make the chief subject of the fifth and last books of this poem.

“Most of our present names of places being purely Saxon, and the old British having little of harmony or association to recommend them, I have frequently, on the authority of Camden and others, translated them. Thus the Saxon Gloucester, called by the Britons, Caer Gloew, is the Bright City. The Dobuni, the inhabitants of the vales, are called by that name. Some

* “Gibbon, chap. 31.

† “Whitaker, Hist. of Manchester.

‡ “Lewis, Hist. of Britain.

* The Rev. GEORGE TOWNSEND, of Cambridge, England, and author of ARMAGEDDON.

few, sanctioned by old usage of Poetry and Romance, I retain, as Kent, Thanet, Cornwall. London is Troynovant, as the city of the Trinobantes.

“ Some passages in the poem will be easily traced to their acknowledged sources, the poets of Greece and Italy; one, however, in the third book, relating to the northern mythology, has been remarkably anticipated in a modern poem. The honourable author may be assured that the coincidence is unintentional, as that part of this poem was the earliest written, and previous to the appearance of his production.”

The story on which the poem is founded is the old one of Vortigern and Rowena, and the subsequent invasion and conquest of Britain by the Saxons under Hengist and Horsa. These are at first victorious, and lord it over the “ prostrate isle” and its infatuated monarch, at their pleasure—but in Samor, the king or earl of Caer-Gloew, or Gloucester, arises the avenger of her wrongs, the restorer of her glory;—his wisdom and courage, his incessant activity and perseverance, are successful in the redemption of his country.—He slays Horsa, and, Hengist a prisoner, Samor, to whom in a solemn convocation of the British states, where the king is present, the office of judge is assigned by the general voice, decrees the death of the captive barbarian, with whose execution the poem terminates.

We now proceed to give somewhat in detail the principal events of the poem, and in so doing shall take frequent occasion to use the exquisite language in which the author has arrayed them.

The first book opens with the meeting near London or Troynovant, of Vortigern, and Hengist, who has just returned from his victory over the marauding Picts. Vortigern is voluble in praise of his valiant ally, and leads the way to a sumptuous banquet prepared in honour of the conqueror. Every thing here is gay and spirited—but the progress of the feast is about to be interrupted by the smothered indignation of the British chiefs against Hengist, when

“ Sudden came floating through the hall an air
So strangely sweet, the o'erwrought sense scarce
feit
Its rich excess of pleasure; softer sounds
Melt never on the enchanted midnight cool,
By haunted spring, where elfin dances trace
Green cirelets on the moonlight dews; nor lull
Becalmed mariner from rocks, where basks
At summer noon the Sea-maid; he his oar
Breathless suspends, and motionless his bark
Sleeps on the sleeping waters. Now the notes
So gently died away, the silence seem'd

Melodious; merry now and light and blithe
They danced on air: anon came tripping forth
In frolic grace a maiden troop, their locks
Flower-wreath'd, their snowy robes from clasped
zone

Fell careless drooping, quick their glittering feet
Glanc'd o'er the pavement. Then the pomp of
sound

Swell'd up, and mounted; as the stately swan,
Her milk-white neck embower'd in arching
spray,

Queens it along the waters, entered in
The lofty hall a shape so fair, it lull'd
The music into silence, yet itself
Pour'd out, prolonging the soft ecstasy,
The trembling and the touching of sweet sound.
Her grace of motion and of look, the smooth
And swimming majesty of step and tread,
The symmetry of form and feature, set
The soul afloat, even like delicious airs
Of flute or harp: as though she trod from earth,
And round her wore an emanating cloud
Of harmony, the Lady mov'd. Too proud
For less than absolute command—too soft
For aught but gentle amorous thought: her hair
Cluster'd, as from an orb of gold cast out
A dazzling and o'erpowering radiance, save
Here and there on her snowy neck repos'd
In a sooth'd brilliance some thin wandering tress.
The azure flashing of her eye was fring'd
With virgin meekness, and her tread, that seem'd
Earth to disdain, as softly fell on it
As the light dew-shower on a tuft of flowers.
The soul within seem'd feasting on high thoughts,
That to the outward form and feature gave
A loveliness of scorn—scorn that to feel
Was bliss, was sweet indulgence.”

The lady advances to the king—pledges him in “ half-failing accents”—and quits the hall. Vortigern is captivated with her transcendent beauty, and learning from Hengist that she is his daughter, instantly proposes his union with the lovely virgin, and tempts his consent with the offer of the kingdom of Kent as a marriage portion. Hengist, of course, assents, and the enamoured monarch, rising from his seat, and taking off his crown, places it on the temples of the Saxon, and in a flowing goblet gives the word,

“ ‘ To Kent's high King
A health, a health to Vortigern's fair bride,
The golden-hair'd Rowena.’—Seized at once
Each Saxon the exulting strain, and struck
The wine-drain'd goblet down, ‘ Health, King
of Kent ! ’ ”

The announcement of this sudden and inauspicious betrothal immediately calls up the royal chief of Gloucester, who addresses Vortigern in a speech, which, however worthy of the better times of English history, we much doubt whether Lord Castlereagh, or any of his colleagues, would consider as a specimen of loyalty.

“ Sovereign of Britain's Sovereigns! of our crowns
The highest! in our realm of many thrones
Eathron'd the loftiest! mighty as thou art,
Thou dost outstep thy amplitude of sway;
Thine is our isle to govern, not to give;
A free and sacred property hast thou
In our allegiance; for a master's right
Over our lives, our princedoms, and our souls,
King Vortigern, as well mayst thou presume
To a dominion o'er our winds, to set
Thy stamp and impress on our light from heaven.
This Britain cannot rest beneath the shade
Of Saxon empire, this our Christian soil
The harvest of obedience will not bear
To Heathen sway; and hear me, Vortigern,
The golden image that thou settest up,
Like the pride-drunk Babylonian king,
Though dulcimer and psaltery soothe us down
To the soft humour of submission tame,
We will not worship.”

Samor, followed by “ the Island's brave and proud,” departs from the palace. An interview takes place subsequently between Vortigern and himself, in which he makes an endeavour to draw the king from his connexion with the Saxons—and nearly succeeds, when all his exhortations are rendered ineffectual by the approach of Hengist's daughter.

“ Sliding came and smooth
A car, wherein, like some fair idol led
Through the mute tumult of adorning streets,
Bright-hair'd Rowena pass'd the portal arch.
Have ye a sense, ye gales, a conscious joy
In beauty, that with such an artful touch
And light ye float about her garment folds,
Displaying what is exquisite display'd,
And thinly scattering the light veil where'er
Its shadowing may enhance the grace, and swell
With sweet officiousness the clustering hair
Where fairest tufts its richness, and let fall
Where drooping most becomes; that thus ye love
To lose yourselves about her, and expire
Upon her shape, or snow-white robes? She stood,
Her ivory arm in a soft curve stretch'd out,
As only in the obedience of her steeds
Rejoicing; they their necks arch'd proud and
high,
And by her delicate and flower-soft hands
Sway'd, as enamour'd of her mastery mov'd,
Lovingly on their bright-chaf'd bits repos'd,
Or in gay sport upon each other fawn'd.
But as the Monarch she beheld, she caught
The slack rein up, and with unconscious check
Delay'd the willing coursers, and her head,
Upon her ivory shoulder half declin'd
In languor of enjoyment, rising wore
Rosy confusion, and disorder fair
Transiently on her pride of motion broke.
Or chance, or meaning wander'd to his face
Her eye, with half command, entreating half;
Haughty to all the world, but mild to him,
Th' all admir'd admiring, and th' all-awing
awed—
She look'd on him, and trembled as she look'd.
Alone she came, alone she went not on.”

Book 2d. The princes of Britain, disputed with the weakness of Vortigern and the insolence of the Saxons, assem-

ble together to consult on the deposition of the first, and the expulsion of the latter. The sons of Constantine, Vortigern's predecessor, are present. Emrys, the elder, urges his claim to the throne in mild yet forcible terms, but Uther, the younger brother bursts out in vehement and angry speech against Vortigern, whom he treats as an usurper. The chiefs, roused to sudden fury by his words, call out aloud for war, and the assembly is about to dissolve in confusion, when the tumult is suspended by Samor, who, rising, thus addresses them:

“ Brave sight for earth and heaven! it doth not fail
A nation's cry for freedom and for faith,
Nor faint, nor deaden in the mist and gloom
Of this low earth; it takes the morning's wings,
Passeth the crystal skies, and beats heaven's gate;
There glideth through the gladdening Angel
choirs,
That fan it onward with their favouring plumes,
To the eternal sapphire throne, and him
That sits thereon, Ineffable. Oh Kings,
Our council thus appealing may not wear
Seeming of earthly passion, lust of sway,
Or phrenetic vengeance: we must rise in wrath,
But wear it as a mourner's robe of grief.
Not as a garb of joy: must boldly strike,
But like the Roman, with reverted face,
In sorrow to be so enforced. Brave Chiefs,
It would misseem a son of this proud isle,
To trample on the fallen, though a King;
It would misseem a Christian to rejoice
Where virtue hath play'd false, and fame's pure
light
Hath sicken'd to dishonorable gloom.
Vortigern is our foe, no more our King,
Yet King he hath been, King he had been still
Had never his high vaulting pride disdain'd
The smooth dominion of old use, nor striven
To fix on our impatient necks the yoke
Of foreign usurpation; our free land
Will not endure the heathen Saxon's rule,
Nor him that rules by heathen Saxon power.
So march we forth in th' armour of our right,
From our once King not fallen off in hate
Or fickleness, but by severe constraint
Of duty to ourselves and to our God.
So march we forth, and in such state may make
Our mother land to vaunt of us, raise up,
Side by side, the fair airs to captivate
To an approval of our upright deed,
Our royal banner and the Cross of Christ;
And move within their cirque of splendour, calm,
And yet resistless as the bright-maned steeds
That bear the Morn to disenthrone old Night.”

Samor proceeds to the nomination of Constans, the eldest born of Constantine, as king, and comments upon the peril likely to result to the state should his claims to the throne be overlooked in favour of Emrys or Uther.

“ He ceased, nor time for voice or swift ac-
claim,
Scowling a sullen laugh of scorn, leaped forth
The mountain king, the sovereign of the lakes

And dales this side the Caledonian bound ;
 He only, when the kings sate awe-struck, stood
 Elate with mocking pity in his frown ;
 A mighty savage, he of God and man
 Alike contemptuous ; nought of Christian lore
 Knew he, yet scoffed unknown, 'twas peaceful,
 meek,
 Thence worthless knowledge. Him delighted
 more
 Helvellyn's cloud-wrapt brow to climb, and
 share
 The eagle's stormy solitude ; 'mid wreck
 Of whirlwinds and dire lightnings huge he stood,
 Where his own gods he deem'd on volleying
 clouds
 Abroad were riding and black hurricane.
 Them in their misty pride assail'd he oft
 With impious threat, and laugh'd when th' echoing
 glens
 His wild defiance cast unanswered back.
 Now with curl'd lip of scorn, and brow uplift,
 Lordly command, not counsel, fierce he spake.
 —⁴ Shane, coward shame ! as though the fowls
 of heaven,
 When in dusk majesty and pride of wing
 Sails forth the monarch eagle, down should
 stoop
 In homage to the daw. Oh craven souls,
 When Snowdon or high Skiddaw's brow is bare,
 To plant the stately standard of revolt
 Upon a molehill. Constans ! that to him
 Caswallon should bow down ; aloft our crown
 Upon the giddy banner staff, that rocks
 On Troyevant's tall citadel, uphang,
 And who the dizzy glory will rend down,
 Or Constans or Caswallon ? The bright throne
 Environ with grim ranks of steel-girt men :
 Huge Saxons black with grisly scars of war,
 Who first will hew to that triumphal seat
 His ruinous path ? Hear, sceptred Britons,
 hear,
 A counsel worthy the deep thoughts of kings :
 Of valorous achievement and bold deeds
 Be guerdon to the mightiest of our isle,
 The sov'reignty of Britain ; spurn my voice,
 And I renounce your counsels, cast you off,
 And with my hardy vassals of the north
 I join the Saxon.'⁵

Caswallon's arrogance incenses the chiefs, and they are about to rush upon him, and quench the insult in his blood, when Malwyn, his son, throws himself between the confederated princes and his father, and after declaring his abhorrence of Caswallon's principles, tells them that those who seek his life " must pass o'er Malwyn's corpse." Caswallon is permitted to depart in safety—and the council breaks up. Samor is deputed to bear to Constans the crown of Britain in the name of her "assembled kings," and he and Elidure, his friend, go forth to seek the sovereign-elect. As they proceed,

—⁶ gay files of dazzling light
 Slow o'er the plain advancing, indistinct
 From their full brightness, gradual the long
 blaze
 Broke into form, and lance, and bow, and
 helm,
 Standard and streamer, chariot and fair steed,

Start from the mingled splendour. On their
 height
 Unseen, the chieftains watch'd the winding
 pomp.
 And all before the azure-vested bards
 From glancing instruments shook bridal glee.
 Then came the gorgeous chariots, rough with
 gold,
 And steeds their proud heads nodding with rich
 weight
 Of frontlet wreathed with flowers and shadowy
 plumes ;
 Therein sate ladies robed in costly state,
 Each like a queen ; the noble charioteers,
 Briton in garb, with purple mantle loose,
 O'er steel, in network bright, or scale o'er scale,
 Glittering, and aventayle barr'd close and firm,
 As yet the gaudy traitors shamed to meet
 The cold keen glance of countrymen betray'd.
 Dark in their iron arms, some wildly girt
 With Caledonian spoils, their yellow hair
 Down from the casque in broad luxuriant flow
 Spreading, and lofty banner wide display'd,
 Whereon a milk-white courser reinless shone,
 Paced forth the Saxon warriors. High o'er all,
 Tempestuous Horsa, chafing his hot steed,
 And Hengist with his wreath of amber beads,^{*}
 His hoary strength, in spite of age or toil,
 A tower of might ; with that tall grove of
 spears,
 Circled, and rampire close of serried shields,
 The bridegroom monarch rode, his bright attire
 Peaceful, as fitting nuptial pomp, his robe
 Rich-floating strew'd the earth with purple
 shade,
 And on his lofty brow a regal crown,
 Bright as a wreath of sunbeams ; high his arm
 The ivory sceptre bore of kingly sway :
 Yet who his mein and bearing watch'd had
 seen
 Dim gleam of jealous steel, or lurking mail
 Beneath those glorious trappings, for his gaze,
 Now jocund, changed anon to wandering stare,
 Fearful and wild, as the still air were rife
 With vengeful javelins showering death, his
 pace
 Hurried, yet tardy, as of one who rides
 O'er land still tottering with an earthquake
 shock.
 And him beside on snowy palfrey, deck'd
 With silver bells its pendent mane profuse,
 Of silver and of stainless ermine
 The bright caparisons, and all her robes
 White as of woven lily cups, the bride
 Majestic rode as on a moving throne.
 Her sunbright hair she waved and smiled
 around,
 As though, of less than kingly paramour
 Scornful, she said, Lo, Britain through your
 land
 I lead the enthralled sovereign of your isle."

The nuptial procession passes on in triumphant gaiety.—Suddenly its progress is arrested by a strange and apparently supernatural being, who mingles with the joyous band, and terrifies even Hengist with his wild gestures, and still wilder speech.

* "He is so decorated by the Welsh Poets. See Transl. of the *Brat of Tysilio*, by Peter Roberts.

“ ‘Joy,’ and again, and thrice he uttered ‘joy.’ Cower’d Horsa on his palsied steed; aghast, As toiling to despise the thing he fear’d, Sate Hengist. ‘Joy to bridegroom and to bride !

Why should not man rejoice, and earth be glad ? Beyond the sphere of man, the round of earth, There’s loud rejoicing, ‘tis not in the heavens ! And many ministrant angels shake their wings In gladness, wings that are not plum’d with light.

The dead are jocund, not the dead in bliss. Your couch is blest—by all whose blessings blast,

All things unlovely gratulate your love.

I see the nuptial pomp, the nuptial song I hear, and full the pomp, for Hate and Fear, And excellent Dishonour, and bright Shame, And rose-cheek’d Grief, and jovial Discontent, And that majestic herald, Infamy, And that high noble, Servitude, are there, A blithesome troop, a gay and festive crew. And the land’s curses are the bridal hymn ; Sweetly and shrilly doth th’ accordant isle Imprecate the glad hymenean song. So, joy again, I say, to Britain’s king, That taketh to his bosom Britain’s fate, Her beautiful destruction to his bed. And joy to Britain’s queen, who bears her lord So bright a dow’ry and profuse, long years Of war and havoc, and fair streams of blood, And plenteous ruin, loss of crown and fame, And full perdition of the immortal soul ; So thrice again I utter ‘joy,’ ‘joy,’ ‘joy !’ ”

Constans refuses the crown, which, in consequence, is transferred to Emrys, and the book concludes with the sudden decease of the royal hermit, whether naturally or by a Saxon sword, we are not informed.

The Third Book shows Caswallon in traitorous conference with the Saxon Chiefs, with whom he enters into alliance against his native land. At the instance of Horsa, he accompanies Hengist to the wilds of Scandinavia, for the double purpose of procuring reinforcements, and of consulting the Runic oracles on the fate attending their invasion of Britain. The character of Caswallon is finely displayed both in his conversation with his new friends, and the haughty fearlessness with which the savage braves the terrors of an element to which he had ever been a stranger. The voyage over the German ocean is described with considerable animation, and the Aurora Borealis is painted with admirable beauty and vigour.

“ ‘Twas midnight, but a rich unnatural dawn Sheets the fired Arctic heaven ; forth springs an arch, O’erspanning with a crystal pathway pure The starry sky, as though for gods to march, With show of heavenly warfare daunting earth, To that wild revel of the northern clouds ; That now with broad and bannery light distinct, Stream in their restless wavings to and fro,

While the sea billows gleam them mellower back ; Anon like slender lances bright upstart, And clash and cross with hurtle and with flash, Tilt in their airy tournament.”

They shortly land, and proceed in “ the Chariot of the Oracle,” over the dreary wastes of the north. Here also Mr. Milman’s powers of description are displayed to great advantage. After bringing the pilgrims past the “immortal ice-hills,” he thus continues :

“ Nor wants soft interchange of vale, where smiles

White mimicry of foliage and thin flower. Feathery and fanlike spreads the leafy ice, With dropping cup, and roving tendril loose, As though the glassy dews o’er flower and herb Their silken moisture had congeal’d, and yet Within that slender veil their knots profuse Blossom’d and blush’d with tender life, the couch Less various where the fabled Zephyr fans With his mild wings his Flora’s bloom’ry locks ; But colourless and cold, these flowering vales Seem meeter for decrepit Winter’s head To lie in numb repose. The ear slides light, The deer bound fleet, the long gray wilderness Hath something of a roseate glimmering dim, And widens still its pale expanse : when lo, A light of azure, wavering to display No sights, no shapes of darkness and of fear. Tremblingly flash’d the inconstant meteor light, Showing thin forms, like virgins of this earth, Save that all signs of human joy or grief, The flush of passion, smile or tear, had seem’d, On the fix’d brightness of each dazzling cheek, Strange and unnatural : statues not unlike By nature, in fantastic mood congeal’d From purest snow, the fair of earth to shame, Surpassing beauteous : breath of mortal life Heaved not their bosoms, and no rosy blood Tinged their full veins, yet moved they, and their steps

Were harmony. But three of that bright troop, The loveliest and the wildest, stood aloof, Enwrapt by what in human form were like Impulse divine, of their fine nature seem’d The eternal instinct.”

Caswallon speaks scoffingly of these Runic divinities, and the angered Hengist thus admonishes his incautious companion :

“ ‘These, proud chief, So snowy, soft, and airy gentle, these Are ministers of destiny and death, The viewless riders of the battle field : When sounds the rushing of their sable steeds, Down sink the summon’d mighty, and expand Valhalla’s cloudy portals ; to their thrones They the triumphant strangers lead, and pour Lavish the eternal beverage of the gods. Mark thou yon bright-hair’d three ! and would thy soul Grasp the famed deeds of ancient time, or know The master spirits of our present world— Lo Gudur, she whose deep mysterious soul Treasureth the past, and Rosta, who beholds All acts and agents of this living earth ;

She too is there before whose spacious sight
The years that have not been start up and live,
Who reads within the soul of man unborn
The unimagined purpose, of the sage
Skulda the sagest. Ask and thou shalt know."

To the inquiries of Hengist, Skulda answers that to his descendants, but not to him, Woden grants sway and dominion over Britain, and that the foe, meaning Samor, comes "from the vale."

"Fatal to Hengist, and to Hengist's sway,"

Caswallon demands how he shall propitiate the lord of Valhalla—and the Valkyr responds,

"Not the blood
Of steed or stag; a flower of earth must fade.
Blest o'er all virgins of the earth, the chaste,
The beautiful, by heaven ordain'd to lead
The souls of valiant men to the pale hall
Of the Immortal; air her path, and heaven
Her dwelling, with the fair and brave of earth
Her sole communion!"

Caswallon promises to devote his daughter to the service of Woden, and the chiefs, retracing their journey through the frozen solitude, meet on the borders of the Baltic the succours summoned by Hengist.

"Then forth arose each chieftain to salute
The polestar of their baleful galaxy,
Prime architect of ruin: him who sway'd
Their hot marauding, desultory strife
To cool and steady warfare, of their limbs
The domineering soul. As each past on
Shook up the Scald his harsh-strung shell, and
east
The war tones of each nation to the winds;
And Hengist with imperious flattery met
Each tall and titled leader: 'Art thou here,
Bold Frisian Hermengard! a broader isle
And fairer than thy azure Rhine laves round,
Spreads for thee her green vallies. How
brook'st thou,
Strong Scandinavian, Lodbrog, thou the chief
Of the renoun'd Viking, while the waves
So nobly riot with the wintry storms,
The tame and steadfast land? Now freely leap,
Arngrim, along thy Suevian forest brown
The bear and foam task'd wild boar; let them
leap, . . .
A braver game is up on Britain's shore.
O Cerdic, gray in glory, young in power,
The Drave ran purple with thy bovish deeds,
A darker, redder dye, o'er silver Thames
Shall spread before thy ancient battle axe.
Ho, Offa, the rich-flowing mead hath worn
Your Jutland cups, beneath the British helms
Capacious goblets smooth and fair await
Offa's carousals. Heir of Cimbric fame,
Frotho, how these, of late the Roman's slaves,
Will the race daunt, who set our Thor afront
The Roman's Capitolian Jove. And thou,
My gold-hair'd brother, are the British maids,
Or British warriors, Abisa, the first
In the fierce yearning's of thy boyish soul?

And lo the mighty Anglian; oh, unfold
Ocean more wide, more wealthy realms, too
brief,
Too narrow for Argantyr's fame, the round
Of this the choice, the sovereign of thine isles!"

The remainder of the book details the return of Hengist to Britain with his reinforcements.

Book the fourth introduces us to the lovely and ill-fated daughter of Caswallon. There is, we think, considerable sweetness and grace in the following lines:

"Sunk was the sun, and up the eastern heaven,
Like maiden on a lonely pilgrimage,
Moved the meek Star of Eve; the wandering air
Breathed odours; wood, and waveless lake, like
man,
Slept, weary of the garish babbling day.
Dove of the wilderness, thy snowy wing
In slumber droops not; Lilian, thou alone,
'Mid the deep quiet, wakest. Dost thou rove,
Idolatress of yon majestic moon,
That like a crystal-throned queen in heaven,
Seems with her present deity to hush
To beauteous adoration all the earth?
Might seem the solemn silent mountain tops
Stand up and worship, the translucent streams
Down th' hill sides glittering cherish the pure
light
Beneath the shadowy foliage o'er them flung
At intervals; the lake, so silver white,
Glistens, all indistinct the snowy swans
Bask in the radiance cool: doth Lilian muse
To that apparent queen her vesper hymn?"

The stern and savage soul of Caswallon turned away from the soft endearments of Lilian, and while his pride urges him to bestow such cares upon his son Malwyn as are necessary to train him up to the toils and hardships of war, she,

"from human tenderness
Estranged, and gentler feelings that light up
The cheek of youth with rosy joyous smile,
Like a forgotten lute, play'd on alone
By chance-caressing airs, amid the wild
Beauteously pale, and sadly playful grew,
A lonely child, by not one human heart
Belov'd, and loving none; nor strange, if learnt
Her native fond affections to embrace
Things senseless and inanimate: she loved
All flow'rets that with rich embroidery fair
Enamel the green earth, the odorous thyme,
Wild rose, and roving eglantine, nor spared
To mourn their fading forms with childish tears,
Gray birch and aspen light she loved, that droop
Fringing the crystal stream; the sportive breeze
That wanton'd with her brown and glossy locks,
The sunbeam chequering the fresh bank. Ere
dawn
Wandering, and wandering still at dewy eve,
By Glenderamakin's flower-empurpled marge,
Derwent's blue lake, or Greta's wildering glen.
Rare sound to her was human voice, scarce
heard,
Save of her aged nurse, or shepherd maid
Soothing the child with simple tale or song.
Hence, all she knew of earthly hopes and fears,
Life's sins and sorrows; better known the voice

Beloved of lark from misty morning cloud
Blithe caroling and wild melodious notes
Heard mingling in the summer wood, or plaint,
By moonlight, of the lone night-warbling bird.
Nor they of love unconscious, all around
Fearless, familiar they their descants sweet
Tuned emulous. Her knew all living shapes
That tenant wood or rock, dun roe or deer,
Fanning his dappled side at noontide crouch'd,
Courting her fond caress, nor fled her gaze
The brooding dove, but murmur'd sounds of joy."

The chances of the chace bring Vortimer, the son of Vortigern, to the solitary haunts of Lilian, for whom he becomes inspired with a pure and ardent affection, which is returned by the beautiful maiden with equal warmth and chasteness.

" As fair the spring-flower's bloom, as graceful droops
The wild ash spray, as sweet the mountain bee
Murmurs, melodious breathes the twilight grove,
Unheard of her, unheeded, who erewhile
Visited, constant as the morning dew,
Those playmates and sweet sisters of her soul.
In one sole image sees the enamour'd maid
Concentrated all qualities of love,
All beauty, grace, and majesty. The step
Of tall stag prancing stately down the glen,
The keen bright fierceness of the eagle's glance,
And airy gentleness of timorous roe,
And, more than all, a voice more soothing soft
Than wild bird's carol, or the murmuring brook,
With eloquence endued and melting words
So wondrous; though unheard since eve, the
sounds
Come mingling with her midnight sleep, and make
The damask of her slumbering cheek grow
warm."

She is now waiting the return of Vortimer by the banks of the stream where they first met, and in which she had often contemplated the reflection of his manly beauty—the trampling of a horse echoes through the glen—and

" She o'er the lucid mirror stooping low,
Gins prank her dark-brown tresses, bashful
smiles
Of virgin vanity fit o'er her cheek,
Tinging its settled paleness."

She turns round, as the steed approaches, raises her eyes, and beholds—not him whose every look breathed love and tenderness—not Vortimer—but her father—but Caswallon! Dark and stern, he stood before his sweet and innocent child—uttered no word of kindness to the sad and disappointed Lilian—but, clasping her in his arms, springs upon his horse, and she is borne away by the superstitious savage—a sacrifice to his accursed and treacherous ambition. The lines in which Mr. Milman has related her death are too exquisitely beautiful to be held from our readers.

" On through moonlight and through shade he
spurr'd,
Gleam'd like a meteor's track his flinty road,
Like some rude hunter with a snow-white fawn,
His midnight prey. Anon, the mountain path
'gan upward wind, the fiery courser paused
Breathless, and faintly raising her thin form;
'Oh, whither bear ye me?' with panting voice,
Murmur'd. Caswallon spake unmoved, ' to
death.'

" Death, Father, death is comfortless and cold?
Ah me! when maiden dies, the smiling morn,
The wild birds singing on the twinkling spray,
Wake her no more; the summer wind breathes
soft,

Waving the fresh grass o'er her narrow bed,
Gladdening to all but her. Senseless and cold
She lies; while all she loved, unheard, unseen,
Mourn round her. There broke off her faltering voice

Dimly, with farewell glance, she roved around,
Never before so beautiful the lake
Like a new sky, distinct with stars, the groves,
Green banks and shadowy dells, her haunts of
bliss,

Smiled ne'er before so lovely, their last smile;
The fountains seem'd to wail, the twilight mists,
On the wet leaves were weeping all for her,
Had not her own tears blinded her; there too
She surely had beheld a youthful form,
Wandering the solitary glen. But loud
The courser neigh'd, down bursting, wood and
rock

Fly backward, the wide plain its weary length
Vainly outspreads; and now 'tis midnight deep.
Ends at a narrow glen their fleet career;
That narrow glen was pal'd with rude black
rocks,
There slowly roll'd a brook its glassy depth;
Now in the moon-beams white, now dark in
gloom.

She lived she breath'd, she felt to her denied
That sole sad happiness the wretched know,
Evn from excess of feeling, not to feel.
Behold her gentle, delicate and frail,
Where all around, through rifted rock and wood,
Grim features glare, huge helmed forms obscure
People the living gloom, with dreary light
Glimmering, as of the moon from iron arms
Coldly reflected, lovely stands she there,
Like a blest angel 'mid th' accurst of hell.
A voice is heard.—' Lo, mighty Monarch, here
The stream of sacrifice; to man alone
Fits the proud privilege of bloody death
By shaft or mortal steel; to Hela's realm,
Unblooded, woundless, must the maid descend;
So in the bright Valhalla shall she crown
For Woden and his Peers the cup of bliss.
Her white arms round her father's rugged neck
Winding with desperate fondness, she 'gan pour,
As to some dear, familiar, long-loved heart,
Most eloquent her inarticulate prayers.

Is the dew gleaming on his cheek? or weeps
The savage and the stern, yet still her sire?
But some rude arm of one, whose dreadin fae
She dared not gaze on, seized her. Gloomy
stood,
Folding his wolf-skin mantle to conceal
The shuddering of his huge and mailed form,
Caswallon. Then again the voice came forth,
'Fast wanes the night, the gods brook no delay,
Monarch of Britain speed.' He, at that name
Shaking all human from his soul, flung back
The foldings of his robe, and stood elate,
As haughty of some glorious deed, nor knew

Barbarian blind as proud, who feels no more
The mercies and affections of his kind,
Casts off the image of God, a man of ill,
With all his nature's earth, without its heaven.
A sound is in the silent night abroad,
A sound of broken waters; rings of light
Float o'er the dark stream, widening to the
shore.
And lo, her re-appearing form, as soft
As fountain nymph by weary hunter seen,
In the lone twilight glen; the moonlight gleam
Falls tenderly on her beseeching face,
Like th' halo of expiring saint, she seems
Lingered to lie upon the water top,
As to enjoy once more that light beloved;
And tremulously moved her soundless lips
As syllabbling the name of Vortimer;
Then deep she sank, and quiet the cold stream,
Unconscious of its guilt, went eddying on,
And look'd up lovely to the gazing moon."

As the corpse floats down the stream,
it is descried by Vortimer, now on his
return to Lilian. He draws it to shore,
but the darkness of the night prevents
his discovering that it is the lifeless form
of Lilian that he holds in his arms—the
resemblance, however, that even death
could not entirely destroy, nor the gloom
altogether conceal, raises the most dread-
ful suspicions.—Morn at length breaks—
and with the confirmation of his fears, the
happiness of Vortimer is for ever blasted.

In the meanwhile the Saxon fleet ar-
rives on the shores of Kent, and Hengist
dispatches Cerdic to the assembled nobi-
lity of Britain with fair offers of peace
and friendship. Samor, with earnest elo-
quence, advises their instant rejection.

" But then rose Elidure, with bashful mien,
Into himself half shrinking, from his lips
The dewy words dropt, delicate and round,
And crept into the chambers of the soul,
Like the bee's liquid honey:—‘ And thou too,
Enamour'd of this gaudy murderer, War!
Samor, in hunger's meagre hour who scorns
A fair-skinn'd fruit, because its inward pulp
May be or black or hollow? this bland Peace
May be a rich-robed evil; war, stern war,
Wears manifest its hideousness, and bares
Deformities the sun shinks to behold.
Because 'tis in the wanton roll of chance
That he may die, who desperately leaps
Into the pit, with mad untimely arms
To clasp annihilation? Were no path
But through the grim and haunted wilds of strife,
To the mild shrine of peace, maids would not
wear
Their bridal chaplets with more joy, than I
Th' oppressive morion: then the old vaunt were
wise,
To live in freedom, or for freedom die.
Then would I too dissemble, with vain boast,
Our island's weakness, wear an iron front,
Though all within were silken, soft, and smooth.
For what are we, slight sunshine birds, thin-
plumed,
For dalliance with the mild, luxurious airs,
To grapple with these vultures, whose broad
vans,

Strung with their icy tempests, but with wind
Of their forth rushing down would swoop us?

Then,

Then, Samor, eminent in strength and power,
It were most proud for thee alone to break
The hot assault, with single arm t' arrest
The driving ruin—ruin, ah! too sure.

Oh, 'twere most proud; to us sad comfort; sunk,
Amerc'd of all our fair, smooth sliding hours,
Our rich abodes the wandering war-flame's feast.
Samor, our fathers fear'd not death; cast off
Most careless their coarse lives; with nought to

lose,

They fear'd no loss; our breathing is too rich,
Too precious this our sensitive warm mould,
Its joyances, affections, hopes, desires,
For such light venture. Oh, then, be we not
Most wretched from the fear of wretchedness?
If war must be, in God's name let war be;
But oh, with clinging hand, with lingering love,
Clasp we our mistress, Peace. Gold! what is
gold?

My fair and wealthy palace set to sale,
Cast me a beggar to the elements' scorn;
But leave me peace, oh, leave my country peace,
And I will call it mercy, bounty, love!"

The ill-omened treaty is concluded,
and the poet gives a striking description
of the prodigies that attended its ratifica-
tion.

" 'Tis famed, that then, albeit amid the rush
Of clamorous joy unmark'd in drearier days
Remember'd, signs on earth, and signs in hea-
ven,

With loud and solemn interdict arraign'd
That hasty treaty: maniacs kindled up
With horrible intelligence the pits
Of their deep hollow eyes, and meaning strange
Gave order to their wandering utterance;
stream'd

Amid the dusky woods broad sheeted flames;
The blue fires on the fen at noon-day danc'd
Their wavering morrice, and the bold ey'd
wolves

Howl'd on the sun. Life, ominous and uncouth,
Seiz'd upon ancient and forgotten things;
The Cromlechs rock'd, the Druid circles wept
Cold ruddy dews; as of that neighbouring feast
Conscious, the tall Stone Henge did shrilly shriek
As with a whirlwind, though no cloud was mov'd
In the still skies. A wailing, as of harps,
Sad with no mortal sorrow, sail'd abroad
Through the black oaks of Mona. Old deep
graves

Were restless, and arm'd bones of buried men
Lay clattering in their stony cells. 'Twas faith,
White women upon sable steeds were seen
In fleet career 'neath the rank air; the earth
Gave up no echo to their noiseless feet,
And on them look'd the Moon with leprous light
Prodigious, haply like those slender shapes
In the ice desert by Caswallon seen.

From Mona to the snowy Dover cliffs,
From Skiddaw to St. Michael's vision'd mount,
Unknown from heaven, or earth, or nether pit,
Unknown or from the living or the dead,
From being of this world, or nature higher,
Pass'd one long shriek, whereat old Merlin
leap'd

From his hoar haunt by Snowdon, and in dusk
And dreary descent mutter'd all abroad
What the thin air grew cold and dim to hear."

The fifth book commences with the preparations for celebrating the renewal of peace between the lately hostile nation. The description shall be given in the beautiful and highly polished language of Mr. Milman.

“ Swan of the Ocean, on thy throne of waves
Exultant dost thou sit, thy mantling plumes
Ruffled with joy, thy pride of neck elate,
To hail fair Peace, like Angel visitant,
Descending, amid joy of earth and heaven,
To bless thy fair abode. The laughing skies
Look bright, oh, Britain! on thy hour of bliss.
In sunshine fair the blithe and bounteous May
O'er hill and vale goes dancing; blooming flow-

ers

Under her wanton feet their dewy bells
Shake joyous; clouds of fragrance round her
float.
City to city cries, and town to town
Wafting glad tidings: wide their flower-hung
gates

Throw back the churches, resonant with pomp
Of priest and people, to the Lord their prayers
Pouring, the richest incense of pure hearts.
With garland and with song the maidens go forth,
And mingle with the iron ranks of war
Their forms of melting softness, gentle gales
Blow music o'er the festal land, from harp
And merry rebeck, till the floating air
Seem harmony: still all fierce sounds of war;
No breath within the clarion's brazen throat;
Soft slumber in the war-steed's drooping mane.

Not in the palace proud, or gorgeous hall,
The banqueting of Peace; on Ambri Plain
Glitter the white pavilions, to the sun
Their snowy pomp unfolding; there the land
Pours its rejoicing multitudes to gaze,
Briton and Saxon, in majestic league,
Mingling their streaming banners blazon'd
waves.

Blithe as a virgin bridal, rich and proud
As gorgeous triumph for fair kingdom won,
Flows forth the festal train; with arms elate
The mothers bear their infants to behold
That Hengist, whose harsh name erewhile their
cheeks

Blanch'd to cold paleness; they their little hands
Clap, smiling, half delighted, half in dread.
Upon that hated head, from virgin hands,
Rain showers of bloom; beneath those hated
feet

Is strewn a flowery pavement: harp and voice
Hymn blessings on the Saxon, late denoune'd
Th' implacable, inexorable foe.

Lordly they pass'd and lofty; other land
Save Britain, of such mighty despots proud,
Had made a boast of slavery; giant men
In soul as body. Not the Goth more dread,
Tall Alarie, who through imperial Rome
March'd conqueror, nor that later Orient chief,
Turban'd Mohammed, who o'er fall'n Byzance
His moony ensign planted: they, unarm'd,
Yet terrible, when haughty on, of power
A world to vanquish, not one narrow isle.

The hollow vault of heaven is rent with shouts,
Wild din and hurry of tumultuous joy
Waves the wide throng, for lo, in perfect
strength,

Consummate height of manhood, but the glow,
The purple grace of youth, th' ambrosial hue
Of life's fresh morning, on his glossy hair,
His smooth and flushing features, Samor comes.

His name is on the lisping infant's lips,
Floats on the maiden's song; him warrior men
Hail with proud crest elate; him present, deems
Peace timorous mercy on the invading foe.
Around the Kings of Britain, some her shame,
Downy and silken with luxurious ease,
Others more hardy, in whose valiant looks
Were freedom and command: of princely stem
Alone were absent the forsaken King
And his sad son, and those twin royal youths,
Emrys and Uther; nor the Mountain Lord,
With that young eaglet of his race, deign share
The gaudy luxuries of peace; save these,
All Britain's valiance, princedom, and renown
March'd jubilant, with symphony and song.

 Noon; from his high empyreal throne the
 Sun

Floods with broad light the living plain; more
rich
Ne'er blaz'd summer couch, when sea and sky,
In royal pomp of cloudy purple and gold,
Curtain his western chambers, breathing men
Gorgeous and numberless as those bright waves
Flash, in their motion, the quick light; aloof
The banqueters, like gods at nectar feast,
Sit sumptuous and pavilion'd; all glad tones
From trembling string, or ravishing breath or
voice,
In clouds of harmony melt up to Heaven;
O'erwhelming splendour all of sight and sound,
One rich oppression of eye, ear, and mind.”

The harmony of the banquet is soon
interrupted by the treachery of the
Saxons—a general massacre ensues of
the British nobles, from which Samor
alone escapes. He hastens to Gloucester. We pass over the intermediate
events, and proceed to his arrival in the
city.

“ Day pass'd, day sank, 'tis now the dewy
eve,
Beneath him, in the soft and silent light,
Spread the fair Valleys, mead and flowery lawn
With their calm verdure interspers'd allay
The forest's ponderous blackness, or retire
Under the chequering umbrage of dim groves,
Whose shadows almost slumber: far beyond
Huge mountains, brightening in their secret
glens,
Their cold peaks bathe in the rich setting sun.
Sweeps through the midst broad Severn, deep
and dark,
His monarchy of waters, its full flow
Still widening, as he scorn'd to bear the main
Less tribute than a sea; or inland roll'd
Ambitious ocean, of his tide to claim
The wealthy vassalage. High on its marge
Shone the Bright City, in her Roman pomp,
Of bath, and theatre, and basilic,
Smooth swelling dome, and spiring obelisk,
Glittering like those more soft and sunny towns
That bask beneath the azure southern skies
In marble majesty. Silent she stands
In the rich quiet of the golden light.
The banner on her walls its cumbrous folds
Droops motionless. But Samor turn'd aloof,
Where lordly his fair dwelling's long arcade
On its white shafts the tremulous glittering light
Cherish'd and starry with the river dews
Its mantie of gay flowers, the odorous lawn
Down sloped, as in the limpid stream to bathe.”

He enters his palace, and the absence of his family—his household—and the air of desertion spread over the whole mansion, tell that the Saxons have been there before him. From the palace window he beholds their flag waving over the city. He rushes forth in agony.

“ Beneath a primrose bed,
Half veil'd, and branching alder that o'er-
droop'd
Its dark green canopy, a slumbering child—
If slumber might be call'd, that but o'erspread
A wan disquiet o'er the wither'd cheek,
Chok'd the thin breath that through the pallid
lip
Scarce struggled, clos'd not the soft sunken eye.
Well Samor knew her, of his love first pledge,
First, playfillest, and gentlest: he but late
Luxurious in the fulness of his wo,
Clings to this 'lorn hope, like a drowning man,
Not yet, not yet in this rude world alone.
Lavish of fond officious zeal, he bathes
With water from the stream her marble brow,
Chafes her; and with his own warm breath re-
calls
The wandering life, that like a waning lamp
Glimmer'd anon, then faded: but when slow
Unfix'd her cold unmeaning eye regain'd
Brief consciousness, powerless her languid arm
Down fell again, half lifted in his hair
To wreath as it was wont, with effort faint
Strove her hard features for a woful smile:
And the vague murmurs of her lips 'gan fall
Intelligible to his ear alone.”

The expiring child relates to her father the surprise of his castle—and the massacre of his consort and family—by the Saxons, in verses conspicuous at once for their simplicity and beauty. During the confusion she had concealed herself, and did not venture forth till she heard them quitting the palace.

“ Then all was silent, all except the dash
Of distant oars; I cried aloud, and heard
But my own voice, I search'd yet found I none;
Not one in all these wide and lofty halls,
My mother, my sweet brothers gone, all gone.
Almost I wish'd those fierce men might return
To bear me too in their dread arms away.
Hither I wander'd, for the river's sound
Was joyous to the silence that came cold
Over my bosom, since the Sun hath shone,
Yet it seem'd dark—but oh, 'tis darker now,
Darker, my Father, all within cold, cold.
The soft warmth of thy lips no more can reach
This shuddering in my breast—yet kiss me still.

Vain, all in vain; that languid neck no more
Rises to meet his fondness, that pale hand
Drops from his shoulder, that woed voice hath
spent
Its last of sweetness.”

Samor devotes himself to the cause of his country, vows never to sheathe his sword so long as a Saxon foe stains its soil, and the lines we are about to quote from the beginning of the sixth book de-

scribe, in a very masterly manner, the effect of his exhortations upon his oppressed compatriots.

“ A voice, o'er all the waste and prostrate
isle

Wandereth a valiant voice; the hill, the dale,
Forest and mountain, heath and ocean shore
Treasure its mystic murmurs; all the winds
From the bleak moody East to that soft gale
That wantons with the summer's dewy flowers,
Familiar its dark burthen waft abroad.

Is it an utterance of the earth? a sound
From the green barrows of the ancient dead?
Doth fierce Cassivelan's cold sleep disdain
That less than Cæsar with a master's step
Walk his free Britain? Doth thy restless grave,
Bondea, to the slavish air burst ope,
And thou, amid the laggard ears of war,
Cry ' Harness and away?' But far and wide,
As when from marshy dank, or quaking fen,
Venomous and vast the clouds uproll, and spread
Pale pestilence along the withering land,
So sweeps o'er all the isle his wasting bands
The conqueror Saxon; he, far worse, far worse
His drear contagion, that the body's strength
Wastes, and with feverish pallor overlays
The heaven-shap'd feature; this the nobler soul,
With slavery's base sickliness attains,
Making man's life more hideous than his death.
Thames rolls a Saxon tide; in vain delays
Deep Severn on Plinlimmon's summits rude
His narrow freedom, tame anon endures
Saxon dominion: high with arms uplift,
As he had march'd o'er necks of prostrate kings,
Caswallon on the southern shore of Trent
Drives onward, he nought deeming won, while
aught

Remains unwon. But still that wondrous voice,
Like vulture in the grisly wake of war,
Hovers, and flings on air his descant strange,
' Vengeance and Vigilance!'—in van, in rear,
Around, above, beneath the clouds of Heaven
Enshroud it in their misty folds; earth speaks
From all her caves, ' Vengeance and Vigilance!'

Aye, at that sound the Briton crest assumes
High courage and heroic shame, he wears
With such bold mien his slavery, he might seem
Lord over fortune, and with calm disdain
He locks his fetters, like proud battle arms.
Without a foe o'er this wide land of foes
Marcheth the Saxon. City, tower, and fort
On their harsh hinge roll back their summon'd
gates,

With such a sullen and reluctant jar,
Submission seems defiance. Though to fear
Impassive, scarce the Victor dare unfurl
Banner of conquest on the jealous air.
Less perilous were frantie strife, were wrath
Desperate of life, and blind to death, wild hate
Of being struck all heedless so it strike,
Than this high haughty misery, that fierce wo
Baffles by brave endurance, and confronts
With cold and stern contentedness all ill,
Outrage, and insult, ravage, rape, and wreck,
That dog barbaric Conquerors march of war.
'Tis like the sultry silence, ushering forth
The thunder's cloudy chariot, rather like
The murky smothering of volcanic fire
Within its rocky prison; forth anon
Burst the red captive, to the lurid heaven
Upleaps, and with its surging dome of smoke
Shuts from the pale world the meridian Sun.”

The remainder of the book relates the heroic deeds of the "Avenger" previous to the assembly of the British forces. He is uniformly successful. Nothing resists his arm. Saxon after Saxon falls beneath his sword, and the fame of his prowess at once impresses the enemy with mysterious dread, and inspires his countrymen with hope. We would willingly lay before our readers the beautiful episode of Abisa and Mysanwy, but the extent to which this article has already grown will not permit us.

Book the seventh opens with the following grand and glowing eulogium on the patriotic and lofty-minded but suffering Samor :

" How measureless to erring human sight
Is glory ! Glorious thy majestic state,
Hengist ! with captive cities for thy thrones,
And captive nations thy pale satellites,
Britain, with all her beauty, power and wealth,
Thy palace of dominion. Glorious thou,
Caswallon, in Caer Ebrane's stately courts,
By the slow waters of the wandering Ouse,
Bright-sceptred Renegade ! Even in your crimes
Glitters a dazzling and meteorous pomp,
Though your wild voyage hath laid through
waves of blood.

Ye ride triumphant in your royal port ;
But he, sad Pilgrim, outcast and forlorn,
How doth the midnight of his honour shame
Your broad meridian, his wild freedom pass
Your plenitude of sway, his nakedness
Transcend thy sweeping purples, rayed with
gold !

Nor wanteth to his state its gorgeous pride,
And high peculiar majesty ; the pomp
Of the conspiring elements sheds on him
Tumultuous grandeurs ; o'er his midnight couch,
Amid the seath'd oaks of the mountain moor,
On its broad wings of gloom the tempest stoops.
Around his head in crystal coronets
The lightning falls, as though thy fiery hand,
Almighty ! through the rolling clouds put forth,
Did honour to the Freeman. Mighty winds
And the careering thunders spread around
Turbulent music ; darkness rivals day,
And day with darkness vies in stateliest pride
The Avenger's lofty miseries to array.
When from the East forth leaps the warrior Sun,
In panoply of golden light, dark cowers
His own proud eagle, marvelling what strong
form,

Uprising to usurp his haughty right,
Drinks in the intense magnificence with brow
Undazzled and unshrinking ; nor to him
Fails homage from the living shapes of earth ;
On him the savage, fierce and monstrous, fawn
Tame adoration ; from his rugged sleep
The wild boar, sleek his bristling wrath, aloof
Shrinks ; the grim wolf no more his rest disturbs,
Than the calm motion of the moon she bays."

The all-enduring chief continues his labours in the cause to which he has devoted his whole efforts. He visits every part of the island in succession, and rouses the inhabitants against their cruel and treacherous invaders.

" Now his path
Through Towey's vale winds velvet soft and
green.

The year is in its waning autumn glow,
But the warm Sun, with all his summer love,
Hangs o'er this gentle valley, loath to part
From the blue stream that to his amorous beams
Now her cool bosom spreads, now coyly slides
Under her alder shade, whose umbrage green,
Glancing and breaking the fantastic rays,
The deep dark mirror frets with mazy light.
A day that seems in its rich moon to blend
All seasons choice deliciousness, high hung
On Dinevaur and Carreg Cennon rude,
And on bold Drusslyn gleam'd the woods their
hues,

Changeful and brilliant, as their leaves had drank
The sun's empyreal fountains ; not more bright
The groves of those Atlantic Isles, where rove
(Dream'd elder Poesy such fancies sweet)
The spirits of the brave, stern Peleus' son,
And Diomed, through bowers that the blue air
Arch'd with immortal spring of fragrant gold.
The merry birds, as though they had o'er dream'd
The churlish winter, spring-tide virelays
Carolling, pruned their all-forgotten plumes
Upon the sunny shallow lay the trout
Kindling the soft gems of its skin ; the snake
As fresh and wanton in its green attire
Wound its gay rings along the flowery sward.¹²

For awhile he surrenders himself to
the beauty of the scene ; his meditations
are interrupted by the gentle dashing of
oars—a vessel appears gliding up the
stream :

" Slow up the tide the gaudy bark comes on,
Her oars scarce startling the unruffled air ;
The waters to her swan-like prow give place,
Along the oar-blades leap up to the sun
In lucid flakes, and dance, as 'twere their sport
To waft that beauteous freight. And exquisite
As that voluptuous Memphian on the stream
Of Cydnus, leading with bliss-breathing smiles
Her throngs of rash beholders, glided down
To welcome to his soft imprisonment
The Lord of half the world, so wend'reous fair
Under an awning cool of fluttering silk
The Lady of that graceful galley sate.
But not in her instinct the melting form
With passion, the smooth limbs in dazzling glow
Translucent through the thin lascivious veil,
Skilful with careless blandishments to fire
The loose imaginations, she herein
Least like that Oriental harlot Queen.
Of all her shape, of all her soul, was pride
The sustenance, the luxury, the life.
The innate scorn of her full eye repaid
With lofty thanklessness the homage fawn'd
By her fair handmaids, and her oarmen gay,
Who seem'd to wanton in their servile toil.
Around she gaz'd, as in her haughtiness
She thought that God had form'd this living
pomp
Of woodland, stream, and rock, her height of
soul
To pamper, that to welcome her the earth
Attiret its breathing brightness, and the sun
Only on her look'd from his azure sphere."

Samor recognises in this beauteous and haughty personage the cause of his

country's misfortunes—Rowena—and is almost tempted to take instant vengeance. He recollects her sex, checks the unworthy thought, and advancing to the shore, is accosted by the queen at first in proud, but soon in softer terms—she invites him to Caer Merdyn—and Samor—unwilling as he is to trust the Saxon faith, yet anxious to make a last effort to awaken Vortigern to a sense of his duties—consents. He enters the vessel. Rowena gazes upon the majestic figure and noble features of the "Avenger," with an admiration that speedily kindles into the deepest love. We select the passage in which the birth of her illicit passion is related as one of its kind among the finest in the language.

— " Set forth
Upon its dancing voyage down the tide,
The bark obeisant to its dashing oars.
But those gay rowers veering with the wind
Of soft court favour, 'gan with subtle joy
And cold factitious transport hail again
Their gentle peer, their old and honour'd friend.
But with a glance the imperial Lady froze
To silence their smooth-lying lips, nor brook'd
Idle intrusion on her rapturous feast.
Deep drank she in the majesty and pomp,
Wherewith instinct the Avenger moved and
spake,
And what high beauty from heroic soul
Emanates on the outward shape, nor pall'd
On her insatiate appetite the joy;
Till that commerced deep of stately thoughts.
Proud admiration, and intense delight
In what is heart-subliming, towering, grand,
Regenerate from the trance that bath'd her sense,
Sprang up a fiery passion, o'er her flow'd
Seeret the intoxicating ecstasy,
Love, dangerous, deep, intolerable love.
What beauteous seeming and magnificent,
Weareth that brilliant sin! now not o'er her
Came it in melting languor, soft and bland,
But like her own high nature, eminent,
Disdainful, and elate, allied to all
That beautified, that glorified, and seem'd
Mysterious union of upsoaring spirits,
Wedding of lofty thought with lofty thoughts,
And the fine joy of being to this earth
A thing of wonder: and as floats the air
Clear, white, and stainless in the highest heavens,
Seem'd from its exaltation fresh and pure,
Above all taint her amorous madness rose.
Had it seem'd love, her very pride had quell'd
The unplumed fantasy, her inbred scorn
Warr'd on the young infirmity; but now
Upon her soul's bold crest it planted high
Its banner of dominion, and she hail'd
Its coming as a guest of pomp and power."

Arrived at Caer Merdyn, he finds Vortigern—his kingdom shrunk to a principality, and his person guarded by Saxons,—an object of hatred to his people, and contempt to himself. When Samor enters, he finds him a prey to his own reproaches. Aneurin, the bard, endeavours to soothe the grief of his royal mas-

ter, but the aged minstrel is himself too touched with sorrow to call from his harp any but

" Such melodies at tragic midnight heard
Mid a deserted city, gliding o'er
The deep green moss of tower and fane o'erthrown,
Had seem'd immortal sorrows in the air,
O'er man's inconstant grandeur. Sad such wreck,
More sad, more worthy Angels' wo the waste
And desolation of a noble mind,
High fertile faculties run wild and rank,
Bright fiery qualities in darkness slaked."

To the noble and generous remonstrances of Samor, Vortigern replies in a strain that proves the baseness of his nature. Envy, that vilest of passions, preys upon his soul—Envy of the man on whom his own weakness and disastrous passion have brought down ruin, cut off from all domestic joys, and whose sole consolation and support in the misery with which his sovereign's culpable rashness and confidence in the enemies of his people, had involved him, is the proud consciousness of labouring sincerely, earnestly, and with his whole strength of mind and body, for the restoration of his country. Samor quits him, less in anger and disdain, than pity at his fall from the eminence on which stood Vortigern when on the field of Arles, his compeers hailed him king of Britain. The "Avenger" departs from his presence—but Rowena, who has listened with passionate admiration to the lofty speech of the British hero, follows, and astonishes him by the open and fervent declaration of her lawless affection. To his exclamation

— " This then the close
To all thy lavish love of Vortigern!"

she replies,

" My love! he was a King, upon his brow
The beauty of a royal crown, his height
Dominion, like a precious mantle, dipt
In heaven's pure light array'd, and o'er him flung
Transcendent grandeur: above all he stood,
And I by such fond splendours wooed and won,
Took seat upon his eminence; a plant
To spread, and mantle an imperial throne,
Not like tame ivy round a ruin creep,
Or wreath the tomb of royalty. His pride
I wedded, not his shame; bats may not build
With the light-loving lark, He, he himself
By self-abasement has divorc'd me, set
Distance between us wide and far as heaven
From the black pit of infamy."

All her efforts to kindle in the bosom of Samor the guilty passion that burns in her own, are vain, and she suffers him to depart, though not till she has made a fruitless attempt to shake his courage by

the introduction of her Saxon guards. But her attachment has taken too deep root to be thus suddenly quenched. She calls for her steed, and, unaccompanied, follows Samor. Him she discovers—such is the *instinct* of love—slumbering in sweet serenity on a wild and fern-covered heath.—Rowena breathes a blessing on the sleeping prince—

“ He wakes—

Oh, hateful, even in slumber that harsh name Grates on his sense.—His eyes unfold, nor start, So soft the vision; wonder's self is calm, And quaffs it in with mild unshrinking gaze. Her long bright hair, like threads of silver streak The moonlight, her fair forehead's marble arch Wild joyous fearfulness, extatic doubt Bathe with the dewyness of melting snow, Ere yet unblanch'd its stainless glitter pure. Oh, soft and slow that melody of mien Steals o'er the slumber, ere the reason woke, The sense was drunken, one hand folded her's That answer'd not its pressure, nor withdrew, Tremulous, yet motionless: his rising head Found on her other arm such pillowing soft, As the fond ringdove on its mate's smooth down. They spake not, mov'd not. 'Tis the noon of night, Hour known to Samor not by sign or sound Of man's wise art to mark the fleeting time, Nor changing of the starry heavens; but e'er By motion of the secret soul by calm Habitual sliding into the sooth'd heart, Distinct from turbulent day and weary eve, Emerie's own hour, her consecrated spot In his life's wilderness. She comes, she comes, The clouds have dropt her from their silvery folds; The mild air wafts her, the rank earth impure Stainless she skims, distrust, doubt, fear, no place Find in the sinless candour of her mien. In languid soft security she melts On Samor's fever'd soul, she fills his sense, Her softness like the nightingale's first notes After rude evening, o'er his passions steals: He cast not off Rowena's hand, it fell As from a dead man's grasp; slow rose his head From its fair zone, as from a bank of snow The winter traveller, by its smoothness guil'd Almost to deathful sleep; he dares not now Welcome that heavenly visitant, nor could, Nor would he her mild rescue bid depart. Nor dares he now with chill abhorrence shrink From that empassion'd Lady; on his lips Clung wretched, pale, beseechingness, that framed Nor word nor sound. But time for thought in her Gave time for shame, for struggling pride gave time. 'Thou deem'st me loose, wild, wanton, deem'st me come To lure thee with light sweets of lawless love, Hunting mine own shame through the midnight woods. Oh false, all false.—How thee shall I persuade, Aye me! that scarce' persuade myself, 'twas chance, 'Twas fate, 'twas ministration of bad spirits, That led me thoughtless, hopeless—did I say Hopeless? yet scorn not thou, the lightest won Are oft best won. Oh why, ere now so mild, So gentle, why so stern, so ghastly still?’

‘ Thou lov'st my pride, my honour, my renown. Now, Queen Rowena, may'st thou do a deed Shall make my pride thine own, make thee my fount Of honour, all my noontide of renown On thee in all its golden brilliance shine; And if henceforth man's voice cry out, High deeds Hath Samor's arm achiev'd, thy heart shall bound And thy lips answer, ‘ Mine! all mine! and I Will bless thee, thank thee, praise thee for that truth.’

He conjures her to leave him—

“ She struggled yet to wear the lofty light That flush'd her brow, she struggled, and she fell, Her white arms round his neck. Light as the breeze Pass'd over his cheek. Then back She started, seized her courser's rein; far, far The rocks gave answer to its trampling hoofs.”

Samor pursues his journey—and on his way meets Argantyr, one of the few among Saxons whose genuine nobility of soul claimed kindred in the heart of the British chief, “ and had his claims allowed.” Argantyr, eager to revenge the blood of his countrymen, dares Samor to the combat, while the latter, remembering the virtues of his enemy, and the “indignant joy” with which he beheld his escape from the massacre at the banquet of peace, is unwilling to combat so generous a foe:

“ But on Argantyr sprung, as wanton boy To the cool health of summer streamlet pure, Around, above, beneath his winged sword Leaps in its fiery joy, red, fierce and far As from a midnight furnace start the sparks. As brazen statue on proud palace top, Shakes off the pelting tempest, so endur'd Samor, but not in patient hope austere Of victory; but habitual skill and power Protracting long the cold indifferent strife; Till twice that sword that in its downward sweep Flash'd the white sunlight, cloudy rose and dim With ominous purple: then his nature burst Its languid bonds, not front alone to front; But soul to soul the riot of the fight They mingle, like to giddy chariot wheels The whirling of their swords, as fierce the din Of buckler brast, helm riven, and breastplate cloven, As when the polar wind the ice field rends. Such nobleness sublime of hideous fight From Ilion's towers her floating mantled dames Saw not, nor Thebes, when Capaneus call'd down Jove's thunder, and disdain'd its fall, nor pride Of later Bards, when mad Orlando met On that frail bridge the giant Sarzan king, And with him in the boiling flood dash'd down, Till that fond eagerness, that brave delight O'erpower'd frail nature, breathless each, and each Careless, yet conscious of deep trenching wounds, For admiration paus'd, for hope, for power To satiate the unwearying strong desire.”

Before either can lay claim to victory, the duel is broken off by the appearance of Hengist and Rowena, and the book closes with Samor's pursuance of his route to the British camp.

The eighth book is replete with events of the most interesting nature—and the meeting of Samor with Merlin, the sage and prophet—Gloucester's conference with his holy and ancient friend, Germain, Bishop of Britain—Rowena's renunciation of Vortigern, and the faith of her ancestors,—furnish ample scope for the rich and glowing genius of the poet. We extract the following passage from the vision of Merlin, as related by him to Samor.—Merlin is supposed to have beheld the future fates of Britain unveiled before him on the alpine solitudes of Snowdon by the Destroying Angel. With the extracted lines commences the prophecy.

" Grandeur there are, to which the gates of heaven
Set wide their burnish'd portals: midnight feels
Cherubic splendours ranging her dun gloom,
The tempests are ennobled by the state
Of high seraphic motion; I have seen,
I, Merlin, have beheld. It stood in light,
It spake in sounds for earth's gross winds too pure.
Between the midnight and the morn 'twas here
I lay, I know not if I slept or woke,
Yet mine eyes saw. Long, long this heart had
yearn'd,
Mid those rich passings and majestic shows
For shape distinct, and palpable clear sound.
It burst at length, yea, front to front it stood,
The Immortal Presence. I clench'd up the dust
In the agony and rapture of my fear,
And my soul wept with terror and deep joy.
It stood upon the winds, an Angel, plumed,
And mail'd, and crown'd; his plumes cast forth
a tinge
Like blood on th' air around: his arms, in shape,
Ethereal panoply complete, in hue
The moonlight on the dark Llanberis lake,
A bright blue rippling glister; for the crown
Palm leaves of orient light his brow enwreath'd,
That bloom'd in fair divinity of wrath,
And beautiful relentless austere.
Knowledge was in my heart, and on my lips;
I felt him, who he was—Archangel! hail,
Destroyer! art not thou God's Delegate,
To break the glassy glories of this world?
The gem-knosp'd diadem, the ivory ball,
Sceptre and sword, imperial mantle broad,
The Lord of Nations, Thundershaft of war,
Are glorious on the pale submissive earth:
Thou com'st, and lo, for throne, for sword, for
king,
Bare ashes and thin dust. Thou art, that aye
The rich-tower'd cities sinoulder'st to pale heaps
Of lazy moss-stones, and aye after thee
Hoots Desolation like a dank-wing'd owl
Upon the marble palaces of Kings.
Thou weist, when old Assyrian Nimiveh
Sank to a pool of waters, waste and foul;
Thou, when the Median's brow the massy tiar
Let fall, and when the Grecian's brazen throne
Sever'd and split to the four winds; and now

Consummatest thy work of wreck and scorn,
Even on Rome's Cæsars, making the earth sick
Of its own hollowness. Archangel! hail,
Vicegerent of destruction, Cupbearer,
That pour st the bitter liquor of Heaven's wrath,
A lamentable homage pay I thee,
And sue thee tell if Britain's days are full,
Her lips for thy sad beverage ripe.' Thereat
Earthward his sunny spear its lucid point
Declin'd, and lo, a White Horse, through the
land

Ranging in stately speed; our city gates
Shrunk open at his coming, our fair fields
Wither'd before him, so his fiery breath
Flar'd broad amazement through the gasping
land.

Triumph was in the trampling of his feet,
And the strong joy of mockery, for he trod,
On broken principalities; his mane
Familiar Conquest, as a rushing wind,
Fann'd in loose brilliant streamings.—' False-
lipp'd Seer,
Thou spak'st of gladness, and thy ominous tone
Is darkness and dismay.'—' Hark, Warrior,
hark:

That wanton mane was trail'd down to the dust,
That fiery trampling falter'd to dull dread,
That pale victorious steed, Thee, Thee I saw,
Visible as thou stand'st, with mastering arm,
Drag down, and on his strong and baffled neck
Full trod thy iron-sandal'd heel. The sight
Was wine unto my soul, and I laugh'd out,
And mock'd the ruinous Seraph in the clouds.

• Yet stood he in the quiet of his wrath,
Angelie Expectation, that awaits
Calmly till God accomplish God's high will,
Full on his brow. Then stoop'd the spear again,
And lo, Seven Steeds, like that pale One, be-
strode

The patient Isle, and they that on them rode
Wore diadem and regal pall; then rose
To war against those royal riders fierce,
From a round table, Knights in sunlike arms,
Shields bossy with rich impress quaint, and
fair

Their coursers, as the fire-hoof'd steeds of
Morn.
To white arm'd Ladies in a stately court
Bards hymn'd the deeds of that fine chivalry,
And their crown'd Captain's title smote mine
ear,

' Arthur of Bretagne.'—Years went rolling on,
Cloudy, discordant, and tempestuous years,
For the sword reap'd the harvest of the land,
And battle was the may game of her sons.
And lo, a Raven, o'er the Eastern sea,
Swoop'd desolation on the Isle; her wings
Blasted where'er they wav'd, the earth wept
blood

In her foul talons' gripe. But he that rode
On the White Steed, the Sovereign of the Land,
(Patience, Avenger, patience!) fair was he,
That Sovereign, as the virgin's spring-tide dream,
Holy as new anointed Christian Priest,
Valiant as warrior burnish'd for the fight,
Fond and ecstatic, as love-dreaming Bard,
Solemn and wise, as old Philosopher,
Stately, as kingborn lion in the wood:
As he his fine face heavenward turn'd in prayer,
The Angels bent down from their throning
clouds,

To wonder at that admirable King,
Sky-wandering voices peal'd in transport out—
' Alfred!' the baffled Raven cower'd aloof,
The isle look'd up to heaven in peace and joy."

We pass over the ninth book, not because it is deficient in beauties,—indeed it is full of them—but that excepting Samor's interview with Vortimer, it does but little towards advancing the action of the poem.—Gloucester's daring visit to Caswallon is admirably depicted, and the whole book abounds with passages of eminent excellence, the omission of which we the less regret, as the publication of the poem in this city enables our readers to appreciate them at their leisure.

Book the tenth is comparatively short, and the only extract we shall make are the lines in which is described the kindling by Samor,—who has now rejoined his brothers in arms, and is prepared to meet the Saxons in the field—of the fiery signal of universal insurrection against the invaders.

“ In the pyre he cast a brand.
A moment, and uprush'd the giant fire,
Piercing the dim heavens with its blazing brow,
And on the still air shaking its red locks.
There by its side the Vassals and their King,
Motionless on their shadows huge and dun,
Show'd like destroying Angels, round enwrap'd
In their careering pomp of flame; far flash'd
The yellow midnight day o'er shore and sea;
The waves now ruddy heav'd, now darkly
plung'd,
Upon the rocks, within the wavering light
Strong featur'd faces fierce, and hard-lin'd forms
Broke out and disappear'd; the anchor'd fleet
Were laving their brown sides in rainbow spray,
No sound was heard, but the devouring flame,
And the thick plashing waters.—‘ Keep your faith,
(Cried Samor) ye eternal hills, and ye
Heaven-neighbouring mountains! ’—Eastward
far anon

Another fire rose furious up, behind
Another and another: all the hills
Each behind each held up its crest of flame;
Along the heavens the bright and crimson hue
Widening and deepening travels on, the range
Overleaps black Tamar, by whose ebon tide,
Cornwall is bounded, and on Heytor rock,
Above the stony moorish source of Dart,
It waves a sanguine standard; Haldon burns,
And the Red City* glows a deeper hue;
And all the southern rocks, the moorland downs
In those portentous characters of flame
Discourse, and bear the glaring legend on,
Even to the graves on Ambri plain, where woke
That pallid woman, and rejoic'd, and deem'd
‘ Twas sent to guide her to the tomb she sought.
Fast flash they up, those altars of revenge,
As the snake-tressed Sister torch-bearers,
Th' Eumenides, from the Tartarean depths
Were leaping on from hill to hill, on each
Leaving the tracks of their flame-dropping feet.
Or as the souls of the dead fathers, wrapt
In bright meteorous grave-clothes, had arisen,
And each sate crowning his accustom'd hill,
Silent and radiant: or as th' isle devote
Had wrought down by her bold and frequent guilt
Th' Almighty's lightning shafts, now numberless
Forth raining from the lurid reeking clouds,

And smiting all the heights. On spreads the
train,

Northward it breaks upon the Quantock ridge,
It reddens on the Mendip forests dark,
It looks into the cavern'd Cheddar cliffs,
The boatman on the Severn mouth awakes
And sees the waters rippling round his keel
In spots and streaks of purple light, each shore
Ablaze with all its answering hills; the streams
Run glittering down Plinlimmon's side, though
thick

And moonless the wan night: and Idris stands
Like Stromboli or Aetna, where 'twas feign'd
E'er at their flashing furnace wrought the Sons
Of Vulcan, forging with eternal toil
Jove's never idle thunderbolts. And thou,
Snowdon, the King of mountains, art not dark!
Amid thy vassal brethren gleaming bright.
Is it to welcome thy returning Seer,
That thus above thy clouds, above thy snows
Thou wear'st that wreathed diadem of fire,
As to outshine the pale and winking stars?
O'er Menai's waters blue the gleaming spreads,
The bard in Mona's secret grove beholds
A glitter on his harp-strings, and looks out
Upon the glittering cliffs of Penmanmawr.
Is it a pile of martyrdom above
Clwyd's green vale? beside the embers bright
Stands holy Germain, as a Saint new come
From the pure mansions of beatitude,
The centre of a glory, that spreads round
Its film of thin pellucid gold. Nor there
Pauses the restless Messenger, still on
Vaults it from rock to rock, from peak to peak
Far seen it shimmer'd on Caer-Ebrane's wall,
And Malwyn blew a bugle blast for joy.
The sun uprising sees the dusk night fled
Already from tall Pendle, and the height
Of Ingleborough, sees Helvellyn east
A meteor splendour on the mountain lakes,
Like mirrors of the liquid molten brass.
The brightest and the broadest and the last,
There flakes the beacon glare, and in the midst
Dashing the ruddy sparkles to and fro
With the black remnant of a pine-tree stem,
Stands arm'd from head to foot Prince Vortimer.”

Book the eleventh. The armies meet
—and the Britons are victorious. The
preparations for battle, as well as the
battle itself, are given with all the au-
thor's usual animation. We select the
passage in which Vortigern, who, if he
had been an “ Arcadius in the palace,” redeems the
standard of Britain from the grasp of the
enemy.

“ That sable Warrior, that retired
And careless had look'd on, upon his steed
And in the battle, like a thundercloud
He came, and like a thundercloud he burst,
Black, cold, and sullen, conquering without
pride,
And slaying without triumph! Three that grasp'd
The standard came at once to earth, while he
Over his head with kingly motion sway'd
The bright redeemed ensign, and as fell
The shaken sunlight radiant o'er his brow,
Pride came about him, and with voice like joy
He cried aloud, ‘ Arles! Arles’—and shook his
sword,
‘ Thou'rt won me once a royal crown, and now

* Caer rath, Exeter.

Shall win a royal sepulchre.'—The sword Perform'd its fatal duty, down they fell Before him, Jute and Saxon, nameless men And Chieftains; what though wounds he scorn'd to ward, Nor seem'd to feel, shower'd on him, and his blood Ooz'd manifest, still he slew, still cried, 'Arles! Arles!' Still in the splendour the wav'd standard spread Stood glorying the arm'd darkness of his form; Stood from his wounded steed dismounted, stood Amid an area of dead men, himself About to die, none daring an assault, He powerless of assailing. But the crown That on the flag-staff gleam'd he wrench'd away, And on his crest with calm solicitude Placed it, then planting 'mid the high-heap'd slain The standard, to o'er canopy his sleep, As one upon his nightly couch of down Composes quietly his weary head, So royally he laid him down to die."

The combat between Argantyr and Samor is also drawn with an energy not very customary in modern epics.

"They met, they strove, as with a cloud enwrapt In their own majesty; their motions gave Terror even to their shadows; round them spread Attention like a sleep. Flight paus'd, Pursuit Caught up its loose rein, Death his furious work Ceas'd, and a dreary respite gave to souls Half parted: on their elbows rear'd them up The dying, with faint effort holding ope Their dropping eyelids, homage of delight War from its victims thus exacting. Mind And body engross'd the conflict. Men were seen At distance, for in their peculiar sphere, Within the wind and rush of their quick arms None ventur'd, following with unconscious limbs Their blows, and shrinking as themselves were struck. Like scatter'd shiverings of seath'd oak lay Fragments of armour round them, the hard brass Gave way, and broke the fiery temper'd steel, The stronger metal of the human soul, Valour, endur'd and power thrice purified In Danger's furnace fail'd not. Victory, tired Of wavering to those passive instruments, Look'd to decide her long suspense. Behold Argantyr's falchion, magic wrought, his sire's So fabled, by the Asgard dwarfs, nor hewn From earthly mines, nor dipp'd in earthly fires, Broke short. Th' ancestral steel the Anglians saw, Sign of their Kings, and worship of their race, Give way, and wail'd and shriek'd aloud. The King Collected all his glory as a pall To perish in, and scorn'd his sworded foe To mock with vain defence of unarm'd hand. The exultation and fierce throb of hope Yet had not pass'd away, but look'd to death As it had look'd to conquest, death so well, So bravely earn'd, to warrior fair as life: Stern welcoming, bold invitation lured To its last work the Conqueror's sword. Him flush'd

The pride of Conquest, vengeance long delay'd, Th' exalted shame of victory won so slow, So toilsomely; all fiery passions, all Tumultuous sense-intoxicating powers Conspired with their wild anarchy beset His despot soul. But he—' Ah, faithless sword, To me as to thy master faithless, him Naked at his extreme to leave, and me To guile of this occasion fair to win Honour or death from great Argantyr's arm.' 'Christian, thy God is mightiest, scorn not thou His bounty, nor with dalliance mock thy hour, Strike and consummate!'—' Anglian yes, my God, Th' Almighty, is the mightiest now and ever, Because I scorn him not, I will not strike.' So saying, he his sword cast down. ' Thus, thus Warr'st thou?' the Anglian cried, ' then thou hast won. I, I Argantyr yield me, other hand Had tempted me in vain with that base boon Which peasants prize and women weep for, life: To lord o'er dead Argantyr fate might grant, He only grants to vanquish him alive, Only to thee, well nam'd Avenger!' Then The Captive and the Conqueror th' armies saw Gazing upon each other with the brow Of high-arch'd admiration; o'er the field From that example flow'd a noble scorn Of slaughtering the defenceless, mercy slack'd The ardour of the fight. As the speck'd birch After a shower, with th' odour of its bark Freshens the circuit of the rain-bright grove; Or as the tender argent of Love's star Smiles to a lucid quiet the wild sky: So those illustrious rivals with the light Of their high language and heroic act Cast a nobility o'er all the war. That capture took a host, none scorn'd to yield. So loftily Argantyr wore the garb Of stern surrender, none inclin'd to slay, When Samor held the signal up to spare.'

The twelfth and last book exhibits the victorious chiefs of Britain assembled in solemn council to decide on the fate of the Saxon captives. Samor is appointed judge. Argantyr is acquitted, and set at liberty; but on Hengist the "Avenger's" doom falls unmitigated, and though Rowena pleads with moving eloquence for the life of her father—and appeals for grace to him to whom her affections are still devoted,—Samor, though not without emotion, perseveres in his duty, and—Hengist suffers the penalty of his crimes. Rowena, finding her entreaties useless, collects all her fortitude, and witnesses her father's execution with the calmness and majesty becoming one who has moved in the loftiest rank of society.

"Stately as lily on a sunshine bank, Shaken from its curl'd leaves the o'ercharging dew, Freshens and strengthens its bow'd stem, so white, So brightening to a pale cold pride, a faint And trembling majesty, Rowena sate. On Hengist's dropping lip and knitted brow

Was mockery at her fate-opposing prayer,
And that was all. But she—‘Proud-hearted
Men,
Ye vainly deem your privilege, your right,
Prerogative of your high-minded race,
The glory of endurance, and the state
Of strong resolving fortitude. Here I,
A woman born to melt and faint and fail,
A frail, a delicate, dying woman, sit
To shame ye.’ She endur’d the flashing stroke

Of th’ axe athwart her eyesight, and the blood-
That sprung around her she endur’d: still kept
The lily its unbroken stateliness,
And its pellucid beauty sparkled still,
But all its odours were exhal’d—the breath
Of life, the tremulous motion was at rest;
A flower of marble on a temple wall,
‘Twas fair but lived not—glitter’d, but was cold.’

G.

ART. 4. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

*Further Discoveries in Natural History,
made during a Journey through the
Western Region of the United States.
By Constantine Samuel Rafinesque,
Esq.*

I HAD the pleasure to address you in July, ultimo, and to give you a sketch of my discoveries in ichthyology, conchology, botany, &c. I have visited since the lower parts of the Ohio, the Wabash, Green River, Barrens, Prairies, and the states of Indiana, Illinois, &c. where I have added much to my former discoveries. I shall proceed to enumerate some of them, hoping that they may materially increase our real knowledge, and endeavouring to communicate many facts, under the least possible compass, as usual.

The quadrupeds of North-America have long ago attracted the notice of hunters and naturalists, but two extensive tribes of small animals, had almost totally escaped their notice, I mean the *bats* and the *rats*. Many obvious reasons for this neglect will occur to you, but to enlightened minds no being appears useless or undeserving of notice. I have no hesitation to assert, that these tribes are equally extensive in our country with the *squirrels*, and that 24 species, at least, of bats might be enumerated, and more than 30 of rats. I know for instance, 6 or 7 species of bats from New-York and Pennsylvania; Mr. Lecomte asserts that he has seen as many different ones in Georgia, and I have already detected 9 new species in the western states; they principally belong to the new genera *Noctilio*, *Atalapha*, and *Myopteris*, but I shall consider them, at present, as belonging to the old genus *Vespertilio*, of Linnæus, I call them, therefore,

1. *Vespertilio mystax*. R. (Whisker bat.) Tail two-fifths of total length, upper incisores none, lower 6, 2 warts at the lower jaw, body entirely fallow, top of the head brownish, ears brown, auriculated, longer than the head. Length 5 inches, breadth 14.

2. *Vespertilio humeralis*. R. (Black shoulder bat.) Tail three-sevenths, upper incisores 2, remote, lower 6, body dark brown above, shoulders black, gray beneath, wings, tail, ears and snout blackish, eyes under the hair, ears longer than the head, elliptical, auriculated. Length 3 1-2 inches, breadth 11.

3. *Vespertilio tesselatus*. R. (Netted bat.) Tail half of total length, hairy above, upper incisores 2, remote, lower 6, body fallow above, head pale, dirty fulvous beneath, with a faint fallow collar, shoulders white, wings hairy at the base, with 2 hairy white spots above near the thumb, membrane blackish, netted of fulvous internally and clotted of same externally, shafts fulvous, nose bilobate, ears nearly concealed by the hair. Length 4 inches, breadth 12.

4. *Vespertilio cyanopterus*. R. (Blue wing bat.) Tail one-third, 2 incisores above, 6 beneath, body dark gray above, bluish gray beneath, wings of a dark bluish gray, shafts black, ears auriculated, longer than the head. Length 3 inches, breadth 10.

5. *Vespertilio melanotus*. R. (Black back bat.) Tail one-third, brown above, gray beneath, body blackish above, whitish beneath, wings dark gray, shafts black, ears auriculated, rounded. Length 4 1-2 inches, breadth 12 1-2.

6. *Vespertilio calcaratus*. R. (Spurred bat.) Tail one-third, body dark brown above, dark fallow beneath, wings black, shafts rose-coloured, a spur at the inner side of the elbow, hind feet black. Length 4 inches, breadth 12.

7. *Vespertilio monachus*. R. (Monk bat.) Tail one-fourth, hairy above, fringed laterally, body pale, fallow above and below, head and neck covered with a longer fur of a dark red fallow, wings dark gray, shafts red, hind feet black, nose red, ears concealed in the fur. Length 4 inches, breadth 12.

8. *Vespertilio phaiops*. R. (Black-faced bat.) Tail one-third of total length,

naked, mucronate, body dusky bay above, pale beneath, face, ears and wings blackish, 4 incisores in the upper jaw, 2 on each side, divided by a large flat wart, unequal, the outside ones larger and bitlobed, 6 small incisores at the lower jaw. Length 4 1-2 inches, breadth 13.

9. *Vespertilio megalotis*. R. (Big-eared bat.) Tail three-eighths of total length, body dark gray above, pale gray beneath, ears very large, duplicated, auricules nearly as long. Length 4 inches, breadth 12 inches.

The wild rats of the western states which I have already observed, amount to more than 15 species, of which 10 at least are new, belonging to the genera *Musculus*, *Lemmus*, *Gerbillus*, *Spalax*, *Cricetus*, &c. they are,

1. *Gerbillus megalops*. R. (Big-eye jumping mouse.) Body gray, belly white, eyes black, very large, ears very long, white inside, snout black, tail longer than the body, black with a white tuft at the end. Total length 5 inches, body only 2 inches, in the barrens of Kentucky, &c.

2. *Gerbillus leonurus*. R. (Lion-tail jumping mouse.) Body fallow, ears very long, white inside, tail as long as the body, black, with a fallow tuft at the end. Length 6 inches, body 3.

3. *Spalax trivittata*. R. (Three-striped mole rat.) Body fallow, with 3 large brown stripes above, white underneath, ears small, acute. Length 7 inches, without any tail. In the woods, near brooks, &c.

4. *Cricetus fasciatus*. R. (Brindled stamiter.) Body fallow, brindled, with black on the back, white underneath, legs and tail ringed of black, tail two-fifths of total length, ears oval, acute, pouches hanging outside as bags. Length 3 inches. It burrows in the barrens.

5. *Sorex melanotis*. R. (Black-eared shrew.) Body pale gray, white beneath, ears erect, black outside, white inside, neck and body elongated, tail nearly as long, gray. Length 5 inches. Vulgar name, corn mice.

6. *Sorex cerulescens*. R. (Bluish shrew mouse.) Body bluish above, white beneath, ears large, gray, tail gray, as long as the body. Length 4 inches.

7. *Musculus leucopus*. R. (White-feet mouse.) Body brownish, fallow above, white beneath, head fallow, ears large, blackish, tail as long as the body, pale brown above, gray beneath, legs and feet white. Length 5 inches.

8. *Musculus nigricans*. R. (Blackish rat.) Entirely blackish, belly gray, tail longer than the body and black. Length

6 inches. Common name, black rat or wood rat, lives in woods on seeds and nuts.

9. *Lemmus talpoides*. R. (Mole lemming.) Dark gray, belly whitish, tail one-sixth of total length, ears small. Length 4 inches. Vulgar name, ground mice or snow mice. It burrows like the mole, and burrows in winter between the snow and the ground. It lives on roots, &c.

10. *Lemmus alborvittatus*. R. (White-striped lemming.) Fallow, with 5 white longitudinal stripes, the middle one extending over the head to the nose, tail truncate, one-sixth of total length. Length 4 inches. A most interesting small animal; vulgar name, nursing mouse. The female carries her young on her back, she has 6 pectoral teats; she lives on corn, seeds, &c.

The singular fact in the natural history of the squirrels, that some of them castrate each other, has been doubted by many, but I have now received the testimony of reputable witnesses, who have seen the operation performed; it is done by the females, who unite, several against one male, in the season that they become troublesome to themselves and their young: it is not done without a hard battle, which often lasts a whole day.

This fact may inculcate several moral lessons, one of which is, that we must not despise all the vulgar opinions, but put them to the test of experiment; it is by such a test that I am enabled to acquaint you that the vulgar opinion concerning the hogs devouring the rattlesnakes, is not true; they eat all the harmless snakes, but refuse to eat and even to come near a dead or a live rattlesnake or coppersnake; they even refuse to eat their flesh when boiled with corn and disguised, even the corn itself is refused.

There are at least 20 species of snakes in the western states, many of which are new; I shall notice a few of them.

1. *Coluber argentea*. R. (Silver snake.) Entirely silvery, only 8 inches long.

2. *Coluber rubricella*. R. (Red-breast snake.) Black, breast red, length three or four feet. Harmless.

3. *Coluber velox*. R. (Racer snake.) Black, belly white, tail blue underneath, 3 feet long, slender, very swift.

4. *Coluber ichthyoplagia*. R. (Fishing snake.) Dirty brown, with large irregular spots of a dark brown. Length 5 or 6 feet. It lives on fish; a catfish weighing 12 lb. has been found in the stomach of one of them,

5. *Crotalinius cyanurus*. R. (Blue-tail

rattlesnake.) Yellowish, with large transverse brown bands, tail black above, blue underneath, head fulvous, a black spot under the chin. Length 5 to 6 feet. They sometimes eat and swallow whole rabbits and turkeys.

I have added about 20 species to my former catalogue of the fishes of the Ohio, Wabash, Green River, &c. making altogether nearly 60 species, all new and undescribed except 5 or 6. I have also discovered 4 new genera; here follows their scientific and vulgar names, with the descriptions of some of them. I mean to give their full descriptions, natural history, and figures, in a paper which shall bear the name of *Ichthyologia Ohiensis*.

1. *Lepisosteus platostomus*, R. Alligator fish.
2. *Lepisosteus stenorhynchus*. R. Garfish.
3. *Anguilla laticanda*. R. Ohio Eel.
4. *Cyprinus fasciolaris*. R. Mullet.
5. *Cyprinus trachiaphas*. R. Brown mullet.
6. *Exoglossum argentum*. R. White chub.
7. *Olmerus albula*. R. Whitefish.
8. *Bodianus calliops*. R. Bride perch.
9. *Pogostoma leucops*. R. New genus. White eye.
10. *Erox vittatus*, R. Jack pike.
11. *Erox fasciolaris*. R. Salmon pike.
12. *Catostomus amisopturus*. R. Perch buffaloe.
13. *Catostomus amblodon*. R. Black buffaloe.
14. *Catostomus velifer*. R. Sailor fish.
15. *Glossodon chrysops*. R. Gold-eye herring.
16. *Clupea chrysocloris*. R. Golden shad.
17. *Silurus pallodus*. R. White catfish.
18. *Silurus cerulescens*. R. Blue catfish.
19. *Glanis limosus*. R. Mud catfish.
20. *Accipenser heptipus*. R. Brown sturgeon.
- N. G. 21. *Dinoctus truncatus*. R. Blunt nose sturgeon.

N. G. 22. *Litholepis adamantinus*. R. Diamond fish or devil jack.

This last fish is the greatest wonder of the Ohio, it bears large flinty pentagonal scales, which are ball proof and *strike fire with steel*. This new genus differs from *Lepisosteus* by its oblong shape, mouth under the head, snout elongated, dorsal and anal fins opposite and equal.

My new genus *Dinoctus*, differs from *Accipenser*, by having 2 dorsal fins and no abdominal fins. The *Pogostoma* differs from *Sparus* by having 2 dorsal fins and 6 barbs at the mouth.

Anguilla laticanda. R. Black above, white beneath, head flat, tail rounded, broad, dorsal fin and lateral line beginning over the pectoral fins, reaching 4 feet in length.

Esox vittatus. Brownish above, white beneath, two lateral blackish stripes on each side, anal and dorsal with many rays, this last before the anal. Length from 3 to 5 feet.

Bodianus calliops. Green, with a lateral black band, belly white, back and fins with flexuose black lines nearly diagonal, dorsal fin along the whole back, first ray elongated, prickly, tail entire, eyes red. Length 8 to 9 inches.

Respecting botany, I proceed in my investigation of the vegetation of the western states, and in the inquiry of the geographical range of plants, the results of which may appear in a *Chloris Occidentalis*. I have already seen nearly 800 species of plants in Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, while scarcely 200 were stated to grow there. I have collected many rare plants, and several new genera and species. I have also seen drawings of the famous scarlet and yellow dye of the Osages and Missouri Indians, which is kept by them as a great secret; it was sold for a valuable consideration to the gentleman who has liberally made it known to me. The scarlet dye is the root of a species of *trillium*, the yellow dye is probably a new species of *menispermuno*, or a new genus: both dye readily with alum, and afford a most beautiful and permanent colour.

ART. 5. ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Description of certain Military Sites, in the neighbourhood of New-York, famous during the Revolutionary War; and an Account of the Heights of the Pallisado Rocks, and of the Highlands, as seen by Passengers in the Vessels navigating the Hudson between New-York City and Albany. In a Letter from Captain Alden Partridge to Dr. Mitchell, dated New-York, August 29, 1818. Read to the Lyceum of Natural History, August 31, 1818.

DEAR SIR,

SENSIBLE of the deep interest you feel in the cultivation and diffusion of useful knowledge generally, and especially that which relates more particularly to our own country, I take the liberty to present you with a summary account of my late pedestrian excursion up the North River as far as the village of Haverstraw, for the purpose of determining from barometrical and thermometrical observation, the altitudes of the several most prominent heights and eminences within that distance; and from thence to Judge Pierson's manufactory on the Rammapoo—to ascertain in like manner the altitudes of the high grounds in that vicinity. I left New-York at seven o'clock on the morning of the 24th instant, crossed in the horse-boat to Hoboken, whence I directed my course to Fort Lee, where I intended to commence my observations. I arrived at Fort Lee a little after ten o'clock. Of this work, so celebrated at a very interesting period of our revolutionary contest, scarcely a vestige now remains. The parapet is almost levelled with the common surface of the ground, and the ditch, which must have been very shallow, is nearly filled up. The outlines of the fort, however, can be traced. It was a square, fortified with four bastions. The dimensions of its several parts, which I measured, were as follows, viz. each curtain 36 yards in length—each face of the bastions, 14 yards—each flank, 6 yards, and the diameter of the work, from either curtain to the opposite one, 60 yards—gorges of the bastions the same as the faces. It is situated on a commanding eminence, nearly half a mile from the river, and at an elevation of 341 feet above high-water mark. The ground falls off abruptly in front, next the river; but on the other sides the slope is gradual. As far as I could discover, it commands the country on every side within the range of

cannon shot. It is well situated for a covering work, but is too far from, and too much elevated above the river, to be of essential service in commanding the channel. To have manned it completely would have required a garrison of about 700 men. There were several batteries below the fort, nearer the river, which might have annoyed ships considerably while passing them. I am convinced, however, that the river cannot be defended by batteries at this place. It is too broad, and the channel too straight for that purpose. Ships in passing could be exposed only to a cross-fire, which would not be much regarded. On a craggy precipice, about half a mile to the northeast of Fort Lee, and at an elevation of 301 feet above the river, was situated another small work called Fort Constitution—and sometimes the ten-gun battery. This work is so completely dilapidated, that I found it impossible to trace its outlines or determine its figure. I left the site of Fort Constitution about twelve o'clock, and directed my course northerly, along the summit of the steep rocks, (or palisades,) which I continued for about ten miles, repeating my observations with the barometer, on the most prominent points, and occasionally descending to the river for the purpose of repeating the observations at high-water mark. The prospect from the more elevated parts of these rocks, is very beautiful. The city of New-York is clearly distinguished at the distance of nearly twenty miles. The sound is seen stretching far away to the eastward, and we look down upon all the intervening country as upon a map. A considerable part of Long-Island is also distinctly seen. To the westward, the descent is generally very gradual, into a well-cultivated country. I arrived near the lower cluster about four o'clock, when I left the summit of the rocks, directing my course to the upper cluster, and from thence to the village of Tappan, which I reached (in the rain) a little before sun-set. This village is celebrated as being the place where Major Andre, adjutant-general of the British army, was confined, tried, and executed as a spy, during our revolutionary war. I took my quarters for the night at a public house, kept by Mr. Dubey, postmaster of the place, who soon informed me that was the same house in which Andre was kept a prisoner. He also showed me the room in which he was

confined, and told me it was in very nearly the same state as at the time of his confinement. The dimensions of this room by accurate admeasurement, I found to be as follows, viz. length 18 feet 6 1-2 inches, breadth 11 feet 7 1-2 inches, height 7 feet 5 inches. The north wall is of stone; on the other three sides it is enclosed by brick walls. It has one window on the west side, from which the place of his execution can be seen, and one door at the south end, opening into a passage about 8 feet wide, which crosses the house from east to west.

August 25th. Weather very rainy and unpleasant—I, however, started about eight o'clock, to visit the place of Andre's execution and burial. This is on a beautiful and commanding eminence, about half a mile west from the village of Tappan, at an elevation of 123 feet above the floor of the room in which he was confined, and 200 feet above tide-water in Hudson's river. The place is distinctly marked at a distance by two small cedars about 8 foot high, one of which has grown out of the southeast corner of the grave, and the other on the north side nearly opposite the centre. The grave can be plainly distinguished—it has a small head and foot stone, but without any inscription, and is encompassed by a small enclosure of rough stones loosely placed upon each other. I have been thus minute upon this subject, because I conceive that every circumstance connected with it, cannot fail of being interesting to Americans. Having remained at the grave until I was completely drenched with rain, I returned to my lodgings, and about ten o'clock took up my line of march for the Sloat (so called), where I arrived about 11 o'clock, when the storm having considerably increased in violence, and beating directly in my face, I concluded to halt. I waited until about one o'clock, when the rain abating in some degree, I renewed my march for Nyack landing, where I arrived about four o'clock. Here I repeated my observations at high-water mark, and immediately after commenced climbing the Verdriderker Hook mountain. The ascent is very steep, but I got to the top without much difficulty. The prospect was very fine. After visiting both of its summits, I descended on the north side, and directed my course to the village of Haverstraw, which I reached about sunset, with, I believe, not a dry thread in my clothes. Here I took up my quarters for the night.

August 26th. I started about five o'clock
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in the morning to ascend to the high Terne, a lofty summit west of the village of Haverstraw, and about one mile and a half therefrom. The ascent is steep, and in some places difficult; I, however, reached the top in safety,—visited both the north and south peaks, making the necessary observations on each—enjoyed a noble prospect—descended to the landing—repeated my observations at high-water mark, and returned to my lodgings in about two hours from the time I started. About nine o'clock I left Haverstraw for Rammapoo, (distance 18 miles,) where I arrived about one o'clock. I presented the letters of introduction with which yourself and Mr. Hopkins were so good as to furnish me, and was received by Judge Pierson with all that politeness and hospitality which, from your previous account of him, I had been led to expect. His two sons immediately volunteered to accompany me to the summit of the TORN mountain, (the most elevated peak in the vicinity,) distant from his house about one mile and a half. We started about two o'clock, and in one hour were at the highest summit. The prospect from this elevation is grand. In a clear day New-York can be distinctly seen from it, and although when we were on it, the weather was cloudy, yet we could distinctly see SNAKE HILL in the rear of Hoboken landing. After having made the necessary observations, we commenced the descent of the mountain, and returned about four o'clock. I left the hospitable mansion of Judge Pierson in his carriage (which he politely offered), attended by his son, who accompanied me about four miles; the road then becoming bad, I left the carriage, walked on four miles, and took up quarters for the night.

August 27th. I started at sunrise and walked on twelve miles, which brought me again to Tappan village—where, after paying a second visit to the place of Andre's execution, I took breakfast. I left Tappan about 9 o'clock, and directed my course for the summit of Closter mountain, a little south of the territorial line between New-York and New-Jersey, which I reached in about one hour and a half, and recommenced my observations. I then continued my course southerly, along the summit of the rocks, repeating my observations on the most prominent points, until I arrived at Bompay's Hook, about two miles above Closter dock. As there appeared to be no peaks elevated much above the common range between this place and where I left

the river on the first day, and, as the walking was very bad on the summit, I concluded to cross the river, if possible, and take the post road. I accordingly, with some difficulty, descended the precipice to the shore, where I found several persons engaged in loading a sloop with stones. I made known to them the object of my excursion, and stated to them my wish to cross the river, when the master of the sloop, Captain Branen, immediately volunteered his services and boat to put me over. I landed on the east shore about one o'clock, and immediately commenced my march for New-York. I reached the site of Fort Washington, near the northern extremity of York Island, at four o'clock. This work occupied a commanding situation on the west side of the island, at an elevation of 233 feet above the river. It is, I believe, the highest land on the island, and appears to have been intended, in conjunction with Fort Lee and the other works on the western shore, to command the channel. The objections, however, which I have stated respecting Fort Lee, will apply to Fort Washington. The parapet of this work is now so nearly levelled with the ground, as to render it almost impossible to trace its outlines or determine its figure; it appears, however, to have been a rectangular parallelogram, fortified with four bastions. The front, next the river, can be clearly distinguished. The following are the dimensions of its several parts, from the best measurement I could make of them; length of each flank of the bastion, 5 yards—length of each face, 7 yards—length of the west curtain, next the river, 21 yards—length of the south curtain, 60 yards. On an eminence about one half or three quarters of a mile to the north of Fort Washington, and at an elevation above the river of 229 feet, was another work, called by the British Fort Tryon; but previous to the taking, it, I believe, was called Fort Montgomery. This appears, from the traces of it remaining, to have been a star-fort, and was doubtless intended as an out-work to Fort Washington. I left Fort Washington at half past five o'clock, and arrived at New-York at eight o'clock somewhat fatigued, having walked between 40 and 50 miles this day, several miles of which was over rocks and through bushes without any road. The whole distance walked during the excursion was about 116 miles. The accompanying table contains the results of my observations; to these I have added, the

altitudes of the Catskill Mountains, those of the highlands between Peekskill and Newburg, and also the heights of Neversink Hills, with the other eminences you and myself have ascertained, in the vicinity of this city. The whole will present, I believe, a pretty correct view not only of the most prominent elevations in the immediate vicinity of New-York city, but in the state generally.

Summary of all the memorable Eminences within View of Hudson River, arranged in the Order in which they present themselves to an Observer entering the Bay of New-York at Sandy Hook, and passing by Water to Albany.

Altitude of Mount Mitchill, the highest of the Neversink, - - -	232
Do. of Tompkins' Hill, on Staten Island, - - - - -	307
Do. of Hempstead Hill, on Long Island, - - - - -	319
Do. of the Craggy Cliff, near Weehawk Ferry, - - - - -	175
Do. of Fort Lee, - - - - -	311
Do. of Fort Constitution, near Fort Lee, - - - - -	301
Do. of Lydecker's Bluff, a little below Spiten Devil, - - - - -	378
Do. of the Bluff opposite Spiten Devil, - - - - -	407
Do. of the Bluff a little above Spiten Devil, - - - - -	479
Do. of Bompey's Hook, two miles above Closter Dock, - - - - -	517
Do. of the high Bluff north of Bompey's Hook, - - - - -	549
Do. of Closter Mountain, a little south of the territorial line between New-York and New-Jersey, at lat. 41. - - - - -	539
Do. of the South Peak of the Hook Mountain, immediately north of Nyack, - - - - -	668
Do. of the North Peak of the same, -	640
Do. of the South Peak of the high Bluff, near Haverstraw, - - - -	693
Do. of the North Peak of the same, -	852
Do. of the Torn Mountain, above Pierson's Manufactory, - - - -	763
Do. of the same above tide-water, -	1067
Do. of Pierson's above tide-water, -	299
Do. of Fort Washington, on York Island, - - - - -	238
Do. of Fort Tryon, a little north of Fort Washington, - - - -	229
<i>Highlands between Peekskill and Newburgh.</i>	
Altitude of Anthony's Nose, on the east side of the river, - - - - -	935
Do. of the Sugar Loaf, on the east side, - - - - -	866

Do. of Bare Mountain, on the west side, - - - - -	1350
Do. of Fort Putnam, on the west side, - - - - -	598
Do. of West Point Plain, on the west side, - - - - -	133
Do. of the Crow's Nest, on the west side, - - - - -	1413
Do. of Bull Hill, on the east side, - - - - -	1486
Do. of Break-Neck Hill, on the east side, - - - - -	1187
Do. of Butter Hill, on the west side, - - - - -	1529
Do. of New Beacon, on the east side, - - - - -	1535
Do. of the Old Beacon, on the east side, - - - - -	1471
<i>Catskill Range.</i>	
Altitude of the Round Top, above tide water, - - - - -	3304
Do. of the same above the base of the range, - - - - -	3105
Do. of the High Peak, above tide water, - - - - -	3718
Do. of the same above the base of the range, - - - - -	3019
Do. of the base of the range, above tide-water, - - - - -	699

I remain yours, with the greatest respect,

A. PARTRIDGE.

For the American Monthly Magazine.
ON THE IMPORTANCE, AND RESTORATION
OF THE NOSE.

MR. EDITOR,

Among the multifarious subjects that are discussed in your Magazine, I have never found that the *human nose* has been mentioned. Permit me therefore to talk to you about the nose in "the human face divine."

The nose is not only a protuberant and conspicuous portion of the visage, but it is also one of the grandest features of the face. Take away the nose, or mutilate it, or increase it with *spiritous excrescences*, and the physiognomy is ruined. The very idea of a man or woman without a nose, or with a bad nose is shocking.

On the other hand, a well proportioned, a sound and healthy nose contributes not only to the dignity and beauty of man, but it is so convenient and useful, and in fact so important a member of the face, that it always received ample attention from the *ancient* writers and philosophers. The "philosophy of noses" was held in the highest estimation. As for the modern gentry of that sort *e. gr.* writers and philosophers, they seldom or never mention the word *nose* in any of their works, except it be in their *Nosologies*. *Nosology*, you know, means not the doc-

trine or description of *Noses*, but of *diseases*, being derived from the Greek (which language, sir, is an inexhaustible fund for new *ologies*, witness the works of all terminalogists and learned discoverers, down to C. S. Rafinesque) *Nosea*, a disease, and *Λόγος*, a description. It is evident then an author of a *Nosology* will necessarily devote but a few words to the nose, unless he should expatiate under the head of *Nosea*. Think not, however, sir, that the ancient importance and respectability of the nose is never to be revived. I am happy to inform you that Professor *Graefe* of Berlin has made it his study, and outstripped all his predecessors, in rendering *material* service to that momentous article, nay, he even makes excellent new noses where they have been wanting: More of this below. I might furnish you with various extracts from various writings, in various tongues, and of various times and countries, all tending to prove, and set in a proper point of view, the value of the nose. But I will not trouble you so much at present. In the *Illustrations of Sterne*, by John Ferriar, the author speaks of "Gaspar Tagliacozzi, or, according to the pedantic fashion of the times, Taliacotius, a professor at Bologna, who had the misfortune of being too learned for his time, in D'Alembert's phrase, *trop instruit pour son siècle*." Alas! it is the case of too many in our own "sicle." Because in knowledge they are a century ahead of their contemporaries, they are styled "fools." Well, sir, the first part of Gasper's book, *De Curtorum Chirurgia*, however, was sufficiently accommodated to the prevailing taste. It contains several chapters on the dignity of the face and its different features; the fifth and sixth chapters are bestowed upon the nose, and contain much philosophy.—In the fifth chapter there is a laboured description of the deformity resulting from the mutilation of this important feature. When the nose is cut off, we are told, "that the gulps and recesses of the inward parts are disclosed; vast vacuities open, and caverns dark as the care of *Trophonius*; to the dismay and terror of the beholders." Lib. i. cap. v. "There is besides," says Taliacotius, "something august and regal in the nose, either because it is the sign of corporeal beauty and mental perfection, or because it denotes some peculiar aptness and wisdom in governing." Many historical examples might be cited to corroborate this nasal character. Josephus says, the nose is of such estimation, that upon the beauty and

configuration thereof depend the highest ecclesiastical dignities, the noblest governments, and the most extensive kingdoms. On the physiognomonic doctrine of the nose, Taliacotius has said a great deal, and *LAVATER* has left nothing unsaid. This latter gentleman is one of the few moderns who have meritoriously discussed the subject.

Taliacotius, this learned Italian surgeon, made brilliant discoveries on the union of living parts, which have accidentally remained so obscure, that successive sons of the healing art have either unwittingly trodden in his steps, or they had not sufficient candour and justice to give credit to his knowledge and experience. He certainly repaired mutilated noses, and supplied deficient parts, by taking additional substance from the patient's arm. Though his artificial noses laboured under some inconveniences, yet whatever may be said on the subject, the chief merit of the discovery is undoubtedly due to Taliacotius. It is just to mention in this place that a similar practice is known in Asia, where the point of the nose is an object of so much importance, and that the new part is supplied from the patient's own forehead.

Recent communications from Germany state, that professor *GRAEFE* of Berlin, has lately proved that the process by which Taliacotius was enabled, upwards of two centuries since, to restore lost noses (which process has been improved by Prof. G.) is not so absurd and fabulous as it has been generally considered. The person upon whom he has most successfully performed the operation which confirms the reality of the process, is named *Michael Schubring*. This man, who is 28 years old, lost his nose in the campaigns of 1812 and 1813 by the stroke of a sabre. The operation took place in the Chirurgo-clinical Institution of the University of Berlin, of which Mr. Graefe is director, in the presence of the principal civil and military authorities of the capital, and a numerous assemblage of students. The nose was formed from the skin of the arm, which was maintained in a suitable position, until *the arm was grown fast to the man's face!* The success of the operation answered the most sanguine expectations, and the patient obtained a well-shaped nose, with two perfect nostrils, and cartilage, which performs all the functions of a natural organ.—As this first experiment had proved so satisfactory, it became an object of considerable interest to try the method practised in India, and twice repeated

with the best success by Mr. Carpue in London. By a comparison of the two methods, a rational opinion might be formed of their respective merits. A fit subject for this second experiment was soon found in the person of *Christian Müller*, a woman of 50, who had long lost her nose in consequence of a cancerous affection. The operation was performed on the 29th of July, 1817, and a new nose formed from the skin of the forehead. It was attended with no difficulty; and the healing of the new nose is so perfectly satisfactory that the woman declares herself completely compensated by it for the natural one. Mr. Graefe designs to publish a comparison of the two methods founded on his own experiments, which will demonstrate the superior advantages and success attending the formation of the new organ from the skin of the arm, whereby also the disfigurement arising from the scar on the forehead is avoided. An eye witness of the first operation informed me, last winter, that M. Schubring, before he lost his *original* nose, had been engaged to a young lady, to be married as soon as he should return from the wars. But alas! his nose was left on the field of battle, the fair daughter of Germany hesitated to fulfil her promise—and contrary to so many examples around her, refused to reward the constancy and valour of her lover with conjugal felicity. To the great relief and consolation of both distressed parties Dr. Graefe performs a most valuable experiment. The patience of Michael, whilst nature and art, during several months, combined to repair his face, and restore his nose, was unexampled. At the expiration of his confinement, his fair lass could no longer refuse, but forthwith submitted to be united in the bonds of matrimony to her rightful and constant lover.

With the hope that these remarks and facts relative to noses, and the restoration and repairing of noses, may be acceptable,

I am, Yours respectfully,
An admirer of a good
NOSE.

Sketch of a Journal from Paris to England (via Holland) in 1805, in a Series of Original Letters, written from memory, by a Lady, in 1810.

DEAR H.

Having previously experienced repeated disappointments, we received our passport, and proceeded immediately to the *Bureau des diligences*, where we secured two places in the Antwerp coach, for

the Saturday following: thus, we avoided the loss of further time, and prepared with the utmost speed for our journey. We left the house of my much esteemed friends on the Friday evening. Great and sincere was the regret I felt at quitting persons, to whom I owed so much, and for whose kind attentions I shall ever preserve the most heart-felt gratitude. We went from their hospitable roof to the Inn, from whence the coaches departed, accompanied by M. Alard, and M. Zollikoffer (a nephew of the celebrated Pastor) who entreated the guard to take great care of us during the journey. He really fulfilled the promise he had made him, and was very attentive.

At three o'clock (in December) on the following morning, we were told the coach was ready, and Monsieur le maître d'hôtel, had prepared two basins of soup, which, notwithstanding the English may laugh at the idea, was much better than tea would have been. On entering the Diligence, by the light of a lantern, I perceived two females, one about sixty and the other a young woman, who proved to be her niece—she was very vulgar. The old lady soon began to talk very strangely, and I afterwards found she was deranged—not the most pleasant discovery you will allow. Her niece was talkative in the extreme, I was asked a thousand questions before day-light, and really believe she thought us, poor islanders, the oddest beings imagination could picture. How far her ideas were correct, I cannot venture to say, while writing to one, lest I should get into disgrace. We stopped at a little village, about 30 miles from Paris, the name of which I have forgotten, where we breakfasted. The Maîtresse d'Auberge hearing from the guard that there were *deux Dames Anglaise en le Voiture*, hastened to welcome us, and inviting us into her little parlour to breakfast, began (for freedom there is politeness) interrogating me about our customs, &c. “*Et Mademoiselle va retourner dans son pays? Cela doit bien lui coutier de la peine, car les Parisiens sont si aimables!*” I agreed with her, that the French were amiable, but, not wishing (for there are spies at all parts) that she should know I was going to England, replied I purposed visiting Holland. “*Tant-pis, Mademoiselle, car les Hollandois sont encore moins agréables que les Anglois.*” This was meant, I suppose, as a compliment, could I do less than receive it as such? While we were taking our coffee, the good lady continued talking and wondering that Madame did not speak “*la belle langue Françoise.*”

When we departed she wished us a “*bon voyage*” and hoped she should see us again.

We travelled many miles, over bad pavement, before we again stopped, the unfavorable state of the weather, and the inconvenience we felt from jolting, prevented much observation; the fears also that we experienced from the deranged lady's knife, which she insisted on having, kept us on the watch within the coach, and the shortness of the days also contributed to render the first part of our journey particularly disagreeable. I cannot describe what we suffered at night, for the further we advanced, the more the jolting increased, and the guide was obliged to go before with a lantern, and replace the stones which had been left in heaps. Travellers generally have credit for exaggerating—were I to say ten times more I should then give you but a faint idea. In some places we were obliged to get out of the coach, or more correctly speaking, to be carried, (as the dirt was over the guards' jack-boots,) and wait till the wheels could be extricated from a slough; the old lady always remained in, declaring she would not attend to the guide, for he made the carriage go without horses. On Tuesday morning, about four o'clock, we arrived at Vallenciennes, where our two agreeable companions took their leave. The guard, contrary to the usual custom, having taken pity on our fatigue, which was really unfeigned, allowed us to remain there till 3 o'clock, the three hours' sleep we enjoyed at this place was of essential service to us, and we were ready to obey our summons with renewed alacrity; never indeed were the pleasures of repose after fatigue more duly appreciated than by us; and I was highly delighted the next morning to perceive the weather clear, while the real picture of a once besieged town before me, though melancholy in itself, from its novelty afforded me pleasure. We passed slowly through the streets, and went over several drawbridges; I can assure you, the noise which our heavy vehicle made when upon them was rather terrific, and I felt rejoiced when safely over; the greatest part of the town was in a ruinous state, but still had a grand appearance. Our travelling companions then consisted of a gentleman and his dog, who went with us to Mons. He was a polite and intelligent man, and I felt sorry (as he kindly explained to me every thing I wished to know) that he was not going to Bruxelles, for our former ignorant companions were unable to answer any questions with precision.

Mons is a delightful town, the streets are clean and wide, there are a number of manufactories, the inns are good, the people civil, and uncommonly attentive. We had a luxurious English breakfast of hot rolls and tea. The inn we were at, I recollect, faced the Town-Hall, and stood near the Market place; all appeared in a bustle, but the people seemed happy. It was at Mons I felt my spirits revive a little, for they had been till then, very much depressed, partly from an over-fatigue, and greatly from having left friends, whom probably I should never see again. After having left Mons we travelled some distance alone, but at a small village where we dined, we took up another passenger, clerk to a merchant, who went as far as Bruxelles. The country in Flanders is beautiful, and though in the month of December, all wore a pleasing aspect, the roads were in high order, for the Emperor had been there twice within a short space of time. It was through him that we had suffered so much the former part of our journey, a number of men had been employed to repair the roads, over which his majesty was expected to pass, and when he made known his intention of travelling by a different route, they were ordered to leave their work unfinished. The small towns through which we passed, gave us an idea of the poverty of their inhabitants; we arrived at Bruxelles about six in the evening, and alighted at a magnificent hotel, here we were conducted to a comfortable room, in which was a delightful English fire, tea and hot rolls were placed before us, and two or three attendants anxiously tried to anticipate all our wishes. The following morning we had a breakfast prepared for us, after the English fashion, we then took a walk and admired one or two squares, which are famous for the regularity of the buildings; we returned to the inn at one, took some refreshments, and when called for the bill were much astonished to find the charge did not exceed 4 shillings and 6 pence English money, equal to one dollar. We gave to the waiter and female servant a small Flemish silver coin each, value 3 pence English money, for which donation we had bows and curtsies for half an hour and good wishes of "*bien du bonheur aux dames Anglaises.*" Where in this country (Eng.) could we purchase the good wishes of a waiter for three pence? as our journey from Bruxelles to Antwerp, though only 22 English miles, was full of incident from the variety and number of our companions, and might take another half sheet for the relation—I shall now take pity

on you, and reserve all further accounts for another epistle.

L. M. B.

I think I had not quitted Antwerp in my last, but was on the point of so doing. At half past three in the morning, we ascended a coach, in shape and size very similar to our stages, drawn by four horses, harnessed after the English fashion, and a coachman on the box. Although the notice of these trifles must appear, I own, trivial, yet it was an extraordinary sight to us, who had not seen any thing of the kind during our journey. Probably you think we were now proceeding in ease and in a superior style; but I must undeceive you. The seats of the coach were substantial wood without cushions, nor was the carriage particularly well hung; added to this, we travelled some distance over a plain which appeared nearly as one sheet of water, so deep in some places, that it was up to the horses' shoulders. Notwithstanding the dreary prospect before us, I never was better amused. I am ashamed to tell you one thing that contributed to it.—Shall I?—or shall I not?—It was the alarm and ridiculous fears of one of our female companions. At the same time, I must also add, I was much delighted by the rational conversation of two Americans, to whose polite behaviour and knowledge of the country through which we were travelling, we owed a great deal. The first place we stopped at was a house which marks the boundaries of Holland and Flanders; the barn of which was converted into a custom-house, where our trunks were externally examined, for the first time, and the Paris seals were cut, and Dutch impressions put on in their places; but so far does "*la politesse Francaise*" extend towards the ladies, that they did not open our trunks! The nation was at war with our's! And it was not to an English mind, unreasonable to expect that national prejudice might extend even to individuals, but such is the liberality inherent in the minds of the French, descending even to that of a custom-house officer, that they scorn to commit an ungenteel action. I hope you have not passed over these latter lines—a trifling but sincere tribute to their honour! These affairs duly arranged, we were invited to a tolerable repast, and were also informed that we should not depart from thence for three or four hours. We therefore accepted our hostess' offer, and took a walk in her garden, which though not spacious, was arranged

with Dutch order and neatness, and we endeavoured to amuse ourselves as well as we could, till dinner was announced. I was requested by one of the American gentlemen to walk to the window and see how we liked our new vehicle. What was my surprise when he pointed to a waggon. I thought he was joking, but the man who was putting our trunks in, and to whom the other spoke, confirmed his assertion. I cannot attempt to describe to you the make or shape of this carriage, because we have not any thing resembling it; I shall only add, that we were exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and the water, during our next stage, frequently passed through it. All travellers, you know, must either meet, or expect to meet with some accidents, otherwise their accounts would be void of interest. Now, such really was our case, for we expected from the state of the roads that we should be overturned every moment, but our guardian angel watched over us miraculously, and we arrived at Breda about six in the evening, after a wonderfully expeditious journey of thirty miles in 15 hours! We were conducted to a neat little inn, where we fortunately met with a French servant, who translated for us. We now looked forward to a good night's rest, but we never passed a more miserable one.

The town of Breda is clean and very pleasant. The houses are built very much in the English style. But the manners of the Dutch, after the graceful elegance of the French, appeared barbarous in the extreme. From the short time I was among them, it would be almost unfair to give a decided opinion of their character. My judgment could only be hastily formed, and as we are frequently told that it is wrong to judge by appearances, I ought to profit from this advice, for I must confess their manners were so inelegant, and their countenances so uniformly stupid, that I was disgusted with them before I could possibly learn whether they had any intrinsic worth. The ladies are pretty, but I should not think their education was much attended to. I am now rather digressing, and must not forget I have still to get to Rotterdam.

We quitted Breda about eleven o'clock. We now had a considerable increase to our party, among whom was a French officer, a sensible well informed man, I need not add polite, for by French, is understood polite, and all the &c's attending on good breeding. Thisday's journey brought us many inconveniences, as we had to cross the water three times. Ourselves

and our trunks were put into a room, where twenty Dutchman were smoking round a fire, which we did not dare to approach. Hungry, but unable to satisfy our appetites, as a small stale brown loaf was all they had to offer us. Our situation, you will allow, was not very agreeable, and what would have been our fate, if the two American gentlemen had not assisted us, I am at a loss to imagine; I believe we must have remained for ever in one of these miserable inns. Every passenger being obliged to take the charge of his luggage and carry it to the ferry, which was at a considerable distance. These transatlantic foreigners kindly took our trunks, and the French officer, the sight of whom was sufficient to make a Dutchman tremble, prevented the imposition which we otherwise must have submitted to, for the Dutch are the greatest cheats imaginable! Carriages, horses, people, &c. were all put into the ferry-boat together. These water excursions took place three times, and about seven in the evening we arrived at Rotterdam.

L. M. B.

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And now for my further peripigrinations. We left Bruxelles about one o'clock, the weather was uncommonly fine for the season, and the immense size of our vehicle did not dismay us, so determined were we to see every thing in a favorable point of view. I must first give you an idea of our arrangements within the Diligence (for all public stages bear that name) we were seated three on each row: 1st row, an English gentleman who passed for a Frenchman, my mother and myself. 2d row, a French gentleman, and lady, and a Flemish lady, whose tongue, like an alarm, never once ceased to annoy, and as her conversation was addressed to her neighbours, she was obliged to speak in French, (if her jargon might be so termed) 3d row, facing us, an enormously large German, an Italian, rather talkative, and a grave Dutchman. 4th, the back and last row, a native of Bruxelles, a native of Toulon, and I have forgotten who the third was. But can you imagine for one moment, these people all conversing at the same time and in different languages? could it be compared to any thing but the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel! certain it is however, the ladies were the most eloquent, I do not mean to include myself, for you know at all times, I am very quiet, I was seated in the corner enjoying very much the novel scene before me, and also much delighted with the country, which had the appearance of

beautiful gardens. We arrived at Antwerp about six in the evening, and after tea, were accompanied by the master of the hotel, to the house of a lady for whom we had letters. It is now I want the power of description to give you an idea of the friendly and hospitable manner in which we were received. The family consisted of an elderly lady, her son, two single daughters and a married one, the most studied attention was shown us during the evening, and after supper, when we proposed returning to the inn, we were informed that they had sent to say we should not return, and begged us to remain that night and the following day with them. They treated us in the English way, and when they heard our determination to proceed on our journey, they evinced much concern, and used every persuasive argument to induce us to pass two or three days with them. On the morning of our departure at 1-2 past three, the family were all up, and though I do not often form hasty friendships, I must confess I left them with regret, for in their house I think I perceived a true picture of domestic felicity.

I do not like Antwerp so well as Bruxelles. There was little going forward, when I was there, and the streets appeared dull and gloomy, the ladies have, when walking, the appearance of nuns, they wear large black scarfs thrown carelessly over the head, hanging down behind, but in their manners they are amiable, and extremely friendly to foreigners.

L. M. B.

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I have forgotten to mention, in my former accounts, that travelling in Holland is rendered particularly unpleasant by the number of dykes. The roads are narrow, and the water on each side gives rather an awful appearance. Were two carriages to meet, much inconvenience, if not danger, must ensue.

We passed a place not far distant from Rotterdam, where there were 300 mills in a row at marked distances. The noise proceeding from them was disagreeable, and I should be very sorry to go past them in a single-horse chaise, or in any carriage drawn by horses unaccustomed to the sound; but the animals there seem to have (I cannot say acquired, it must be natural,) the same methodical ways as their masters, and it would be nearly as difficult to make them advance faster than their usual pace, as to force a Dutchman to any thing he did not like, as will appear hereafter.

We stopped at the coach or waggon-office, which you please, about a quarter of a mile from the inn, which the French officer had recommended to us, because it was kept by English people: he saw all our baggage weighed, and afterwards put on a sledge which was to follow us, and thus we proceeded to the sign of the Peacock. The night was cold and dark, and our last passage by water had completely chilled us; added to this misery, we were uncommonly hungry! Picture then to yourself five poor travellers arriving at a comfortable inn, in the *English style*—a clean room, carpetted, and a charming coal fire in a grate! (We had not seen such a thing since we had left England, for the French burn wood, and do not use stoves.) Our first exclamation was expressive of delight. My mother, who, till now, had been obliged to have recourse to an interpreter, was enchanted with the sound of an immediate answer in her own language, and had not the recollection intruded itself, that we had yet much to encounter, ere we should behold this “region of bliss,” we certainly should have thought ourselves transported to paradise. The respectful attention of our fellow travellers did not cease. The officer, who was to join his regiment on the following day, went to the French commissary, to solicit his attention to our requests, and the two Americans introduced us to the American consul, who, in case any difficulty should offer, to oppose our quitting Rotterdam, promised to use his interest in our behalf, and one of the gentlemen offered us a passage in his ship, but we had not sufficient courage to accept it, as we must have left his vessel and have gone in a small boat, as soon as the English coast should have appeared. On the following morning, after our arrival at Rotterdam, we went to the commissary, and also to the house of Mr. Smith, a respectable English merchant, to whom we had recommendatory letters. The French government had written to the commissary to desire him to give us our passport upon application. He behaved like a true Frenchman, that is, politely, and told us it would be ready the next day. Our only remaining difficulty was now to obtain a passage to England, and we applied to Mr. Smith, the most likely person to have obtained it. He told us it would be some days before a vessel would sail; we were, therefore, agreeably surprised, when he sent to inform us, two days after, that a small sloop was going to an English port, as soon as the wind should change.

I was delighted with Rotterdam; the novelty of the scene, so different to any thing I had before seen, amused me greatly, and the weather, during our stay, though cold, was tolerably fine. The streets are so much alike, that it is difficult for a stranger to know where he is. The canals run through each, and it is possible to walk off the pavement into the vessels which are alongside. There are two draw-bridges in almost every street; but as foot-passengers are frequently obliged to wait while these are let down, the quietest way of proceeding is to cross the canal in a trekschuyt, which is continually worked backward and forward by two men: the price of a passage over is the fifth part of an English penny. The houses are brick, from four to six stories high. The cleanliness of the Dutch, with respect to their dwellings, has always been proverbial. There is not any railing on the sides of the canals; thus, on a dark night even carriages run great risks, and if the Dutch were as renowned for inebriety as the English, I think numerous accidents would occur. We unfortunately lost ourselves one evening, and you can have no idea of our distress, for neither French nor English were, at first, of any service to us, and we walked in vain up and down the streets. At last we knocked at a merchant's house, as the last resource, in the hope of meeting with some *civilized* being. To our great joy, a clerk appeared, who, with all his *stupidity*, could just understand enough French to make out our tale of sorrow and to take pity on our distress. He accompanied us as far as the inn, at the sight of which, we offered up the humble but sincere ejaculation of, thank God! I have before observed that the Dutch women are generally pretty; and their dress is perfectly *neat*, though rather *outré*. They wear immense hats, which might occasionally answer the purpose of umbrellas. They are set up in the air, and lined with printed linen. I, at that time had a small French hat, which greatly amused the Dutch ladies. Their caps fit their heads closely; but I shall not enter into a detail of the ladies, and shall content myself with observing that the gentlemen, in opposition to the ladies, (a thing not uncommon,) wear remarkable small hats.

There are a number of churches at
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Rotterdam; and I think I was informed forty-two streets exactly alike. The Dutch are accustomed from their childhood to make and drink spirits, but they have not any pernicious effect upon their constitution; nay, they affirm that the climate is such as to render the use of them absolutely necessary. I must, however, once more introduce the French officer to your notice, who, during our journey, having heard my mother and self express our dislike to the custom of smoking, politely requested a man who was puffing smoke in our faces, to refrain from such indecorum, as it was particularly unpleasant to the ladies. The Dutchman made no reply, but turned round in order to annoy us the more. The officer again intreated him to put away his pipe. The Dutchman persevered. This was too much for French politeness to submit to, and he quietly broke the man's pipe, which put him into a complete rage. The Frenchman put his hand to his sword. I began to be alarmed, and begged him to say no more. The Dutchman descended, and was forced to walk many miles. At parting he wished all the French and ladies at a far distant region, you may guess where.

The captain came on the Sunday morning to inform us he should sail that evening, and wished us to go on board. The vessel was not larger than a Gravesend boat, say fifty tons, with a cabin of miserable dimensions; but were I to describe all we suffered in the passage, independent of our narrow escape from shipwreck, I might fill a quire of paper. I shall, therefore, pass over our sea voyage, and arrive at Gravesend as quickly as possible, where, after all our fatigues, dangers and perils were made known, the *English* had the cruelty to forbid our landing till the following day, while in despair we began to dress potatoes, the only provision on board. We were absolutely famished. But fortunately the lieutenant's conscience accused him, I judged so at least, for by the time our frugal repast was prepared, a boat came alongside to take us to the alien office, where we met a few more barbarous *John Bulls*, and were obliged to answer all their questions ere we were allowed to go to an inn. So much for English customs! So much for English politeness!!

L. M. B.

ART. 6. LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

IN New-York, Philadelphia, &c. the following works have been republished, by the principal booksellers:

Considerations of the Principal Events of the French Revolution, by the Baroness **DE STAEL**.

Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern, from the German of **FREDERICK SCHLEGEL**.

SASS' Journey to Rome and Naples, in 1817.

Felix Alvarez, or **Manners in Spain**, by **A. DALLAS**, Esq.

Account of a Voyage of Discovery, to the West Coast of Corea, and the Great Loo-Choo Islands, &c. by Capt. **B. HALL**.

New Tales, by **Mrs. OPIE**.

FRANKLIN'S Works.

Letters, during a Tour through some parts of France, Savoy, Switzerland, Germany, and the Netherlands, in the Summer of 1817. By **THOMAS RAFFLES, A. M.**

COLLINS & Co. have published Capt. **RILEY'S NARRATIVE**, third edition. To which is now added, a New and Interesting Narrative of the Shipwreck of the ship **Oswego**, on the Coast of South Barbary, by **JUDAH PADDOCK**, her late Master.

EDWARD EARLE, Philadelphia, has published a new and original Poem, entitled, **The Mariner**, by **ARCHIBALD JOHNSTON**.

At **Elizabethtown, N. J.** a new paper, called the **Elizabethtown Gazette**, is published by **J. & E. SANDERSON**.

Since the restoration of Eastport to the United States, a weekly paper has been established there, called the **Eastport Sentinel**, and **Passamaquoddy Observer**.

PAUL ALLEN, Esq. has issued proposals for establishing a new daily paper in Baltimore, to be called the **Morning Chronicle**.

Proposals are in circulation for publishing a **German Monthly Journal**, octavo form, in this city, to be entitled, **DER DEUTSCHE FREUND**.—The **German Friend**. This journal will be calculated to *entertain and instruct*. "In the pursuit of truth, the history of the times, religious intelligence, and news in literature and the arts, shall be noticed." The editor will be assisted by able coadjutors in the United States and abroad, and efforts will be made to render this publication interesting and useful. Should the

plan meet with sufficient encouragement, the first number will appear on the 1st January, 1819, edited by the Rev. F. C. SCHAEFFER, Pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in this city, Teacher of the German Language, and Member of several learned Societies. As soon as adviseable, the **German Friend** will be issued weekly.

KIRK & MERCEIN, have in press, **The Identity of Junius**, with a Distinguished Character, &c. To be printed from the second London edition, corrected and enlarged.

THOMAS G. FESSENDEN, Esq. has published a poem, entitled "The Ladies' Monitor."

R. & W. A. BARTOW, New-York, have commenced the republication of the **Youth's Magazine**, or **Evangelical Miscellany**, "New Series," from the London edition.

The first number of the **Journal of the Times**, edited at Baltimore, by **PAUL ALLEN**, Esq. has appeared, and is an excellent and a very promising specimen of the talents and taste of its conductor.

J. G. BOGERT, Esq. of this city, has in preparation for publication, a Treatise on Extraneous Fossils, and an Examination of the Mineralized Remains of Animals and Vegetables in the United States, which will be accompanied by an account of the several mountain ranges through the same, with their relative elevations and stratifications, so far as relates to *exuvia* and their localities. The engravings are to be executed by **ANDERSON**.

New-York Historical Society, 8th Sept.
1818.

The following communication was presented by Professor Mitchell, M. D.

"Since my last communication (August sitting) the department of **ZOOLOGY** has been enriched by about fourscore specimens, chiefly of **fish**, in fine preservation. They are safely deposited on the shelves of the Cabinet of Natural History, and make so valuable an addition to the collection, that I heartily congratulate our association on the acquisition. The donation was made by Mr. John G. Mott, of Liberty-street, brother to my late excellent friend Dr. Samuel G. Mott. During the more active season of a life lamentably too short, Dr. Mott rendered me important aid in my ichthyological inquiries; and in my memoir published in the **New-York Philosophical Transac-**

tions, I made a respectful acknowledgment of his services. He afterwards began to form a museum for his own use, but his progress has been arrested by death. He left this world without any specific direction about these articles. The generosity of his brother, in the administration of his effects, has made every thing right; for on a delicate suggestion that the articles ought to become the property of the Corporation, he instantly agreed with me in opinion, and delivered them in person.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be presented to Mr. John G. Mott, for his liberal donation of the elegant specimens of ichthyology prepared by his late brother Dr. Samuel G. Mott, deceased; that his name be registered among the benefactors of this Institution, and that the communication of Professor Mitchell on the subject, together with this resolution, be published.

By order of the Society,

JOHN PINTARD,

Recording Sec'y.

Mr. SAUNDERS, in Wall-street, has brought the *Kaleidoscope* to great perfection. It now has a brilliancy of colours, with a revolving wheel, producing a most surprising and beautiful effect.

The Directors of the United States Bank, have chosen the plan drawn by Mr. STRICKLAND, of Philadelphia, to whom they have awarded the first premium. Mr. LATROBE's plan has been approved as the next best, to whom they have awarded the second premium.

Mr. HENRY WILLIAMS, whose Anatomical Wax Preparations have been so greatly admired by medical men and the public at large, has just completed a superb piece of work. It is an elegant full length female figure in a recumbent position, susceptible of seventeen anatomical divisions. Mr. W. has selected this city as the place where he first intends to exhibit this elegant specimen of his ingenuity, and of native talent.

Dr. F. PASCALIS of this city, has received the diploma of Associate of the French Medical Society and Faculty, in Paris.

— FOREIGN.

Among the numerous works lately published in Germany, we find the following:

Chemical Letters for Ladies, by W. A. LAMPADIUS. Large 8vo. Freiberg. Cratn. Electrochemistry, by the same.

Manual of Hebrew, Syriac, Chalde, and Arabic Grammar, by Professor VA-

TER. Second edition. Large 8vo. Leipzig. Vogel.

Systema Solaris, carmine Latino descriptum; adjectæ sunt notæ, quibus cum res tum verba Paullo obscuriora breviter explicantur, et tabulæ aliquot astronomicae. G. L. SCHULTZE. 8 maj. Lips. Goeschen. 54 pag. et 9 tab.

Antiquities of the Israelitic People, &c. Large 8vo. Berlin. Rücker.

The Origin and Diversified Relation of European Languages, by CHR. G. VON ARNDT; and now published by Dr. J. L. KLUBER. Frankfort on the Maine.

The Posthumous Writings and Correspondence of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, with his Life and Portrait. Translated from the English. 1st vol. Large 8vo. Weimar.

Regeneration of Germany, by J. H. B. DRASEKE. Luneburg. Herold.

Likenesses of the most Eminent Men of all Nations and Times. Published at Qwickau by Schumann. In this collection we find, as a matter of course, our countryman Washington.

Riley's Narrative has been translated into the German language, and published by Schmidt in Jena.

The Posthumous Work of the Baroness DE STAEL: Considerations on the Principal Events of the French Revolution, has been published in Germany, in French, English, and German.

The Sermons of F. THEREMIN, have been published at Berlin, 1817, by Duncker & Humblot.

The Sermons and Orations of the General Superintendent Dr. T. F. C. LOFFLER, have been published at Stralsund. These sermons are highly esteemed in Germany.

Upwards of three hundred different publications have appeared in Germany, relative to the *Third Centenary of the Reformation*. Some of these have been received in this city. One of them is peculiarly interesting: Renewed Remembrance of the Men who laboured for and against the Reformation by Luther. The author is the learned Rev. Dr. H. W. ROTERMUND, of Bremen.

GRUBER in Halle, and GOESCHEN in Leipzig, propose to publish an elegant edition of WIELAND's Works, in 46 volumes.

A Characteristical Representation of Minerals, by Professor HABERLE, has been published in Weimar; and also Introduction to the Study of Mineralogy, by the same learned gentleman. These works are valuable to the student of

mineralogy, and afford a great mass of the most interesting information in that department of natural history.

The first volume of *Miscellaneous Treatises, &c.* by Baron VON MENU, Major-General, and Governor of his Royal Highness Prince Charles of Prussia, &c. has been published by Maurer, in Berlin, and has been sent by the learned author to his correspondent in this city. The illustrious author is a zealous and most active antiquary. His military knowledge, his scientific acquirements, and the ardour with which he investigates and explores the antiquities of his native land, and other countries, enable him to present us with highly interesting results. He proves, as appears to us uncontestedly, that various antiquities which have been hitherto considered as *Roman*, are the reliquiae of *Germanic* operations.

An eminent literary character in Germany, has transmitted to a correspondent in this city, his plan of a new periodical work, to be published at *Leipzig*, entitled, *Amerika dargestellt durch sich selbst*,—America represented (or set forth) by itself. The numbers are to appear every Tuesday and Saturday evening.

Though this work will be obtainable in all the chief cities and towns of Germany, and though one of the principal editors resides at some distance from *Leipzig*, yet that is the place where it will be published (by *Goeshen*), and not *Hamburg*, as is erroneously stated in the *Boston* and *New-York* papers.

“ The editors will not speak of the importance of this object, considering that as superfluous, and indeed as an offence against the truly intelligent reading world, which knows very well how favoured America aspires, in its own vigour and youthful strength, at the same time appropriating to its own use whatever in the old world has been produced by genius, and pointed out by experience as salutiferous.”

“ The materials for this journal will not be taken from English or French accounts, but shall be furnished immediately from the country to which this establishment is devoted, partly by written communications, and partly by the numerous American public newspapers and monthly journals.”

The editors proceed to assure the German public, that they will be assisted by respectable gentlemen in America, and that arrangements are made to procure the earliest and most correct intelligence from the United States. They then give

the plan, which is truly extensive, and will embrace,

“ 1st. Government in all its branches; consequently, new Laws, Civil Institutions, Finances, State of Defence, and of the Military Order, &c.

“ 2d. Progress of the Culture of the Land, and of the Minds of the Inhabitants; consequently, Rural Economy, Intellectual, Moral, and Religious Improvement, State of the Church, Education, Sciences, Arts, Inventions, Formation of National Character, Traits and Anecdotes from the Lives of Distinguished Men, &c.

“ 3d. State of Society; consequently, Number of Inhabitants, Commerce, Navigation, Industry in general, Manufactures, Luxury, Conveniences, Amusements, &c.

“ 4th. Remarkable Occurrences of Time and Nature; consequently, War and Peace, Extraordinary Appearances in the Material World, &c.”

The first numbers of this interesting work may be soon expected in this city. The talents of the principal editor, his extensive acquaintance with America and American literature, and the whole plan and arrangement of this journal, leave not a doubt that it will be ably conducted. By this means correct information relative to our own country will be diffused throughout a great portion of Europe; and we know that this journal will circulate in *Germany, Poland, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, &c. &c.*

A new edition of *SCHLEUSSNER'S LEXICON NOVI-TESTAMENTI*, revised and corrected by several eminent scholars, is printing at the Edinburgh University, in quarto, and will be stereotyped. [It is to be regretted that the edition of *SCHLEUSSNER*, as lately revised, corrected, and published at *Leipzig*, is not stereotyped, as the edition now publishing at Edinburgh differs in many points, and, with many eminent biblical critics, is not in such high estimation as the more genuine German editions.]

Some curious letters from Madame BERTRAND, at St. Helena, to a female friend in France, are said to be in preparation for publication in *London*, French and English.

A distinguished Chiropeist, *London*, has in the press, *The Art of Preserving the Feet; or Practical Observations on the Prevention and Cure of Corns, Bunions, Callosites, Chilblains, &c.* [Probably as the first step towards prevention and cure the author will recommend *wide and easy shoes*.]

SAMUEL BAGSTER, London, is printing an edition of the Book of Common Prayer, with translations into the Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, German, and French languages: to be comprised in a quarto volume.

Professor STROMEYER, Gottingen, has discovered a *new metal* which has received the name of *Caducium*. It is white as tin, very ductile, combines easily with other metals, fuses and volatiles in less time than zinc. It is found in abundance in the mines of this last metal. Its specific weight is 8.65. It is expected that this metal will be of great consequence to the arts, on account of its properties, and of those which it communicates to metals with which it is capable of amalgamating.

Dr. M'CULLOCH, Scotland, has discovered *two new minerals* in that country. The first is easily recognised by its resemblance to indurated steatite or nob e serpentine, and by its green colour, on a fresh fracture, shortly turning to black, when it can scarcely be distinguished by the eye from jet or dry coal. It is also infusible before the blowpipe. Dr. M. has given it the name of *chlorophacite*, from its obvious property. It occupies amygdaloidal cavities in the trap rocks. The second is a white powder, of a harsh feel, but incapable of scratching glass, and nearly as fusible as that substance, producing a transparent, colourless bead; characters sufficient to distinguish it from any mineral hitherto described. It occupies similar cavities in trap; and he has given to it, from its leading character, the name of *conite*.

SCHROTER, the celebrated German astronomer, of Lilienthal, has published an account of the comet which appeared in 1811, and from a comparison of his observations on this comet with those made by him on that of 1807, he has deduced some remarkable conclusions. The apparent diameter of the head of this comet in 1811, was 34' 12", which gives a real diameter of 2,052,000 geographical miles! The greatest apparent length of the tail was 18°, equal to 131,852,000 geographical miles!—Mr. Schroter conceives it impossible to explain this prodigious extent without admitting that there exists in the space around the sun a subtle matter, susceptible of becoming luminous by the combined influence of the sun and the comet. Independently of the force possessed by comets as masses of matter, he believes them to be endowed with a repulsive and impulsive force, which has some analogy to the electric fluid, and like it acts in different directions.

RICHERAUD, France, exults in having proved to the world, that for very important purposes, the cavity of the thorax may be opened by excision of the ribs and of the pleura; in case of a great lesion of a lobe of the lungs, a part may be cut off, and hydroperi cardium might be operated as a hydrocele.

A new method of shoeing horses has been introduced in England. It consists of two pieces joined by a hinge, which is defended by a strong steel-headed rivet, and by adapting itself to the expansion of the foot is intended to prevent contraction.

ART. 7. POETRY.

LINES

ON LAKE ONTARIO.

From *Licutenant Hall's Travels in Canada and the United States*.

ONTARIO's ample breast is still,
And silence walks the distant hill;
And summer-barks are gently gliding,
Where lately yonder war-tow'rs riding
Seem'd like Leviathans, to load
The bosom of the groaning flood.
Oft as gray dawn broke o'er the wave,
Each hostile line stern greeting gave,
And oft, beneath the setting sun,
Responsive peal'd each heavy gun.
Then crouch'd the midnight ambuscade,
Within the pine-wood's pillar'd shade,
And Indian war-notes fiercely rose,
A death-dirge to unwary foes,

As burst their murdering attack
Upon the drowsy Bivouac.
Round leaguer'd fort, and post, and ford,
The crashing shell and cannon roar'd,
Till rung th' alarum of the fray,
From old Toronto's* quiet bay,
To where Niagara madly pours
His boiling tide 'twixt mountain shores:—
The eagle, whose broad wing was spread
Above the cataract's wild bed,
Scared by unwonted thunders, rose
To hang the nest of his repose,
Where cedars desolately wave
O'er Naniboja's island grave:†

* The Indian name for York, where formerly was an Indian town.

† One of the Manitoulin islands. For the story, see *Henry's Travels in Canada* in 1760 and 1776, p. 168.

No wolf his moonlight hunt pursued,
By Erie's forest solitude,
But cow'ring from his covert ran,
Dreading the lordlier chase of man;
Nor dared the unhunted stag remain
Near his loved haunts, and green demesne,
But far from sounds of human slaughter,
He strays by Huron's distant water.

—
ON WYOMING.

BY THE SAME.

Sweet Wyoming, though none be left to tell
The beauty of thy days to future men,
How blest when peaceful Albert rul'd thy glen,
And Gertrude was thy flower, yet shalt thou
dwell,
And bloom through ages, for with charm and
spell,
Wreaths of immortal brightness have been
flung,
Gilding thy ruin—and a gifted shell
Thy tale of desolation hath outrung

With melodies, on which the soul reposes
Like eastern bulbuls on Cashmerian roses;—
And bright eyes have wept o'er thee, and shall
weep,
Till nature has grown ruthless in all hearts,
And pity, angel-plumed, to heaven departs:
For thou in freedom's burning field didst reap
A deadly harvest, therefore shall thy sleep
Be hallow'd, and thy name a star o'er glory's
steep.

—
EPIGRAM.

Written after going to Law.

This law, they say, great nature's chain connects—
That *causes* ever must produce *effects*:
In me behold reversed great nature's laws
All my *effects* lost by a single *cause*.

N.

ART. 8. MONTHLY SUMMARY OF POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

GREAT-BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

AT the elections in England the numbers of the opposition have been increased by about thirty members. Among the new members is Sir Robert Wilson, who took so active a part in the escape of Lavalette, and who wrote the book on the resources of Russia. In an address to his constituents, he informed them he should adopt the following rules for his parliamentary conduct, viz. "1st, That an idle man is a useless animal. 2d, That a man in power should never go to sleep without thinking of those who are awake. 3d, That before he eats his dinner he should reflect that there are many who would like to dine with him:—and 4th, That when he walked along the streets, he should reflect that there were some who could not walk, because they were in irons." There exists, at present, great discontent among the labourers at Manchester.

A letter to the editor of the London Courier, from Manchester, August 1, states that the spinners, to the number of 14,000, still continue to bid defiance to their employers, and are subsisting upon their own limited means. This combination of the labourers appears to be quite extensive; and it is even stated that remittances to these deluded people have been made from the mechanics of London. Some of the English papers speak with trembling upon the subject, and at-

tribute the disorders to the sedicious writings and secret machinations of the Black Dwarf and company.

Liverpool, August 8.—The singular suspension of business at Manchester still continues, and the strength of the discontented is even increased by continual accessions of numbers. No means of checking this monstrous and alarming evil has yet been suggested, and indeed it appears to be beyond the reach of human ingenuity to provide the adequate remedy without such encroachments on the liberty of the subject as cannot be endured. An application of military force has been spoken of, but such a cure would be worse than the disease. This, however, is most certain, that if we cannot destroy this principle of combination, it will infallibly destroy us. Neither commerce, nor manufactures, nor law, nor liberty, nor independence, can consist with the right of legislation assumed by these confederacies, in the most important of all matters, the price of labour.

It is the opinion of many writers that Great Britain has now reached the acme of her prosperity, and that her speedy decline, in conformity to the history of all nations, must soon be expected to commence. Various conjectures have been formed as to the causes which are likely to produce her ultimate downfall. The corruption of government; the increase of luxury; the failure of public spirit; the future marine superiority of America, have all been brought forward as probable

efficient causes of our declension in the scale of nations.

The manufacturers at Stockport, turned out for higher wages. They committed some depredations and made battle, with brick bats and stones, against a corps of cavalry, and beat them off. Additional troops were expected. Some of the rioters had been apprehended.

Wages in Scotland.—Farm servants for six months, with bed, board and washing found, from 6 to 8 pounds; women's wages from 3 to 4 pounds. Labourers by the day, with victuals, receive one shilling, without victuals, one shilling and six pence.

Mr. Baring, the banker, it is said, is invited to attend the meeting of the sovereigns at Aix-la-Chapelle. His interest in the French loans is given as the cause of it.

A report was in circulation at Hamburg, that England will probably obtain by negociation a port in the Baltic.

As a proof of the increase of the foreign commerce of Liverpool, it is stated, that the dock duties, which were in 1817, 75,999*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.* have this year risen to 98,538*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.* being an increase of 22,639*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.*

The woolen manufactory in England, it is said, is rapidly increasing. In proof of this fact, we are told, that the quantity of wool imported into all parts of England during the last year, amounted to *one hundred and ninety millions of pounds*; whereas, the quantity imported during the preceding year, amounted only to 86 millions, and not more than 75 millions in any former year.

London, July 31.—RESOURCES OF THE COUNTRY.—Proportion of the debt and resources of this country at the present and former periods.—Upon the accession of George the First, in 1714, the debt amounted to 54,145,363*l.*; the same debt, as it stood on the 1st of February, 1817, had accumulated to 819,536,937*l.* The reign of George I. embraced a period of 12 years, 10 months, and 10 days, during which the whole sum produced by the customs was 21,632,985*l.*; and by the excise 30,421,451*l.* Now the articles subject to customs and excise, are such as the majority of a nation never purchase till they are provided with other commodities of more indispensable necessity.—The increase of the former keeps pace with the increase of the national wealth, and exhibits a certain demonstration of that increase.

The customs for the year, ending the 5th of January, 1816, amounted to

10,487,522*l.*: the excise duties, during the same interval produced 26,562,432*l.*, the then existing war duties are included in this amount. Here the customs for one year will be found to have produced nearly as much as they did in six years of the reign of George I. and the excise, during one year of the present reign, amounted to a sum equal to about five-sixths of the total produce, during a period of more than twelve years, in the above-mentioned reign. The produce of the stamps may not be thought to furnish so sure a test of national wealth, as that of the customs and excise; but yet as they are an index of a multifarious class of dealings betwixt man and man, they may serve to elucidate the amount of the circulating wealth during any particular period. If we compare the amount of the stamp duty in George I. with that in the present reign, we shall be forcibly struck with the disparity. During the latter part of George I. the stamps produced the annual sum of 132,665*l.*; whilst between 5th Jan. 1816, and 5th Jan. 1817, they amounted to 5,965,434*l.*, or near six millions sterling. Notwithstanding the immense increase in the scale of the stamp duty, which has taken place in the present reign, we must recollect that it is the increased opulence and multiplied dealings of the country which have enabled it to bear this increase; and it must at the same time be considered, that though the payment of the duty is compulsory upon particular legal and commercial transactions, those transactions themselves are optional; and that therefore the payment of the duty itself being so far spontaneous, the increase on that duty can be owing to nothing but the prosperity of the country. The increased revenue of the post office furnishes a signal proof not only of the increased civilization, but of the increased wealth of the country within the last century. In the four last years of George I. the post-office produced an average of 75,445*l.* in the year. In the year ending the 5th Jan. 1817, the same source of revenue yielded no less than 1,426,000*l.* Here we have much more than a decuple increase, and in a species of voluntary payment, which furnishes a striking criterion of affluence. A national debt must be considered as great or small according to the wealth of the people by whom it has been incurred, and out of which it is to be paid. A debt of one million to a poor country may be more than a debt of ten millions to a rich, as one individual may be much less dis-

tressed by a debt of a thousand, than another may be by a debt of one hundred, or even only ten pounds.

FRANCE.

It is stated that the proposition made to the French government with regard to the removal of the foreign troops now in France, is, that they shall take up their quarters on the frontier for one entire year, at the expense of France, and that this is to be the *sine qua non* of their withdrawing.

There is a report of a new conspiracy against the French government being detected at Paris. We have some rumoured details of the affair. The plot was got up by some *ultra royalists*, and their design was to seize the king's ministers, and carry them off to the forest of Vincennes. This being effected—it is said, had the king refused to sign his abdication, it was the intention of the conspirators to proceed *a la Paul premier*—which, we suppose, means to assassinate him. What they then would have done is not hinted at.

A Paris paper says—Count Chaptal will soon publish an important work, the statistics of agriculture and manufactures, which goes to prove during the revolution our progress in agriculture and industry has been as rapid as in our conquests, and that we have at least preserved all the fruits of the two former. In this manner, during thirty years of misfortunes, were formed all the means of repairing them. Our arms are idle, but our arts pursue their conquests. To them France will be indebted for her rapid prosperity, and Europe will always be their tributary.

The king of France has issued a proclamation, in which he states, that “wishing to secure by every means in our power, the abolition of the slave trade in every part of our dominions, we have ordained as follows:”

Art. 1. There shall be constantly maintained on the coast of our African Establishments, a cruising squadron of our marine, for the purpose of visiting all French vessels which shall appear within the limits of our possessions on the said coasts, and of preventing every violation of our laws and ordinance.

(Signed)

LOUIS.

Saint Cloud, June 24.

Heat.—A Paris paper of the 9th of August, in noticing the unusual heat of the weather, thus remarks:—“The excessive heats that we experience have given rise to several meteorological ob-

servations, sufficiently interesting. A remarkable circumstance in them is, that the heats are nearly equal throughout Europe, in all latitudes. At Rome, Berlin, Madrid, and Vienna, the thermometers of Reaumur have risen to the same degrees.”

General Canuel, charged with being concerned in the late conspiracy, who was supposed to have left the country, has been arrested, and after several examinations, committed to the Conciergerie.

Paris, July 22. In consequence of the extreme heat which we now have, the river falls from day to day. It is already nearly a foot lower than the low water of 1719, which is quoted as a year of great drought.

M. Lemaitre, the inventor of a boat which may be enclosed in a cane, and who the last winter would have crossed the basin of the Luxembourg, if the swans had had the politeness to take him in tow, announces that he has perfected its construction, and is waiting only for mild weather to undertake a new voyage in his *hydrostal*.

SPAIN.

The following picture of the present deplorable situation of the Spanish monarchy, is copied from the London Times, of the 9th of June. The information was derived by the editor of that paper from a correspondent at Madrid, and if the one half of it be true, we must suppose the Spanish government on the point of dissolution. Though we have given foreign dates much later, yet we think this article cannot fail to be read with interest.

Madrid, May 25.

The political and financial situation of Spain is so embarrassed, that unless it were observed on the spot, no idea could be formed of it, and any representation that could be made would fall short of the truth. I shall endeavour to give you as complete a conception of it as possible, by collecting together the detached features of the general picture.

When we heard here of the convocation of a congress of the allied governments at Aix-la-Chapelle, the king testified his desire to attend it. He received no satisfaction on this point from the cabinets to which his ambassadors communicated his intention. The cabinet of Vienna was the first which showed an opposition to this design, and England and Prussia afterwards answered to the same purport. As the opinion of the court of Russia admitted of no doubt, it was necessary to renounce this journey. The

Spanish ministry showed themselves the more dissatisfied on the occasion, as they expected from this approachment an amelioration in the external relations of the kingdom, which their own exclusive efforts do not permit them to expect.

It is not to be inferred from this that the boldest projects are not still hatched here.—Thus with the minister of war, they still talk of the recapture of Buenos Ayres, and the occupation of Monte Video. It is even said that M. Pizarro has drawn up a manifesto, which he is about to have translated into all languages, for the purpose of being distributed over Europe, to expose those causes of complaint on the part of Spain, which justify her in taking up arms against Portugal. If a manifesto was the only necessary requisite for conducting a war, a war might take place; but as money or credit may likewise be required, the world may rest assured that the hostile projects of the Spanish government will long remain in the imagination of those who have dreamt them.

To be convinced of this, we have only to cast our eyes on the financial situation of the kingdom. It is such, that if one were to describe it in general terms he might be charged with exaggeration, but here the proofs are striking—they rest on facts publicly known—it is only necessary to enumerate them.

The system of M. Garay, which appeared so seducing in theory, has crumbled into dust before the difficulties of its execution. All the resources of taxation are exhausted, and it is certain that the half of the taxes imposed have not been levied. The impossibility of raising them is so great, that the minister has flinched from the rigorous measures which had been begun to be employed. Every where are complaints heard, every distress shows itself in the most hideous aspect. All the public coffers are empty. The army has not received its pay for three years, and the officers of the civil administration have not touched the eighth part of their salaries. There have been witnessed at Madrid, officers and civil servants of the public, begging alms, and the provinces have even suffered more than the capital.

At Seville a regiment was in want of every thing, and the officers were reduced to the state of begging a dinner in the convents. In fine, this situation becoming intolerable, the colonel, M. D'O'Neill, waited with his staff on the captain-general of the province to demand a part of their pay on account. As

there were no public funds, M. D'O'Neill lent from his own private funds all that he could dispose of; and now, instead of repaying his advances, they are attempting to find fault with the step which he took.

At Valencia, the firmness of the captain-general, M. Elliott, was able alone to calm the effervescence of the troops, who had not received any pay for three months. He ordered a month's pay to be given to them, against the express will of the minister of finance.

At Cadiz, it was not without the greatest difficulty they were able to embark a battalion destined for the Lima expedition, and which had not touched any pay for three years.

The roads are less safe than ever. Robbers infest every part of the kingdom, and there is no security without an escort.

Every despatch of general Morillo concludes with demands of reinforcements and supplies of every kind. It is but too certain that his army labours under the most frightful privations.

It is thought here that such a state of things cannot last, and that the system of M. Garay must give way to another, and that the minister must resign his office.

However this may be, as distress is a bad counsellor, the Spanish government, with a view of filling its coffers, has had recourse to several expedients which cannot be better characterized than by stating them.

A royal decree had granted the right of entreport to the port of Cadiz. Some factors had in consequence embarked in speculations for Lima; but at the moment of the expedition putting to sea, it was notified that they would have to pay not only the duties of clearance, but also the duties of entry, due only at Lima, under the pretext, that although the decree was published, it had not yet been put in execution. One may judge of the desolate state of the maritime commerce, in a country where there exists no insurance office for cases when ships do not arrive at their destination, and under a government which has never made any return for its unjust gain.

The following is another trait which is not less remarkable than the preceding. Some agriculturists of Biscay had, by virtue of a royal license, exported corn; they protested, indeed, against the minister's demand of dues contrary to the privileges of their province; but as they were allowed to embark without being compelled to pay their dues, they consi-

dered themselves freed from them. What therefore was their surprise, when, on the arrival of their ships at Bordeaux, the Spanish consul stopped the unlading until they had paid these dues, which exceeded not only those imposed in Spain, but even the value of the corn. The merchandize could not be sold, and the result was an enormous loss both to the factors and the agriculturists.

The affair of Mr. Meade, and his enlargement, must be sufficiently known to you to make it unnecessary for me to enter into details. Sir Henry Wellesley strongly insists upon their payment of 50,000 piastres of which Mr. Meade defrauded the company of English merchants, represented by Mr. Macdurmot. M. D. Pizarro answered sir Henry in no very moderate tone—that it was astonishing that the British ambassador should make such a demand, since he was ignorant and must be ignorant of the whole foundation of this affair. *Things came to such a point, that the word *rapture* has been already pronounced, and sir Henry has declared to the Spanish minister that he would send the entire correspondence to his government, that it might be able to judge on which side the fault lay. At the moment of my writing this letter I learn that M. Pizarro, fearing the consequences of his passion, has just written in the mildest terms to sir Henry Wellesley, and that Mr. Meade has raised an enormous claim against the Spanish government under the title of an indemnity.

While these events and discussions are going on, the interior of the court of Spain gives itself up to puerilities which form the most afflicting contrast with the situation of public affairs.

The Marchioness of Roua had wished to marry the Prince de Laval, son of the ambassador of France. The king opposed it, saying that she ought to marry a Spaniard. She chose one accordingly. He was a young officer, equally noble and poor. This choice also caused displeasure; the Marchioness was placed in a convent, and the officer was put under arrest. It is not known whether the king will relent and consent to the marriage.

Masked balls are severely prohibited here, and it has been thought right to push the rigour of the regulations to such a point, as to break up a children's ball, the oldest of whom was not fifteen, and who were assembled as a family party at the house of the dowager Duchess of Ossune. This lady is the mother of the Duke of Ossune, all whose revenues the

court keeps to itself, under the pretext that he does not live with his wife.

In all this, the court is entirely given up to the practice of devotion. The queen, whose pregnancy is now certain, went through the devotional ceremony of nine days, at a chapel in the city, for the purpose of obtaining the result from heaven. Lately, the generals of the Capuchins, and of the Hieronimites, have been covered in the presence of the king as grandes of Spain. Unfortunately the suffering people have looked upon this ceremony with no favourable eye, and the admission of a capuchin to a ceremony of sheer vanity, and of obsolete etiquette, does not much contribute to restore the veneration of the Spaniards for their monks.

Letters from Madrid (says a London paper) to the 16th of July, mention that a change in the war department was soon expected, and that an expedition of 3000 troops was preparing to sail for Havana. The same letters announce that king Charles the fourth is preparing to present to the approaching congress at Aix-la-Chapelle, a claim to the throne of Spain, and that he has a strong party in his favour at Madrid.

GERMANY.

A Vienna Gazette says—There has been spread in our city, with astonishing rapidity, for some days, a pamphlet on the subject of manufactures and commerce, which excites general interest. It was originally printed at Frankfort, on Maine, and is entitled, “An Essay on the Question—How may the Nations of Germany shake off the yoke of England?” The author says, that it is impossible to deny the real existence of this servitude, as much longer to remain blind to its consequences, which, according to him, are approaching to the total destruction of our commerce. The same opinion is expressed in a pamphlet published at Vienna, entitled, “Is the decay of the Manufacturers of Austria worthy of the attention of Government?” This piece is attributed to the pen of count Kuesslein, who has already produced several works of acknowledged merit.

The official Gazette of Vienna contains a circular from the government announcing for sale by public auction, twenty-eight estates belonging to the crown, in order to apply the profits to the payment of the national debt. Some of these estates are of very great extent, with 9,000 or 10,000 inhabitants.

It is stated in a Vienna paper that the

emperor has given to the prince of Parma (young Napoleon) the estates ceded to his majesty by the grand duke of Tuscany, the revenues of which amount to 1,280,000 florins.

Baron Peschaska, chief of the general staff of the army of Austria, has set out from Vienna to go to Milan, to inspect the fortresses of Upper Italy, and to fix definitively the measures of the congress of Vienna relative to their defence. Austrian troops will compose its principal garrison.

SWEDEN.

It is asserted in an article from Stockholm, that the states had approved of the proposal made by the king of Sweden to sell the island of St. Bartholomew, and to apply the produce of the sale to the liquidation of the debt of Norway.

RUSSIA.

The emperor of Russia has returned to Petersburgh from his tour through his dominions, having performed a journey of 1200 leagues in six weeks.

A dispute exists between Russia and Turkey relative to the sovereignty of the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia. The Grand Seignior, claiming them as his own, has levied a contribution of two millions of piastres on the former.

ASIA.

EAST INDIES.

The British are about to build six small frigates of 32 guns, at Trincolalee.

Very strict orders had been issued not to permit the ingress of Europeans into the interior more than five miles from Bombay.

We have details showing that a very extensive war rages in India. The natives fight desperately, and though generally defeated, soon rally and fight again. Ceylon, whose "legitimate king" the British seized, shipped off and imprisoned, (at the very time they were abusing Napoleon for keeping poor Ferdinand in custody) is much agitated, and the people are *killing off* quite rapidly.

The fort of Talnir had been stormed and taken by Sir T. Hislop. The contest was very severe, and the garrison were put to the sword!

The Peishwah is very far from being subdued—he has a large body of cavalry under his command, and continually harasses the British—another hostile chief, called Bajee Row, has 30,000 mounted men in arms.

The East Indians, fighting for their homes and the bones of their ancestors, are called "*rebels*"—other persons, with not a twentieth part of the causes for resistance, when fighting in Spain, were called "*PATRIOTS*."

NEW-HOLLAND.

A discovery has been made in New South Wales, which must materially affect the future advancement of that colony. "A river of the first magnitude" has been found in the interior, running through a most beautiful country, rich in soil, limestone, slate and good timber. A means of communication like this, has long been anxiously searched for without success, and many began to entertain apprehension that the progress of colonization in New-Holland would be confined to its coasts.

AFRICA.

EGYPT.

The bashaw or viceroy of Egypt has re-opened the intercourse with India by way of the Red Sea, as formerly, for the purpose of obtaining supplies of India merchandise: the goods are first brought to Suez, and conveyed from thence, across the isthmus, to Alexandria. The bashaw paid his last tribute to the grand seignior in Mocha coffee. We place no confidence in the extent or duration of a trade carried on through such channels with the East. The ruined commerce and importance of the Venetian commonwealth are pretty fair illustrations of the superior benefits attending on the route by the Cape, which the Portuguese, the Dutch, the French and English, have used for near three centuries.

INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

The following interesting intelligence of further exploring the interior of Africa, is from a late London publication:

Another enterprise to explore the termination of the Niger is undertaken, and as in all former ones, with sanguine hopes of success. Captain Gray, of the Royal African Corps, is intrusted with the immediate charge of the expedition. He is represented as every way qualified for solving this geographical enigma: he has been seven years in Africa, and is well acquainted with the Jaloff language. The route is to be that of the Gambia river, which he had already entered. By letters which have been received from this officer, it appears that his arrangements were nearly completed, and what was

of much consequence, his people all well and in high spirits, notwithstanding the failure of former attempts. A transport had been despatched to the Cape de Verd Islands, to procure horses and mules, the return of which was soon expected, when Captain Gray would directly commence his journey into the interior. The rainy season had terminated, and the weather was considered as favourable. Mr. Ritchie, late private secretary to Sir Charles Stuart, at Paris, and Captain Marryat, of the Royal Navy, are to attempt a journey towards Tombuctoo. The former gentleman is appointed vice-consul at Mourzouk, in the interior, the capital of Fezzan, a dependency of Tripoli, whose govenor is son of the bey of that kingdom. These gentlemen are also sanguine of success, as the protection of his highness the bey is guaranteed to them, and the journey not so perilous from that cause as by the other routes, although they have the great Zaharah to pass, and must be eight days without meeting with water. As usual, the French have been before us, and a Spaniard, who travelled in Egypt for Napoleon, under the assumed name of Ali Bey, has actually set off. It is already known that Mr. Bowditch and some other gentlemen from Cape Coast Castle have penetrated into the Ashantee country, and been well received, after some opposition from Daendels, formerly one of Napoleon's agents, but now the representative of the king of the Netherlands. Some curious information has been received by this means, which, it is thought, gives more probability to the death of Mungo Park than any that has hitherto appeared. Mr. Bowditch met with some Moorish merchants who had been at Houssa, who stated that while they were at that place a *white* man was seen going down the Niger in a large canoe, in which all the other persons were blacks. This was reported to the king, who immediately sent some of his people to advise him to return, and to tell him that if he proceeded much farther he would be destroyed by the cataracts. The white man, mistaking the good intentions of the king, persisted in his voyage. The king sent a large party to seize him and bring him to Houssa, which, after some opposition, they effected. Here he was detained by the king for two years, at the end of which time he took ill of a fever and died. The merchants who related this tale declared that they had seen the white man at Houssa. Whether this person was Mungo Park, or his companion, Lieutenant Martyn, the last known survivor of

the party besides himself, no means exist of ascertaining, although there is strong reasons for supposing that no other white persons could have been in the interior of Africa in the situation described.

AMERICA.

SPANISH AMERICA.

Venezuela.

The patriots of Venezuela are represented as every where successful. It is stated on the authority of a British officer in the service of the patriots, that up to the 22d July there had been several battles fought, and much skirmishing between the contending parties, in all of which the patriots were victorious, and had finally possessed themselves of the entire command of the plains, and compelled the royalists to take refuge in the mountains. The eleven British officers who were arrested last winter in Philadelphia, under a process from the authority of the United States, had arrived in Venezuela, and joined the patriot army. Mr. Clay's celebrated speech on the subject of our relations with South-America, had been translated into the Spanish language, and was read generally at the heads of the patriotic regiments, amidst the most enthusiastic applauses.

Bolivar is removed from the command of the armies, and placed at the head of the Venezuelan government. General Paez is his military successor.

Buenos Ayres.

The troops of the United Provinces of South-America, have been successful in several late engagements with the royalists, the most considerable of which was the battle of Maipu. Some months ago an overture was made by the patriots for regular exchanges of prisoners with the royalists, and the general adoption of the usages of civilized warfare, which was refused. Since the battle of Maipu this overture has been acceded to. News from Buenos Ayres, under date of the 6th July, informs also that the viceroy of Peru has proposed an armistice for a year, with the offer of withdrawing the royal troops from Potosi, Charcas, La Paz, and Cochabamba, to the Desaguadero, the former frontier of La Plata; but on condition from the patriots not to molest the royalists, who are yet in the province of Talcaguana, in Chili. General San Martin was at Buenos Ayres. The cause of his being absent for so long a time from the army was not known, although it was rumoured that he will suc-

ceed Pueyrredon. Artigas successfully maintains his war against the Portuguese on one side, and the Buenos Ayreans on the other—he has recently defeated some troops of the latter.

BRITISH AMERICA.

Canada.

Robert Gourlay was tried at Kingston, U. C. on the 15th August, for a libel on the government of U. C. and for an attempt to sow sedition among the people. Judge Campbell presided, and the cause was opened by Mr. Bolton, the public prosecutor. He was followed by Mr. Gourlay, who conducted his own defence, and who was permitted to read to the jury an address he had prepared for the

occasion, which is stated to have exhibited a specimen of bold, energetic composition, seldom equalled, and contained many excellent maxims of political wisdom and justice. After the whole day had been occupied by the trial, the cause was submitted to the jury, who soon after returned a verdict of acquittal, amidst the acclamation of the audience. On the following morning "*Gourlay for ever*" was found inscribed on almost every fence and corner post in Kingston. A public dinner was given to Mr. Gourlay by the citizens of Kingston the day after the trial, attended by respectable men from different parts of the province, some of whom had come several hundred miles to attend the trial.

ART. 9. DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Bangor, August 13.

THE Commissioners of the Land Office, Messrs. Robbins, Lewis and Lee, have had a meeting and consultation at Bangor this season; and after having determined upon a course of conduct and measures best suited to accomplish the objects of the government, they have been carrying their plan into efficient execution. They have been employed in the survey of the land on each side of Penobscot river, and in laying out an extensive road from the east side of the river toward the eastern boundary of the District. The time of the commissioners is in a considerable degree occupied in examining the situation of the country, the quality of the soil, mill privileges, &c. and they say as far as they have proceeded up the river, (which, however, is no farther than Passadunkeag) the country appears better than they expected to find it.

They have now gone up the river with the view of exploring the great west branch (so called) of Penobscot to its source, and also for the purpose of locating the four townships which the Indians have reserved to themselves in their late treaty with our commissioners. They have taken on this excursion Joseph Treat, Esq. for an assistant surveyor, and will take such other assistants as may be necessary.

This branch of the river has never been explored except by the Indians, and the time which may be spent in exploring it will be well employed.

CONNECTICUT.

The committee of the Hartford Convention have finished their report of a constitution for the state of Connecticut. The articles of the bill of rights have been separate-

ly discussed, and, with amendments, all approved. The discussion is now going on upon the constitution.

VERMONT.

Governor Galusha has been re-elected governor of this state with very little opposition.

NEW-YORK.

The Oneida Indians have recently formed among themselves a society for the promotion of agriculture.

A marble quarry has recently been discovered on the banks of the Seneca Lake. The marble is beautifully variegated and of a fine texture.

A large portion of Table Rock, at Niagara Falls, has recently broken off and fallen into the gulph below.

The bridge constructed by A. Porter, Esq. to Goat Island, last season, and partly destroyed by the ice last spring, is to be rebuilt, by which the finest possible view of the Falls may be obtained. A flight of steps to descend nearly two hundred feet, is now constructing, by which another, and as it is thought by some, the grandest view of the cataract may be had. From this place a boat is also to be kept, in which the Niagara may be crossed.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Died, at his farm near Greensburg, Penn. on the 31st August, General ARTHUR ST. CLAIR, in the 84th year of his age. The following brief outline of his life and character, is extracted from one of the public prints:

"The venerable General Arthur St. Clair was born in Edinboro', and came to this country in the fleet commanded by Admiral Boscoven in 1755. At an early period of his life, he took up the profession of arms,

and served as a lieutenant in the British army under General Wolfe, at the taking of Quebec.—He served during the whole of the French war of 1756, in the course of which he was honoured with the friendship of generals Wolfe, Murray and Monckton, under whose directions he learned the art of war. After retiring from the British army, he settled in Ligonier valley, on the site of Ligonier old fort, of which he had been the first commandant.—In 1773, Richard Penn, lieutenant-governor of the province, appointed him prothonotary and register and recorder for Westmoreland county, which offices, with others, he held in December, 1775, when he received from congress a colonel's commission in the continental service. Although this appointment was without solicitation on his part, he assumed the duties of his new station with promptitude and alacrity, and he recruited six full companies and marched them to the vicinity of Quebec by the first of the next May. In the campaign of 1776, he served in Canada, in company with Col. Wayne, under the orders of generals Thompson and Sullivan, and his knowledge of the country, gained in the previous war, as well as his military experience, was of essential advantage to the army. In the fall of the same year he joined Gen. Washington in Jersey, and first suggested that memorable ruse de guerre which terminated in the capture of the Hessians at Princeton, and which revived the sinking spirits of the army and the country. In the summer of 1777, he commanded Ticonderoga, which post being untenable by the small forces under his command, was abandoned, which occasioned a load of unmerited obloquy to be thrown upon him at the time. The military tribunal, however, which investigated his conduct, pronounced, that although he lost a post, he saved a state, and all the well informed have since unequivocally approved his conduct. He was in the battle of Brandywine a volunteer, not having at that time any command.

When the army marched southward, he was left in Pennsylvania to organize and forward the troops of that state, in consequence of which he arrived at Yorktown only a short time before the surrender of the British army. From thence he went to the south with a reinforcement to Gen. Green.

After the peace he was a member of congress, and president of that body, and in 1788, he was appointed governor of the then North Western Territory. In 1791, he was again appointed a Major General in the army of the United States. In all the various stations and situations of his life after he became known to General Washington, he enjoyed the especial confidence and friendship of that distinguished patriot.

Gen. St. Clair, in his domestic relations, felt the tender sympathies of our nature, in their fullest force. In social life he was much valued as a friend. His conversation was instructive and interesting, enlivened by

wit and embellished with science. As a soldier and statesman he possessed a piercing accuracy of mind, and fearless of censure from the short-sighted and presumptuous, he looked to the ultimate result, rather than to the immediate consequence of his actions. The resources of his mind were best developed in difficult and adverse circumstances, and although fortune, in some instances, seemed determined to thwart his purposes, his coolness, his courage, and his penetration, were above her reach. Providence seems to have designed, that the American revolution should disclose every species of greatness, and the subject of this notice, after toiling with unsubdued resolution against disaster, and smiling upon adversity, fulfilled his destiny by descending to the tomb A **GREAT MAN IN RUINS**. The afflictive spectacle of his last days smites the heart with sorrow. The friend of Washington, the companion of his glory—he who by his counsel turned the tide of battle in the most gloomy period of the revolution—he who, in the winter of 1777, on the banks of the Delaware, looking on the broken army of liberty, beheld at his word the light of enthusiasm gleam over the brow of misfortune—he who, in 1783, before the intrenchments of York, standing by the side of the father of his country, and participating his feelings, saw the liberty of that country sealed by the surrender of its foes, closed his life in neglected solitude.

On the summit of the Chesnut Ridge, which overlooks the valley of Ligonier, in which the commencement of the revolution found him in prosperity; on this lonesome spot, exposed to winter winds, as cold and desolating as the tardy gratitude of his country, died Major General Arthur St. Clair. The traveller, as he passed the place, was reminded of the celebrated Roman exile's reply, "tell the citizens of Rome that you saw Cains Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage." He is almost in the rear of the **GALLANT BAND**, in going to mortality's last sojourn.

VIRGINIA.

Important Discovery.—David Meade Randolph has announced in the Richmond papers, the discovery of a cement, made from two certain fossils, mineral or volcanic substances, which is found to be impervious to water and weather, and which grows harder by time. He applied the cement between two bricks on the 2d June, 1817, and after being in water fourteen months, the whole mass appeared to be solid, the cement as hard as the brick. The same cement has been applied to the flat surface of brick work, exposed to the weather, and the result has been equally flattering. The discoverer concludes from the experiments he has made, that his cement is superior to the real Dutch terras, since it will alike answer for works that are to be covered with water, and for cisterns, flooring and terrace walks.

The Pamunkey tribe of Indians, (in Virginia,) which was one of the confederacy of Powhatan, was reduced to ten or twelve men when Jefferson wrote his Notes; but it has since increased, so that it now consists of near 200 persons; but most of them have more Negro than Indian blood in them. The present chief is a member of the Baptist church. Two brothers of the name of Bradberry, have lately married into the tribe, and settled among them; but a meeting has been called to see whether they will permit them to stay. The elder B. is said to be worth several thousand dollars.

NORTH-CAROLINA.

The improvements in the navigation of the river Roanoke, have given birth to several new and thrifty villages. A well printed newspaper is established at the new town of Milton, which has also a post office, and at which 1500 hhds. of tobacco were received of the last crop. The Newbern bank has an agency at the place, and another is expected from the state bank.

SOUTH-CAROLINA.

The expenditures of the city of Charleston, for the year ending on the 31st August last, amounted to the sum of \$193,720 84. Of this sum, \$66,795 53 were expended in the purchase of lands for public purposes, and for making permanent improvements in the city. The expense of the city guard was \$27,599 09—poor house, \$24,451 84— orphan house, \$20,075 09—marine hospital, \$6,382 96—streets and scavengers, \$15,461 27—city lamps and lighting, \$14,969 45.— All these expenses were defrayed without borrowing, viz. from \$24,295 01, balance in the treasury at the end of last year—direct taxes, \$81,553 49—retail and tavern licenses, \$11,995 20—vendue tax, \$20,941 14—and the remainder from city lots, rents, bonds and miscellaneous sources.

GEORGIA.

The ordinary expenses of Savannah, for the last year, ending on the 21st of August last, amounted to the sum of \$18,137 58.— Among the incidental charges were \$200 to sundry persons, for killing 400 dogs.— The amount of the debt due by the city is, \$63,500. The amount of income for the past year was, \$48,772 85, viz. from direct taxes, \$27,189—rent of city lots, \$9,382—licenses, \$4,930—rent of exchange, \$1,578 40—sales of lots, \$2,360.

KENTUCKY.

Longevity.—An extraordinary spectacle was exhibited at the polls, during the election in Mount Sterling, in the person of Mr. John Summers, *one hundred and twelve years of age*, who appeared and exercised the right of suffrage, having walked several miles for that purpose. He was born the 12th July, 1706, in Virginia, and has been a resident of Kentucky about thirty years;

and, we are informed, has resided in that county nearly the whole of that time. He has had 24 children, 14 now living, the youngest 11 years old; and has had upwards of 300 grand children. His hearing and sight are good.

INDIANA.

The Harmony Society, in this state, composed of German emigrants, is represented to be in a very prosperous condition. They have reaped during the season just gone by, 6000 bushels of wheat from one field. They manufacture almost all kinds of things—they purchase freely what they want, and pay very liberally—their beautiful church is completely finished—they have erected several large brick houses, and have a flour mill, thought to be exceeded by few in the United States; also, hemp and oil mills.— They have been joined by a number from Germany in the present year.

A settlement of Swedes is about to be made in their neighbourhood—they appear to be associated something like the Harmony Society, and to have the means of prosecuting business to advantage. A few Englishmen have purchased 32 quarter sections lying not far distant, to be immediately improved.

The Harmony Society had this year 400 acres in wheat, 50 rye, 30 oats, 20 barley, 430 corn, 20 flax, 100 grass, and also raised hemp, peas and beans—and expect to make several barrels of wine from their vineyard

MICHIGAN TERRITORY.

A captive found.—Gov. Cass, of Michigan Territory, advertises for the relatives of *John Taylor*, who has lately escaped from the Indians on Red River, near lake Winepee. It appears that in 1790, when he was about nine years old, he was stolen by the Indians from the banks of the Ohio, and has been with them ever since. He speaks no English. The whites pursued the Indians, and in a conflict, the chief, Black Fish, was killed, which it is thought will lead to a discovery.

ILLINOIS TERRITORY.

By a census just taken, it appears that the population of this Territory is sufficient to entitle it to be erected into a state.

MISSOURI TERRITORY.

Death of Col. Daniel Boon.—As he lived so he died, with his gun in his hand. It is stated that early in last month, Col. Boon rode to a deer-lick, seated himself within a blind raised to conceal him from the game; that while seated thus concealed, with his old trusty rifle in his hand, pointed towards the lick, the muzzle resting on a log, his face to the breach of his gun, his rifle cocked, his finger on the trigger, one eye shut, the other looking along the barrel through the sights—in this position, without struggle or motion, and of course without pain, he

breathed out his last so gently, that when he was found next day by his friends, although stiff and cold, he looked as if alive, with his gun in his hand, just in the act of firing. It is not altogether certain, if a buck had come into the range of his gun, which had been

the death of thousands, but it might have intuitively obeyed its old employer's mind, and discharged itself. This hypothesis being novel, we leave the solution to the curious.

ART. 10. CABINET OF VARIETIES.

ALL THE WORLD A KALEIDOSCOPE.

SHAKESPEARE informs us that "all the world's a stage;" divines have remarked, that "all the world's a hospital of incurables;" and writers of other classes have given it such appellations as their judgment, their prejudice, or their fancy, suggested. For my own part, I think that the world, with all its freaks, its inconsistencies, and its crimes, is but a *Kaleidoscope*; a proposition which, as my readers may find some difficulty in conceiving, I shall proceed with all due exactness to illustrate and apply.

Now, I am aware that, as an answer at once to this proposition, it will be urged that the *Kaleidoscope* is quite a new invention; and that, consequently, I must have totally mistaken the colour and character of the world, before I could have found or fixed such a resemblance. To this I shall only reply, that, without at all disputing Dr. Brewster's patent, or claiming the invention for any of those philosophers, dead or living, whose names have been mentioned as the authors of the discovery, I think I can prove, by evidence the most satisfactory, that the world both is and ever has been a *Kaleidoscope*, from the very days of Adam to the present time.

For what, let me ask, is a *Kaleidoscope*? It is a machine in which, by means of an optical deception, a few pieces of tawdry glass and tinsel acquire apparent symmetry and beauty, adjusting themselves in a ceaseless variety of novel and amusing forms, and leading us to hope that each new change may be still more attractive than the last. Such is also the world. Divines, and moralists, sacred and profane, have all concurred to tell us that it is a scene of "vanity and vexation of spirit;"—but who, let me ask, believes them? Seen through the *kaleidoscope* of youth and inexperience, this same world is all beauty and fascination. Its vagaries and incongruities are forgotten, or perhaps even appear perfectly symmetrical and regular. It is impossible to convince men, till time or a Higher Power convinces them, that all this scene of apparent delight and brilliancy is but an optical illusion, which the next moment may destroy. Yet this fact is equally certain, notwithstanding the incredulity of mankind: nay, we often perceive it in the case of another, when we cannot in our own. When, for example, we see a child surveying with eager eye its first shilling, and summoning

up all the powers of its invention to know in what manner to expend the apparently exhaustless treasure, all the world, except the child itself, must be perfectly convinced that he views his solitary coin through a *kaleidoscope*, which has multiplied it in his imagination to an extent which the result cannot possibly justify. The same remark may be applied to the though less spendthrift and the sanguine heir. And when, a young lawyer, just eating his way to the bar, sees maces and woolsacks floating before him; or a young divine, mitres and lawn-sleeves; or an apprentice, civic chains and titles; or a youthful beauty, splendid equipages and establishments—all which every spectator is well convinced there is not the most remote prospect of their ever enjoying—must we not say that such characters employ a *kaleidoscope*, which though it may amuse their imaginations by its phantoms, has no power to regulate their judgment to a due perception of the illusions with which they are surrounded?

In short, imagine that every man keeps his own *kaleidoscope*, fitted up and adapted for his own peculiar powers of vision, and which will therefore seldom suit any other eye. One person, for instance, views every thing through the *kaleidoscope* of *party*; and it is astonishing with what powers of optical deception this particular *kaleidoscope* is often furnished. I have seen instances of this in the late election. An individual, for example, of flagrantly immoral habits; or another of revolutionary and destructive political principles; or another of hopelessly wayward and inconsistent character; or another of blind, indiscriminate unmeaning attachment to what is called "the high" or "the low" party, instantly becomes, when viewed through this *kaleidoscope*, all that is consistent and worthy of approbation. The very darkest shades in his character assume an apparent symmetry and beauty. Indeed, so powerful an instrument is a *party kaleidoscope*, that I never knew a bad man, or a bad measure, either in church or state, that might not be made to appear for a moment tolerably respectable by its aid.

The controversial *kaleidoscope* has much the same effect. I have known, for example, many a man, after taking up a system of religion which appeared, and justly so, to every other person, harsh, confused, and disjointed, expatiate upon the unity and

congruity of his scheme, and point out, with no ordinary self-complacency, how perfectly the tints were blended and the parts adjusted to each other. A good Calvinistic or Arminian kaleidoscope can perform wonders in this way; though, unluckily, as but one person can look through the same aperture at the same time, and in exactly the same disposition of the objects, it seldom happens that the kaleidoscopist can impart to others the exact views which have made so great an impression on his own mind. Two forms or colours which appear perfectly to suit each other in one position, become displeasing the moment that aspect is changed; and it is often quite impossible, even for the individual himself, to recover the original position which so much delighted his imagination. Indeed, having found, by repeated experience, innumerable inconveniences in managing Calvinistic and Arminian kaleidoscopes; and, particularly, having discovered that although in some positions each will do very well, in others it will present objects in very disgusting forms, and with very unnatural distortions; I have been induced in my own practice to blend the two instruments, or rather to select from each the best and fairest gems, and to combine them as well as I was able in order to form a third, which, though not altogether perfect, seems to answer my purpose tolerably well. I have found the same plan useful also in many similar cases.

Having thus endeavoured cursorily to prove that "all the world's a kaleidoscope," I trust your readers will not object to my stating the moral advantages which I think they ought to derive from the discovery. The chief benefit that occurs to my own mind, is the importance of being aware of the illusions to which we are subject, and the necessity of adjusting our kaleidoscopes as well as we possibly can for the purpose of our true happiness and welfare. For this end I would recommend every man frequently to open his kaleidoscope, and examine its contents. An apparently small alteration will often produce a most important and beneficial change in the character of the images which lie before him. Does he, for instance, view the world as one bright and glaring scene; thus both neglecting a better world, and preparing himself for innumerable disappointments in this? Let him convince himself of the illusion; let him view, in their simple form, and colour, and magnitude, those objects which have so greatly enraptured his eye, but which, upon minuter inspection, will prove to be but beads and baubles, shreds of finery, and fragments of variegated glass; of which the only wonder is, how they could appear for a moment, or under any possible illusion, so interesting and splendid to a rational and immortal being. The young and gay and sanguine observer, will

often derive much practical advantage from discovering how much he has been deceived by mere impression, and how little real worth and reality there often is in many of the most gay and glittering scenes which pass before his enraptured eye. On the other hand, the gloomy and unhappy will find not less advantage in adopting the same process. It was, perhaps, but one sombre object that gave the melancholy tinge to the whole kaleidoscope, and which being taken away, or a few more cheerful objects thrown in, the general appearance would be materially improved. Why, then, constantly select the most distressing appearances, and place before the eye the most dark and lowering hues, when, notwithstanding all the miseries ever existing in the world, there is an infinity of brighter shades, and more cheerful objects, with which we may lawfully enliven our sphere of vision. Indeed, the mixture and succession of dark and light, of grave and cheerful, is always so uncertain, and oftentimes so rapid, in the kaleidoscope of life, that it would be worse than folly, in any thing human, to rejoice without sorrow, or to sorrow without rejoicing. The very next turn may change the whole scene: the liveliest images may succeed to the most melancholy, or the most melancholy to the liveliest; disorder and deformity may give way to symmetry and beauty, or beauty and symmetry to deformity and disarrangement. To hope, therefore, in adversity, and to be humble in prosperity, to correct our views of life, and to be prepared for the approach of death, is not less the advice of Reason than of Scripture.

[*Christian Observer*]

NEW DISCOVERY IN OPTICS.

A very interesting and important discovery has lately been made on the increase and projection of light, by Mr. Lester, engineer. As this discovery will form a new era in optics, a record of its history must prove interesting to the scientific world, and, as such, we shall briefly lay before our readers the following account of it by a correspondent.

Mr. Lester being engaged at the West-India Docks for the purpose of applying his new mechanical power, *The Convrtor*, to cranes, by which the labour of winches is performed by rowing, &c. on taking a view of the immense spirit vaults, he was forcibly struck by the inefficient mode adopted to light those very extensive and wonderful depots,* which is by a cast-iron cylinder of about two feet in diameter, and two feet deep, placed in lieu of a key-stone in the centre of each arch;—these cylinders are closed at their tops, and each furnished with five plano-convex lenses (bull's

* One of which is nearly an acre and an half in area, and is supported by 207 groined arches and 207 stone pillars.

eyes) of Messrs. Peillatt and Green's patent, which are admirably adapted to the conveying of light in all situations, except down a deep tube or cylinder, where the refraction they produce, (in consequence of their convex forms) betwixt the angles of incidence and reflection, prevents the rays from being projected into the place intended to be lighted. This refraction throws the light upon the concave sides of the cylinder, where it is principally absorbed, instead of keeping the angles of incidence and reflection equal.

From these observations, Mr. Lester concluded, that a lens might be so constructed as to prevent this refraction, and commenced a course of experiments for that purpose. He succeeded by obtaining the proper angle of the incidental rays with a mirror, and finding the scope of the cylinder sufficiently copious to admit the reflected rays into the vault, provided the refraction of the lens did not intervene. The same angle produced by the mirror he endeavoured to retain upon the sides of the lens, by giving it a different form, a peculiar part of which he intended to foliate. But having met with insurmountable difficulties in this process, he concluded, from the striking appearance of silvery light upon the interior surface of that part he intended to silver, that metal would represent the light by retaining that form, and, brought down below the edges of the lens, might produce the desired effect. In his attempt to accomplish this purpose, by holding the body in a vertical position between the eye and a candle, a flash of light was instantly produced, by representing the flame of the candle magnified to the size of the whole of the inner surface of this piece of metal, and gave an increased light upon the wall opposite to him. After this discovery, he had several pieces of metal formed, retaining the same angle, but of various diameters, and found to his great surprise, that, although their area were greatly increased, the representation of the flame still filled them without the least diminution in the quality of the light, but with an increased light against the wall, in proportion to the increased area of the surface of the metal.* How far this power and effect may extend, is not at present ascertained; but it is believed that a zone of light of the same quantity and effect may be produced to an inconceivable extent. Some idea may be formed of the powerful and important results that may be derived from this discovery, by reasoning philosophically on its

principles:—Let a candle or any other light be represented in a mirror at a given distance from the flame, and the eye of the spectator be placed so as to view its reflection nearly in the cathetus of incidence. Let him mark the quantity of light represented in the mirror, and such will be its true quality when forming a zone of represented flame of double the diameter of the distance betwixt the real flame and the mirror.

If a candle be placed before a mirror, its flame will be represented; and if a thousand mirrors are placed in a given circle round a candle, the candle will be represented a thousand times, and each representation equal in brilliancy, if the mirrors are at equal distances from the flame. Suppose that the thousand mirrors were united in such a form as to bring all the represented flames into one flame, of equal brilliancy with the real flame of the candle. For the same law of nature by which the flame is represented a thousand times in as many mirrors so united, it would be represented in one flame if the mirror be made of a proper form, and placed in a proper position to receive the rays of light that emanate from the candle in the direction of the angle of this peculiar formed mirror.

As the light of a small candle is visible at the distance of four miles in a dark night, what must be the diameter or circumference of that zone of flame be that is produced by this discovery from one of the gas lights in the streets of London? Thus two lamps or stations would be sufficient to light the longest street, when its position approaches to a right line, as the diameter of the zone may be made of the same diameter as the street; and as the rays of light that are increased by this invention diverge from the luminous body, all parts of the street would be filled with light. Many are the minor advantages that will be derived from its application to domestic purposes, for writing, reading, and working by candle or lamp-light. This, like Dr. Brewster's kaleidoscope, is another instance of the effects to be produced by mirrors.

It appears that the great impediment to improvement and discovery in this branch of the science of optics, has arisen from the difficulty of foiling glass to the various forms necessary, in lieu of which we have been compelled to use metallic substances. These difficulties once removed, a vast field of important discovery will be opened on the nature and effect of light. May not many of the phenomena that are observed in the air, such as *halos* round the sun, be produced by this principle, the rays falling upon a denser medium than air, and thus producing a zone of light? &c.

The further particulars of this important discovery we hope to lay before our readers in a future number.

[*Philosophical Magazine.*]

* This invention is not confined solely to light, but the increase of heat keeps pace with the increase of light, and both in the ratio of the area of the surface.

The apparatus is so constructed as to be placed upon a candle, and sinks down with the flame, without either flooding or waste.

THE INCOMBUSTIBLE MAN.

There is so much of philosophy mixed up with common show, in the exhibition of *Ivan Iranitz Chabert*, that we presume on some account of the phenomena he exhibits being acceptable. This person, and a Signora Girardelli, have recently revived the public attention to certain curious powers, either naturally possessed or artificially communicated to the human frame. We have not seen the performances of the lady, but from the report of friends, and a very clever and accurate account of them in Constable's Edinburgh Magazine, and from our own remarks upon those of the male "Fire-proof," we shall endeavour to bring the matter sufficiently under the eye of our readers.

The power of resisting the action of heat has been claimed, and to a certain wonderful degree enjoyed, by persons in all ages. Much of imposture has been founded upon it, and much of injustice perpetrated under its operation. By the ancients, and by the comparatively moderns, by Hindus and by Christians, it has been made the test of truth or the trial of faith. Sophocles mentions it in the *Antigone*, and Virgil and Varro tell us, that the priests of Apollo on Mount Soracte would walk over burning coals with naked feet. The priests of the temple of Feronia were, according to Strabo, equally incombustible. The *Saludadores* or *Santiguadores*, of Spain, pretended to prove their descent from St. Catharine by this ordeal, and one of them carried the jest of imposition so far, that he went into an oven and was literally baked to a cinder. The earliest instance of fire ordeal in Christendom occurred in the fourth century, when Simplicius, Bishop of Autun, and his wife (married before his promotion, and living with him after it,) demonstrated the Platonic purity of their intercourse, by putting burning coals upon their flesh without injury. This miracle was repeated by St. Brice about a century after; and it is generally known to what a monstrous pitch the trial by fire was carried through many succeeding ages, when craft was canonized and innocence martyred upon frauds like these. Pope Etienne 5th condemned all trials of this kind as false and superstitious, and Frederick the 2d prohibited them as absurd and ridiculous.

From being the object of religious belief, and of judicial importance, the fetes of human salamanders descended into itinerant wonders. About 1677, an Englishman, named Richardson, exhibited in Paris; and M. Dodart, an Academician, published in the *Journal des Savans*, an explanation of his performances on rational principles. They seem to have been of the same nature with those of Madame Girardelli and M. Chabert; chewing and swallowing burning coals, licking a hot iron with his tongue, &c. In 1754, the famous Mr. Powell, the fire-eater, distinguished himself in England,

an account of whose exploits is contained in the Gentleman's Magazine for February 1755: and so late as 1803, the incombustible Spaniard, Senor Lionetto, performed in Paris, where he attracted the particular attention of Dr. Sementini, Professor of Chemistry, and other scientific gentlemen of that city. It appears that a considerable vapour and smell rose from the parts of his body to which the fire and heated substances were applied, and in this he differs from both the persons now in this country.

In M. Chabert's bill the following are announced as the "extraordinary proofs of his supernatural power of resisting the most intense heat of every kind; and he pledges himself that no slight of hand, as is usual in these things, will be practised:

1. He will forge with his feet a bar of red hot iron.
2. He will undergo the torture by fire, as used in the Spanish Inquisition.
3. He will drink, positively, boiling oil.
4. He will drop on his tongue a large quantity of burning sealing wax, from which any of the company may take impressions of their seals.
5. He will eat burning charcoal.
6. He will inspirate the flame of a torch.
7. Will bathe his feet in boiling lead, and pour it into his mouth with his hand.
8. Will pour the strongest aqua-fortis on steel filings, and trample on it with his bare feet.
9. Will rub a red-hot shovel on his arms and legs, and hold it on his head until the hair shall be too warm for any by-stander to hold his hand on it.
10. He will pour vitriol, oil, and arsenic into the fire, and hold his head in the flames and inhale the vapours.
11. He will eat of a lighted torch with a fork, as if it were salad.
12. Will pour aqua-fortis on a piece of copper in the hollow of his hand.

Of these undertakings, what he actually did was as follows:

1. He took a red hot iron, like a spade, and repeatedly struck it or stamped briskly upon it, with the sole of his bare foot. The foot was quite cool after the experiment.
2. He held his naked foot long over the flame of a candle, which did not seem to affect it in the slightest degree, though in contact with the skin.
3. Oil appeared to boil in a small brazier, and he took nearly two table spoonfuls into his mouth and swallowed it. In the former experiments there could not, by possibility, be any trick; and, in the latter, if there was any deception, it must have been by having some preparation at the bottom of the brazier, which a slight heat caused to bubble up through the oil, and give it the semblance without the reality of boiling. The spoon was, however hot; but we think not so much so as if the oil it had lifted had been really at a boiling temperature.

4. The writer of this notice took two impressions of his seal in black sealing wax dropped on Chabert's tongue. It was very thin, but undoubtedly dropt melting from a lighted candle.

5. He put several small pieces of burning charcoal into his mouth.

6. Not done.

7. A quantity of melted lead was poured into a utensil like a washing copper, into which Chabert leapt barefooted. It did appear to us, however, that he stood upon his heels in a part of the vessel, over which the metal did not flow. With regard to pouring the boiling lead into his mouth, he seemed to lift a small quantity of what either was or resembled boiling lead, from the crucible to his mouth, and thence spit it into a plate in a sort of granular state. We could not minutely examine this experiment, but it is possible that mercury might be introduced to give a fluid the resemblance of boiling lead. Nor is it likely that lead could be lifted in this way with the fingers.

8. Done according to the programme, but it cannot be ascertained that the aqua-fortis was "*the strongest*," and if not, there is little marvellous in the exploit.

9. Nearly correct. He waited some time with a shovel in his hand while explaining what he was about to do; he then scraped up his arm with the edge of it, and subsequently licked it with his tongue, and smoothed his hair with its flat side. The hair felt hot in consequence, but there was no smell, no vapour, nor any appearance of singeing. The tongue looked white and fury—the moisture on it hissed.

10. Not done.

11 and 12 performed as stated. The blazing salad was visible in his open mouth, near the throat, for several seconds, and had an extraordinary effect in lighting this human vault in so unusual a manner.

It is thus evident, that whatever there may be of deception in these performances, there is still enough of the curious to merit attention. M. Chabert asserts, that he is the *only naturally incombustible being* exhibiting; the others using preparations which he disclaims. He is a dark, stout, not unpleasant-looking man, and, as he says, a Russian by birth. His story is, that he fell into the fire when a year old without suffering any injury; and a similar accident when he was twelve, from which he also escaped unburnt, demonstrated that he possessed the quality of resisting fire.

Of course we cannot determine what may be depended upon in this statement. How much of the power clearly possessed to resist greater degrees of heat than other men may be a natural gift, how much the result of chemical applications, and how much from having the parts indurated by long practice—probably all three are combined in this phenomena. Of the recipes for rendering the skin and flesh fire-proof, *Albertus Magnus*, in his work *De Mirabilis*

Mundi, writes, "Take juice of marshmallow, and white of egg, and flea-bane seeds, and lime; powder them, and mix juice of radish with the white of egg; mix all thoroughly, and with this composition anoint your body or hand, and allow it to dry, and afterwards anoint again, and after this you may boldly take up hot iron without hurt." Such a paste would be very visible. "Pure spirit of sulphur," rubbed on the parts, is said to have been the secret practised by Richardson. "Spirit of sulphur, sal ammoniac, essence of rosemary, and onion juice," is another of the recipes. The book of *Hocus Pocus* prescribes "1-2 oz. camphire dissolved in 2 oz. aqua-vitæ; add 1 oz. quicksilver, 1 oz. liquid storax, which is the droppings of myrrh, and hinders the camphire from firing,—take also 2 oz. hematatis, which is a red stone, to be had at the druggists, which being put to the above composition, anoint well your feet with it, and you may walk over a red hot iron bar, without the least inconvenience."

No doubt but diluted sulphuric, nitric, or muriatic acid, or a saturated solution of burnt alum, being repeatedly rubbed on the skin, will render it less sensible to the action of caloric. Hard soap, or a soap paste rubbed over the tongue, will preserve it from being burnt by a hot iron rapidly passed over it.

After all, however, habit must be a principal agent in the attainment of the very considerable insensibility to heat, which, making every allowance for dexterity and deception, this person evidently possesses. His contact with the hottest instruments was but momentary; and it is well known that blacksmiths, plumbers, glass makers, confectioners, and other tradesmen, whose occupations lead them to the endurance of great fires, are capable of sustaining heat far beyond the powers of other men. Moisture too, skilfully employed, will do much in preserving the flesh from danger. A wet finger may be safely dipt into a pan of boiling sugar, and even without being wet, if instantly withdrawn and plunged in water, a thin crust of sugar may be thus without danger, obtained.

We have thought this subject deserving of the notice we have taken of it. As for the offer to go into an oven with a leg of mutton, &c. we look upon it as one of those quack bravadoes thrown out to attract the multitude; and of a similar cast is M. Chabert's very humane and whimsical invitation, "in cases of sudden fire, if called on, he will be most happy to help any fellow-creature," &c. We should be sorry to remain in the fire till even an incombustible gentleman was sent for, express, to come to our relief; and, indeed, would rather go to visit him, as we advise those to do who agree with us in considering these extraordinary performances as very different from mere slight of hand and show.

[*London Literary Gazette*]

DESCRIPTION OF EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh, the capital of the county, and of all Scotland, stands upon three ridges of low-lying hills, and on their intermediate vales. It was formerly much confined in its limits, consisting chiefly of what is now termed the Old Town; but its extent has been considerably increased by the buildings on the north, termed the New-Town, and some handsome streets and squares, which have been built on the south. What is called the Old Town covers the middle ridge, with the shelving declivities on each side; and on the south side, with the bottom below, and the rising ascent of the next ridge, about a mile in length. Its principal street extends in a tolerably even line, between east and west, terminated on the west by an abrupt rocky eminence or precipice, on which the castle is built, and descending with a gradual declivity to the east, in the hollow at the foot of the ridge, where the palace of Holyrood House is situated, on a plain called St. Ann's Yards, or the King's Park: from this plain, on both sides of the hill, two vallies extend the whole length of the high street; the southern one occupied by the Cowgate, a narrow mean lane; the other terminating in a marsh, which was lately drained, called the North Loch. The high street, which runs along the side of the hill on the ridge from the castle to the palace, on account of its length, width, and the height of the houses, is remarkably striking. Nearly in the middle of the high street stands the Tolbooth, an ugly and ruinous pile. On the south side of this disfigured building is situated the fine Gothic church of St. Giles. Near to this is the Parliament House, now occupied by the Court of Sessions, well worth the stranger's attention. In the middle of the close or square, which is before the Parliament House, there is a handsome equestrian statue of Charles the II. in bronze, in which the proportions are admirably observed. On the opposite side of the high street, a little to the east, is the Royal Exchange, founded in the year 1753. It is a handsome building, in the form of a square. At the corner of the high street, formed by the South Bridge, is the Tron Church, founded in 1637, but of late much modernized and improved. Proceeding farther east, the street takes the name of Canongate; on the north side of this street is a handsome church, and the whole is terminated by Holyrood House. This is a large good building, in the form of a square, the greater part being built by James the V. and completed by Charles the II. Adjoining the palace is the small ruinous chapel of the Holycross, or Holyrood, which was set apart for a chapel royal, and for the knights of the order of the Thistle; it was founded by David the I. in 1128, and completely destroyed by the Presbyterians, when their reforming zeal laid waste every thing which had the appearance of idolatrous worship. The houses in the Old

Town are piled to an enormous height, some of them amounting to eight, ten, and even twelve stories; each of these were called lands, and the access to these separate lodgings was by a common stair, exposed to every inconvenience arising from filth, steepness, darkness, and danger from fire. Such, in some measure, is the situation of the Old Town at this day.

The New-Town is situated on an elevated plain, beyond the basin which once contained the North Loch, on the most northern of the three hills, north from the old city, and united to it by the North Bridge, and an eastern mound composed of the earth and rubbish dug from the foundations of the buildings in the New-Town. It was begun to be built in 1767, and the general plan, the streets, the buildings, and the police, can scarcely be too highly praised. The new buildings are of stone, regular, beautiful, and elegant. They consist of three large parallel streets, and two inferior ones, though containing many handsome houses, running east and west nearly a mile in length, intersected with cross streets, at regular and convenient distances. North is Queen's-street, about one hundred feet broad. South is Prince's-street, similar to Queen's street. The middle is George-street, terminated on the east by St. Andrew's square, and on the west by Charlotte's square. York-place is a noble street, connecting Queen's-street with Leith-walk. Duke-street and Albany-row are in the vicinity of York-place.

On the south side of the Old Town, the streets are not near so elegant and regular, but many of the buildings are extensive and handsome. The largest square in Edinburgh, George's-square, is situated in the south side of the Old Town. There are besides several other squares in this, as Nicolson's, St. Patrick's, Brown's, Argyle's, Alison's. Besides St. Giles and the Trou Church, already mentioned, there is at the west end of Prince's-street, a handsome church, called the West Kirk. In George-street, is St. Andrew's Church, a very handsome building, with an elegant spire.

The other principal buildings are, the Register Office, at the north end of the North Bridge, a handsome edifice. Nearly opposite is the theatre, neat but small, by no means so elegant as might be expected in such a metropolis. On Leith Walk are concert rooms, fitted up in an elegant style. The University is at the south end of the South Bridge. Nearly opposite is the Royal Infirmary. Analogous to this house is the Dispensary, a neat plain building in Richmond-street. The Lying-in Hospital is in Park-place. Halls for medical purposes in Surgeon's-square, and in Richmond-street. Opposite St. Andrew's Church, in George-street, is the Physicians' Hall, with a portico of eight handsome Corinthian pillars in front. The High School in Edinburgh has long been deservedly noticed for the scholars it has produced. Besides the High

School, there are four established schools in Edinburgh, under the patronage of the town council, and numerous private schools, where every branch of education is taught at a moderate rate. The other public buildings erected for charitable purposes are, Herriot's Hospital, an elegant Gothic pile, founded in 1628, finished in 1650, for the poor and fatherless boys of freemen. Watson's Hospital, a neat modern building, founded in 1738, for children of decayed members of the Merchant Company of Edinburgh. The Orphan Hospital, Trades Hospital, Trinity Hospital, Gillespie's Hospital, three charity work-houses, an Asylum for the Blind, and several other charitable institutions. In philosophy and general literature, Edinburgh possesses many societies and institutions: The Royal Society of Edinburgh, the Antiquarian Society, the Speculative Society, the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, another for the Sons and Widows of the Clergy, and several Societies for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. In fact, Edinburgh is the seat of science, politeness and elegance. The population of Edinburgh is above one hundred thousand.

[*European Magazine.*]

ANIMAL REMAINS.—MAMMOTH—CROCODILE.

There have been recently discovered in the parish of Motteston, on the south side of the Isle of Wight, the bones of that stupendous animal supposed to be the Mammoth, or Mastodon. Several of the vertebrae, or joints of the back-bone, measure thirty-six inches in circumference: they correspond exactly in form, colour, and texture, with the bones found in plenty on the banks of the Ohio in North-America, in a vale called by the Indians Big-bone Swamp. Also, in the parish of Northwood, on the north side of the island, the bones of the Crocodile have recently been found by the Rev. Mr. Hughes of Newport. They seem to have belonged to an animal of that species, whose body did not exceed twelve feet in length. Their calcareous nature is not altered; but the bones of the Mastodon (found on the south side of the island) contain iron.

NATURAL HISTORY: PROPAGATION OF FISH.

The propagation of fish is perhaps one of the most obscure matters in this branch of science. It was formerly a common custom in some of the Scottish rivers, to "fish the waters," as it was called, by torch light during the spawning season, during the latter end of November and beginning of December. On these occasions a boat furnished with a strong light was navigated in quest of salmon, technically denominated *Bills* (*quasi Males*, we suppose) which when discovered were immediately speared. A

witness of one of these expeditions relates the following fact:

"Two fish of a moderate size, perhaps about 18 inches long, were squeezed into a hollow space, resembling the rut of a cart-wheel, about 8 or 9 inches wide, and rather more than two feet long, which they had evidently dug in the center of the stream. It was in a shallow, about 20 yards above a pool of considerable depth. They were not even disturbed by the glare of the torch-light; and were, for the sake of further investigation, left in the same state in which they were discovered. Next day there was no appearance of the hollow; on the contrary, the spot, which had been accurately marked, was, if any thing, rather higher than the rest of the gravel. In about three weeks or a month after the spawn had been thus deposited, the spot, and for a considerable distance around it, was covered with a *gla*iry substance, resembling the spawn of frogs, which seemed to bind the sand and gravel together, so as to prevent their being acted upon or moved by the current. About the beginning of February this substance seemed to be disappearing, and one day, about the middle of the month the gravel appeared to be actually heaving up and down. A considerable fall of rain raised the river, and prevented the tumulus being turned over with a spade at this critical period; and when the water fell to its former level, no vestige of the *fish burrow* remained. The pool below was, however, investigated, and found to be swarming with myriads of fish, many of them so small as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye. In a week they had increased in size considerably; in a fortnight the pool was much thinned, and the fry could be traced nearly a mile down the river; by the middle of March some were an inch and a half long, and in May seven dozen were caught with the rod and fly, generally from four to five inches in length. They were moving in shoals, and making their way to the sea. The writer adds, that in the spawning the breeding fish are followed into the small rivers by a species called *spawn-suckers*, who dig up and feed on the deposit: the young have also many enemies, but still the increase is prodigious.

AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

Enter the House of Commons as the Temple of Liberty; do not dishonour that Temple; preserve your freedom as the pledge of your integrity. Read, inquire, hear, debate, and then determine. Do not without inquiry approve of, nor without good cause oppose, the measures of the Court. The true patriot will lend his assistance to enable the King to administer justice, to protect the subject, and to aggrandize the nation. Avoid bitter speeches; you meet not to revile, but to reason. The

best men may err, and therefore be not ashamed to be convinced yourself, nor be ready to reproach others. Remember that your electors did not send you to Parliament to make your own fortune, but to take care of theirs. When you do speak, take especial care that it is to the purpose; and rather study to confine yourself to the subject with brevity and perspicuity, than to indulge yourself in the unnecessary display of a flowery imagination. If you feel all right within, you will scorn to look round the House for support; for be assured that God, your conscience, and your country, will support you.

In a German Journal, called the *Miscellanies from the newest Productions of Foreign Literature*, we find the following remarkable, but not improbable, account:—A merchant not only heard the name of Bonaparte in the deserts of Tartary, but also saw a biography of this tyrant in the Arabic tongue, which contained a great many falsehoods and exaggerations, and ended with his marriage in the year 1810. This biography was printed in Paris, and thence it was sent to Aleppo, to be circulated in the East. It may be presumed, that this was

not done merely to spread the glory of the hero, but most probably to prepare the way for some great undertaking.

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School, there are four established schools in Edinburgh, under the patronage of the town council, and numerous private schools, where every branch of education is taught at a moderate rate. The other public buildings erected for charitable purposes are, Herriot's Hospital, an elegant Gothic pile, founded in 1628, finished in 1650, for the poor and fatherless boys of freemen. Watson's Hospital, a neat modern building, founded in 1738, for children of decayed members of the Merchant Company of Edinburgh. The Orphan Hospital, Trades Hospital, Trinity Hospital, Gillespie's Hospital, three charity work-houses, an Asylum for the Blind, and several other charitable institutions. In philosophy and general literature, Edinburgh possesses many societies and institutions: The Royal Society of Edinburgh, the Antiquarian Society, the Speculative Society, the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, another for the Sons and Widows of the Clergy, and several Societies for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. In fact, Edinburgh is the seat of science, politeness and elegance. The population of Edinburgh is above one hundred thousand.

[European Magazine.]

ANIMAL REMAINS.—MAMMOTH—CROCODILE.

There have been recently discovered in the parish of Motteston, on the south side of the Isle of Wight, the bones of that stupendous animal supposed to be the Mammoth, or Mastodon. Several of the vertebræ, or joints of the back-bone, measure thirty-six inches in circumference: they correspond exactly in form, colour, and texture, with the bones found in plenty on the banks of the Ohio in North-America, in a vale called by the Indians Big-bone Swamp. Also, in the parish of Northwood, on the north side of the island, the bones of the Crocodile have recently been found by the Rev. Mr. Hughes of Newport. They seem to have belonged to an animal of that species, whose body did not exceed twelve feet in length. Their calcareous nature is not altered; but the bones of the Mastodon (found on the south side of the island) contain iron.

NATURAL HISTORY: PROPAGATION OF FISH.

The propagation of fish is perhaps one of the most obscure matters in this branch of science. It was formerly a common custom in some of the Scottish rivers, to "fish the waters," as it was called, by torch light during the spawning season, during the latter end of November and beginning of December. On these occasions a boat furnished with a strong light was navigated in quest of salmon, technically denominated *Bills* (quasi *Males*, we suppose) which when discovered were immediately speared. A

witness of one of these expeditions relates the following fact:

"Two fish of a moderate size, perhaps about 18 inches long, were squeezed into a hollow space, resembling the rut of a cart-wheel, about 8 or 9 inches wide, and rather more than two feet long, which they had evidently dug in the center of the stream. It was in a shallow, about 20 yards above a pool of considerable depth. They were not even disturbed by the glare of the torch-light; and were, for the sake of further investigation, left in the same state in which they were discovered. Next day there was no appearance of the hollow; on the contrary, the spot, which had been accurately marked, was, if any thing, rather higher than the rest of the gravel. In about three weeks or a month after the spawn had been thus deposited, the spot, and for a considerable distance around it, was covered with a *glairy* substance, resembling the spawn of frogs, which seemed to bind the sand and gravel together, so as to prevent their being acted upon or moved by the current. About the beginning of February this substance seemed to be disappearing, and one day, about the middle of the month the gravel appeared to be actually heaving up and down. A considerable fall of rain raised the river, and prevented the tumulus being turned over with a spade at this critical period; and when the water fell to its former level, no vestige of the *fish burrow* remained. The pool below was, however, investigated, and found to be swarming with myriads of fish, many of them so small as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye. In a week they had increased in size considerably; in a fortnight the pool was much thinned, and the fry could be traced nearly a mile down the river; by the middle of March some were an inch and a half long, and in May seven dozen were caught with the rod and fly, generally from four to five inches in length. They were moving in shoals, and making their way to the sea. The writer adds, that in the spawning the breeding fish are followed into the small rivers by a species called *spawn-suckers*, who dig up and feed on the deposit: the young have also many enemies, but still the increase is prodigious."

AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

Enter the House of Commons as the Temple of Liberty; do not dishonour that Temple; preserve your freedom as the pledge of your integrity. Read, inquire, hear, debate, and then determine. Do not without inquiry approve of, nor without good cause oppose, the measures of the Court. The true patriot will lend his assistance to enable the King to administer justice, to protect the subject, and to aggrandize the nation. Avoid bitter speeches; you meet not to revile, but to reason. The

best men may err, and therefore be not ashamed to be convinced yourself, nor be ready to reproach others. Remember that your electors did not send you to Parliament to make your own fortune, but to take care of theirs. When you do speak, take especial care that it is to the purpose; and rather study to confine yourself to the subject with brevity and perspicuity, than to indulge yourself in the unnecessary display of a flowery imagination. If you feel all right within, you will scorn to look round the House for support; for be assured that God, your conscience, and your country, will support you.

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short of the average temperature of July preceding. Highest temperature of the mornings, at seven o'clock, 84°, lowest 60°, mean 67°; highest at two o'clock P. M. 88°, lowest 67°, mean 78° 2-3; highest at sunset 81°, lowest 63°, mean 72° 2-3. Greatest variation in 24 hours 19°. —Barometrical range from 28.34 to 31.04 inches. Winds chiefly from the S. and S.W. except in the latter part of the month, when the N.E. prevailed. The quantity of rain that has fallen is equal to nearly five inches, of which more than one-half fell on the 8th and 9th. Thunder and lightning have been comparatively rare.

The extreme intensity of the recent summer heats has increased, as was to be expected, the general disposition to disorders of the human constitution; and as a proof that this month has been uncommonly pregnant with diseases, it may be mentioned that the mortality has not only, in the aggregate, increased, but the number of deaths is greater than has occurred in any one month since the epidemic visitations of yellow fever. It is infancy, however, that has chiefly suffered, for as respects adults, the city appears to have been as healthy as is common at this season of the year. The results have been particularly fatal to children. The deaths under two years of age are indeed numerous, amounting to more than one half of the total of deaths of all ages. Heat and cold have a powerful influence upon the human frame. Extraordinary degrees of the latter are not more cruel to old age, than are extreme intensities of the former to the tender sensibilities of infancy.

Hooping cough is still epidemic among children, and, as will be seen by examining the annexed monthly bill, has been a considerable outlet to human life. Fevers have been fewer, and, in general, less severe than in some of the preceding months. The deaths from typhus are not equal to one half of the number for July. Asthenic cases have been rendered more permanent by the relaxing effects of the hot season. A few cases of Rubeola have been observed, and in two instances it was conjoined with Pertussis. But the predominant complaints (besides Hooping Cough) have been disorders of the *Primæ viæ*, and of the *hepatic system*. *Cholera*, *Dysenteria* and *Diarrhœa* have, as is usual at this season of the year, been epidemic, and productive of more than common mortality.

A determination to, and increased discharges from, the intestinal canal, are, in many instances, of evident advantage to the constitution, and on this account should seldom be suddenly checked. With persons of plethoric habit, for instance, or with those who are subject to severe affections

of the head, a spontaneous *Diarrhœa* will sometimes avert the stroke of an impending apoplexy. The premature use, therefore, of tonic and stimulating remedies to check these evacuations before they shall have done their duty by unloading the blood vessels, or by thoroughly cleansing the interior of the body, is a practice often attended with much peril. Calomel and rhubarb, or some other appropriate evacuant, are the first medicines to be employed; after which, the discharges become excessive, or continue too perseveringly, they may be restrained by astringents and tonics, and particularly by the exhibition of opium. Frequently, however, the original source of *Diarrhœa*, is a deranged and vitiated state of the stomach, and, in such cases, an emetic of ipecacuanha often succeeds in effecting a removal of the complaint, when other means have been assiduously tried in vain.

The deaths stated in the New-York Bills of Mortality for the month of August are as follow:

Apoplexy, 3; Burned or Scalded, 3; Cancer, 2; Casualty, 7; Cholera Morbus, 24; Consumption, 45; Convulsions, 21; Diarrhœa, 10; *Drinking Cold Water*, 3; Dropsy, 7; Dropsy in the Chest, 5; Dropsy in the Head, 15; Drowned, 3; Dysentery, 40; Dyspepsia, 1; Fever, 7; Fever, Bilious, 2; Fever, Typhous, 18; Flux, infantile, 31; Gout, 1; Hives, 1; Hooping Cough, 29; Inflammation of the Brain, 3; Inflammation of the Chest, 10; Inflammation of the Bowels, 10; Inflammation of the Liver, 4; Insanity, 1; Intemperance, 3; Locked Jaw, 1; Manslaughter, 1; Measles, 1; Mortification, 1; Old Age, 8; Palsy, 2; Sprue, 5; Still-born, 14; Stone, 4; Stranguary, 1; Suicide, 3; Tabes Mesenterica, 16; Teething, 11; Ulcer, 3; Unknown, 6; Worms, 3.—Total 385.

Of this number there died 132 of and under the age of 1 year; 66 between 1 and 2 years; 17 between 2 and 5; 9 between 5 and 10; 10 between 10 and 20; 31 between 20 and 30; 43 between 30 and 40; 21 between 40 and 50; 19 between 50 and 60; 19 between 60 and 70; 12 between 70 and 80; 5 between 80 and 90; and 1 between 90 and 100 years.

JACOB DYCKMAN, M. D.
New-York, August 31st, 1818.

CORRIGENDA.

In a few copies of the present number, in page 421, the name of the author of the pamphlet on the Canal is supposed to be Talmadge; it should be Haines.

In the last number, the Sonnet to the Kaleidoscope is erroneously ascribed to the writer of the foregoing effusions—that Sonnet should have the signature N.

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